BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

NOVEMBER
1939

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 19, No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1939

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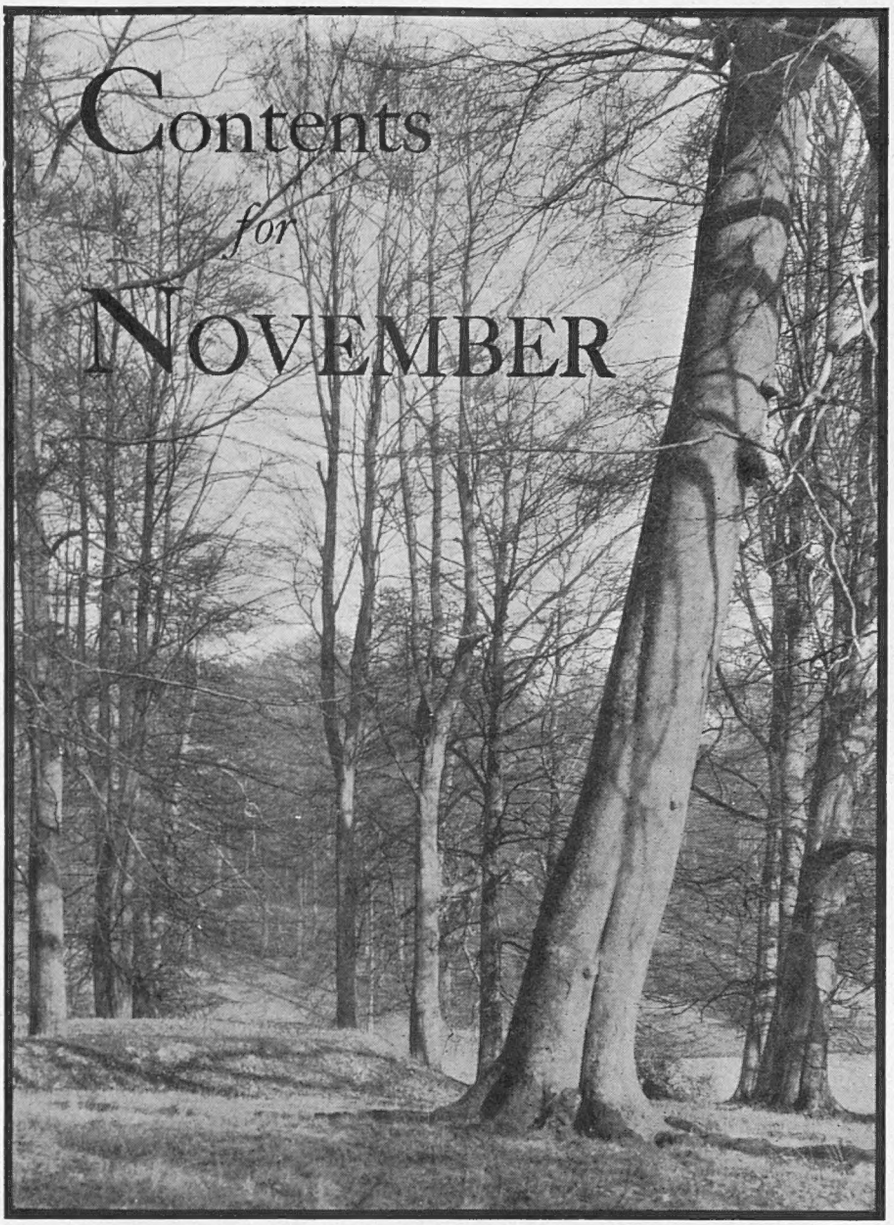

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 88. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

WHEN THE TEACUPS TINKLE . . . .

. . . when all those tremendous trifles are discussed . . . what is being worn now . . . what will be worn in the future . . . *and what we can both do about it.* In these fashion-wise heart-to-heart talks the question of stockings always arises . . . surely it is no coincidence that Bear Brand receive such unqualified approval? Personally we flatter ourselves that it is because their unique qualities are becoming more widely known.

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They Made OUR WORLD

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

BANG-BANG-BANG!

The horseless carriage trundled along the road, and the people came out of their houses and stared in amazement. That wasn't one of these steam carriages. Sounded like gunpowder. Crazy, anyway! What would these inventors be thinking up next?

Only a few with vision saw six thousand years of history fading in the dust of those power-propelled wheels.

Man had suddenly found a new robot to free him from old shackles of time and space, increase his power ten-thousandfold, lift his living standards to a higher plateau than any previously known, create a new metropolis and a new highway, revolutionise human habits and step up the pace of war to a point beyond the dreams of Attila, inventor of the *blitz-krieg*, the lightning war

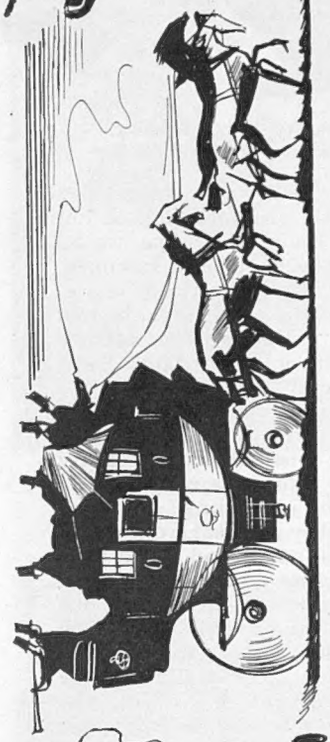
It was the internal combustion engine.

Water transformed by heat into steam—that was the power which actuated the steam robot. The first patent for a self-propelled carriage—taken out in 1789 by Oliver Evans—called for a steam power unit. The first successful steam carriage came in 1860. But steam had its limitations for the vehicle which men were working for—a vehicle to supplement the railways by linking up communities not reached directly by the "iron roads."

Back in 1680 the Dutch scientist, Christian Huyghens, had described the first step in the evolution of a revolutionary engine—a logical offshoot from the main branch of the cylinder-and-piston engine to use steam. Huyghens thought of a black powder turned into an explosive gas—gunpowder—as the force to provide an impact on a cylinder head.

Why was the internal combustion engine so long in labour? Because men had only recently found out about the reservoirs of liquid fuel, oil, under the earth's crust. Still more recent was their discovery that, besides yielding paraffin for illuminating purposes, this oil could be processed to yield a bluish liquid that, mixed with air and compressed, made a highly explosive gas which a spark would detonate.

Electricity arrived to provide the spark. Steel had already come to provide the metal strong enough to resist the explosions, yet cheap enough for commercial purposes. Firestone had achieved the vulcanisation of rubber, and resilient tyres were in use for foot-pedal bicycles and stood ready for the new road vehicle. Now came the explosive fuel. All that remained was to work out the machine to utilise it.



WHO invented the internal combustion engine and the motor car? A dozen—a hundred men.

Otto and Langden, by 1867, had got a four-cycle engine, which they patented. In 1883 Benz harnessed a petrol engine to a bicycle and made the first motor cycle. In 1886 Daimler patented his high-speed internal combustion engine in Germany. The same year the first motor car was made—130 years after Watt had successfully harnessed steam, and seventy years after the first railway started operations.

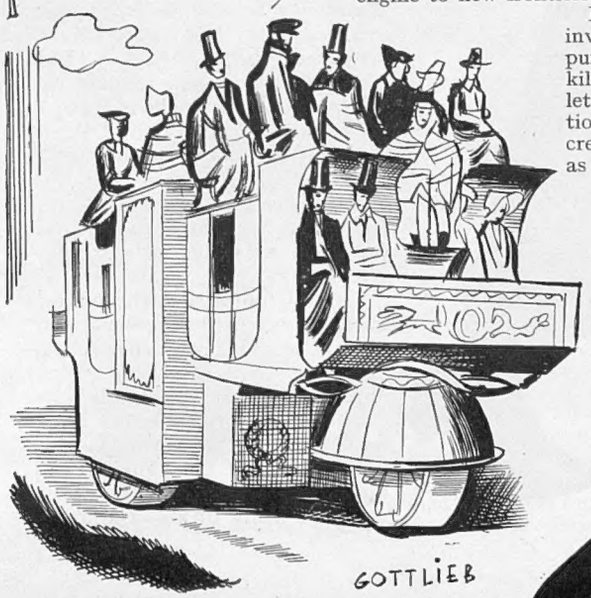
But another seven years elapsed before the first really successful motor car arrived, and another nine years went by before the first motor car factory started production.

Thirty-seven years ago! In that brief space, the world has been motorised. A gigantic new industry arose around the wheeled vehicle driven by a petrol motor. It output 5,500,000 new motor vehicles every year, became the biggest buyer of steel, rubber, oil. It provided jobs for twenty million workers, gave governments three hundred million pounds annually in taxes. It increased the world's wealth four-fold. It put 35,000,000 cars on the world's roads.

And it provided Hitler with the technical means of overrunning Austria in forty-eight hours, Czecho-Slovakia in sixty hours, and an embattled Poland in nineteen days. That, to be going on with.

What is to come, who knows? The internal combustion engine alone enabled man to fly; and the perversion of this miracle by gangster politicians may yet destroy the civilisation which seemed to be racing ahead, carried by this magic engine to new frontiers of progress, and new horizons of achievement.

But we cannot blame the engine or its inventors. Men first made steel for a useful purpose: it was turned into sharp swords to kill. Drugs which cure, have been misused in lethal doses to murder. Discovery and invention will go on. Whether man uses his own creations to destroy, or to build up, remains, as always, his own business.



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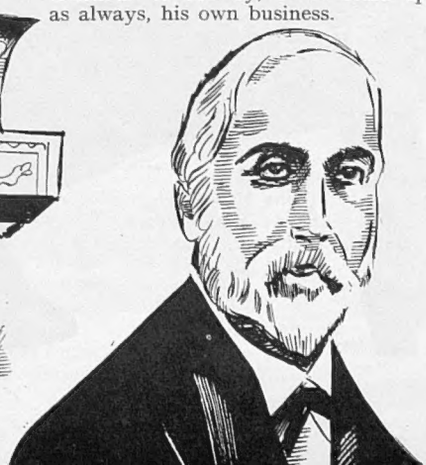

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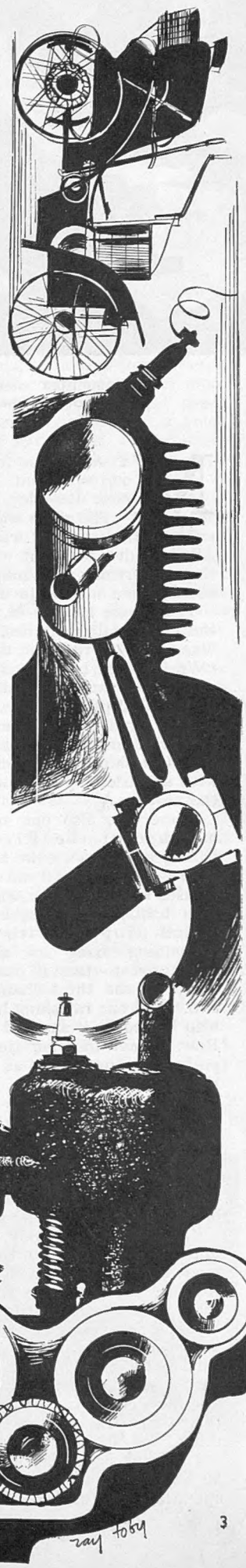


ray toby

A committee meeting of the W.V.S. presided over by the Dowager Lady Reading

The Dowager Lady Reading, who is chairman of the W.V.S.

MY American friend, a famous newspaper correspondent, looked round the lunch-time Berkeley, and shook his head.

The place was full—this was the second week of the war. It was *the* place of the moment. All the ladies were out with their men friends. But the men friends were mainly in mufti, while the girl friends were mostly in uniform.

There were lovelies in the khaki and tan shoes of the Territorial auxiliaries, in the brass-buttoned navy blue of the "Wrens," in the trim Air Force blue of the "Wrafs" with black-peaked, soft-crowned blue caps pulled over smoothly fashionable hair-cuts at a more than official parade angle, and in the chic blue tunics of the Auxiliary Fire Service with AFS monogram in scarlet on the left breast and a dashing ski-ing cap with a scarlet piping round the crown.

There was also one tall member of the River Emergency Service, in her all-in-one, Zipped navy trouser suit, complete with gum boots, and a tin hat which dropped with a resounding bang as she attempted to toss it carelessly on the third chair at her table for two. And one ravishing blonde in jodhpurs, who looked as if she had come in from the Row, except that her tin hat and a green pullover betrayed her as a member of the Women's Land Army.

There may also have been women air wardens, auxiliary nurses, and other women war workers among the crowd bending powdered noses over champagne glasses, caviare and oysters; but if so they were among the few who that day carried no distinguishing mark.

"Sometimes I think that the most important thing about this war—about all modern war—is what it is doing to the women," remarked the American, with the calm detachment of the neutral observer. "The last war unveiled women in the East, and won them votes and partial equality with males in the West. But that was only half a war compared to this one. What are they going to get out of this war? They'll get something."

I knew what he meant. But he was reaching out, in his speculative, thinking-aloud way, beyond the mental reach of our martial young companion. She was an A.T.S., and a very choice specimen. I had asked the American correspondent what he wanted, when he told me he wished to explore the wartime job and mind of one of Britain's "war women"—preferably young.

"These 'Wrens,'" he said. "Do they fly?" I said they did not. Flying was one of the jobs authority abruptly decided women are not really fitted for in wartime.

But they do great work in the kitchens, and I had heard they pull a very good glass of beer in the canteens. He thought one of the river girls might be interesting, but when I told him that they were really trained for a sort of A.R.P. on the Thames waterway, he ruled that out, as he had gone very thoroughly into A.R.P. "But if German bombers manage to get over London docks in force," he observed, "then one of those girls will be worth talking to, I guess."

We solved the problem with the A.T.S., whom I knew—and preferred as a lunchtime companion anyway.

Later I found that the proper guest for my exploring American friend would have been the Dowager Lady Reading, Mrs. Montague Norman, Lady Iris Capel, or any one of a very large number of other women, not uniformed, but belonging to the biggest and most important women's army of all—the army

Dame May Vaughan, head of the Auxiliary Territorial Service

Women In War

The W.V.S., the biggest and most important women's army—the Army of Civil Defence — is three-quarters of a million strong and is commanded by a dozen women

By C. Patrick Thompson

of civil defence, three-quarters of a million strong, swelling to a couple of millions in special emergencies like the great evacuation, commanded by a dozen women in the twelve British war centres, with an administrative staff of 5,000 (only forty-nine of those paid) in 2,030 centres, and thirty-eight different work categories.

Who are all these women patriots? They are a cross-section of womankind. They are nuns and society women, university professors and statesmen's daughters, sculptors, novelists, barristers, wives and widows, beauticians and charwomen.

A woman started this show, and women run it. It is all female, from tip to toe—and that despite the fact that there are men volunteers among the ambulance drivers it has recruited. There are no auxiliaries for the fighting services in this army. It leaves fighting to the males, and the jobs that women can do in the fighting services to the separate organizations aforementioned. It sticks strictly to civilian defence work; and to make the division between the fighting services and the non-fighting population more distinct, it sidetracks uniform. A "standard dress," green greatcoat, and green hat with a wine ribbon, and a green overall with WVS in red on the left breast, distinguishes the member of the Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defence; and that is all.

Three members of the Westminster Branch of the Women's Voluntary Service busy at work. Miss Jane Stafford King-Harmond, Lady Dawson of Penn (*seated*) and Mrs. R. L. Bustowe

The dozen area commanders are drawn from all walks of life and comprise titled ladies, married women and spinsters. Notable among them are the Marchioness of Northampton in Reading, Lady Worsley in Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Clement Davies and Miss Wade in Bristol, Mrs. Ingham in Leeds, Miss Woodhall in Nottingham, Miss Gray in Cambridge, Miss Halpin in London, Miss Fletcher Moulton in Birmingham, and Miss Dart in Manchester.

The commander-in-chief is a widow: the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. Hers is not an ornamental post. She built this army from the ground up. It began with her friend, Sir Samuel Hoare, Home Secretary, asking her to do something to make the women of England more A.R.P.-conscious, and Lady Reading reaching for a phone, and calling four friends. The five met in one room, and they went to work then and there. From A.R.P., the movement broadened to all civil defence activities. That was a natural growth.

A very remarkable woman, Lady Reading. I went along to see her on the afternoon of Saturday, September 2. She was not in her Tothill-street headquarters office. The W.V.S. was tackling its first big job, the evacuation of three million human beings from the big cities. Lady Reading was somewhere in the upper reaches of the big building. The lift was not working. I found a young *aide* consuming an emergency ration of raw plums and ham sandwich, and asked her if their women engineers ran the lifts. She said coolly that the lifts were not out of order. They were run by the office block liftmen: and the office block staff went off duty at midday on Saturday. "But we still have our legs,"

(*Continued on page* 80)

Mrs. B. Hastings, Miss Alex Cavendish and Miss Violet Anderson at work at a branch of the W.V.S. in South Kensington

The Hon. Edith Smith, who is in charge of the Westminster Branch of the Women's Voluntary Service and Lady Winifred Gore, who is in charge of the transport section of that branch

INSPIRATION

A Drama of the Secret Service

By Arthur Mills

"COUNTER espionage is forty per cent routine and sixty per cent inspiration," Sir Walter was fond of saying.

Tall, thin, pale, with gaunt cheek-bones and deep set blue eyes, Sir Walter Blacket looked as if he might die at any moment. Actually, he possessed the constitution of a fighting bull. He needed it, for in the latter half of 1939 the guarding of official secrets was of greater importance to the safety of the British Empire than it had been for twenty-one years. The agents of Germany, Italy and Japan were active everywhere. Information concerning the preparations of the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry was constantly being transmitted to the countries interested, and Sir Walter had plenty on his mind.

A number of effective arrests had been made; but there were not enough. Sir Walter knew too well that the words of Colonel Nicolai, the head of the German Secret Service, still applied. Colonel Nicolai wrote:

"This number of spies captured represented but a small fraction of those actually at work, and the spies captured included only the smaller, less dangerous, elements. The big spies knew how to avoid the counter-espionage police."

Sir Walter had read and re-read this passage and always shook his head; he knew well enough that the big spies were getting past him. Then one day the break he wanted came. A letter was intercepted, addressed to the manager of a firm in Holland which was known to the British authorities to be a clearing house for agents in England, but which the Germans did not know we had discovered. The letter stated that the writer had bought a small house with a garden in Sussex and would be glad to receive a catalogue and order form of the firm's spring bulbs. Now it was the signature of the writer of this letter that caused Sir Walter to jump out of his chair. The person who required the bulb catalogue and order form was Mrs. George Tracy, a lovely creature of Spanish-American extraction, who mixed far too much for an alien with people in high positions.

After the letter had been tested for invisible ink and examined by the cipher experts, Sir Walter allowed it to be sent to the firm in Holland. In due course the catalogue and order form asked for came back. It was at this point that Sir Walter believed he had got his woman.

He waited until Mrs. Tracy had filled in her order form, intercepted the letter in the post, and called in the cipher department once again. They reported that the order for 200 Darwin tulips (scarlet); 3 doz. assorted anemones; 100 early double-flowering tulips (yellow); the special advertised collection of 500 assorted spring bulbs, appeared to be genuine.

Sir Walter fumed. Banging his hand on the order form he said: "This firm is known as a clearing station for enemy agents."

"And they also sell bulbs," said the head of the cipher bureau.

"Yes, they sell bulbs," Sir Walter admitted.

The head of the cipher bureau

THEY danced on; she was dancing close to him, letting her hair touch his face. While they danced Sir Walter's mind was trying to figure things out

shrugged: "We can't do anything; it is a perfectly straight order."

"But this woman!" exclaimed Sir Walter. "I've been checking up on her; she goes to every party in London; she is the pet of a high army officer; she hears things; I've proof of it. She—" Sir Walter stopped abruptly.

"But this order form does not prove she is sending information to Germany," said the cipher expert.

Sir Walter shook his head. "I'll send it round to Professor Rock to-day. If his report is negative, I'm sunk."

"Yes, you are," the cipher expert agreed.

THE document duly went round to Professor Rock, with an invitation to dine at Sir Walter's house that evening.

The professor arrived at eight. Dinner was served in the small oak room, scene of many special meetings between Sir Walter and his staff. When the butler had put the port on the table and closed the door, Sir Walter began business.

"Any luck?" he asked the professor, who had a face like a bookmaker and began to smoke before he tasted his port.

Professor Rock shook his head.

"Do you think it is a genuine order for bulbs?" Sir Walter asked, turning his head to avoid the cloud of cigarette smoke the professor blew across the table.

"It may be; on the other hand they may be one up on us again."

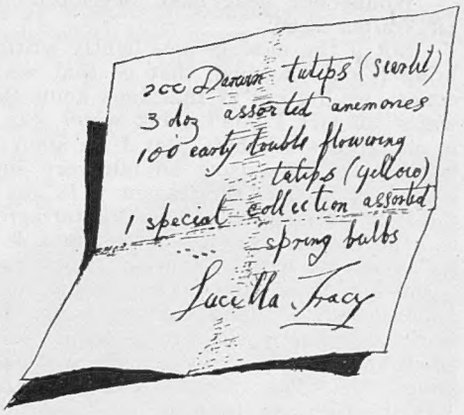
"How do you mean?" Sir Walter asked, observing with distaste the professor's nicotine-stained fingers.

"Well, I applied all the known tests, but I could not bring any secret writing to the surface. That does not mean there is no hidden writing there. They are very clever with their inks."

"The Germans?"

Professor Rock nodded: "They have some very good chemists over there and those chemists realised long ago that a country that possesses a secret ink, for which the reagent is only known to the recipient of the letter, can carry on espionage with impunity."

"Quite so," said Sir Walter. "Has such a situation ever


200 Darwin tulips (scarlet)
3 doz assorted anemones
100 early double flowering tulips (yellow)
1 special collection assorted spring bulbs
Lucilla Tracy

existed? Have another glass of port?"

"Thanks." Professor Rock helped himself and lit another cigarette. "Yes, it existed for quite a time. You probably remember the phase when spies were being picked up because their socks or a tie had been found to be impregnated with secret ink?"

Sir Walter nodded.

"It was a clumsy device; they thought out something much better than that."

Sir Walter leaned forward. His companion was one of the greatest analytical chemists in Europe.

"They used pure water," said Professor Rock.

"Pure water!"

"Yes; the spy had only to go into his hotel bedroom, fill a tooth glass from the tap, take a piece of note-paper—it must not be glazed—dip an ordinary ball-pointed pen in the water and write what he had to say. Over the message he wrote an ordinary letter crosswise in ink."

"Would not heat have developed the water marks?" Sir Walter asked.

"Not if the message was lightly written. Nothing would bring it out; nothing, that is, that we could discover. Of course, we did not at that time know they were using pure water; in fact I don't think water was generally used. It is not always reliable. But I do know that in addition to water they were using an ink very similar for which we could not discover the reagent. It was a serious position."

"I should imagine so," Sir Walter agreed.

"The German Secret Service was able to correspond with its agents at will." Professor Rock took a gulp of port. "But not indefinitely. Our people found that an iodine vapour bath would bring out a message written in pure water, or any other liquid; the iodine sank into the disturbed tissues of the paper, making the writing visible even to the naked eye. That discovery cost several spies their lives. But the Germans beat us once again. They next devised a paper that would not reveal secret writing when passed through an iodine vapour bath." The professor emptied his glass. "We were able to counteract that; so the game went on."

The professor took an envelope from his pocket and drew out a sheet of ruled paper covered with handwriting. "That order form has been subjected to every known test. What do the cipher people say?"

"Their report is negative; they say that it is what it purports to be—an order for bulbs. I am convinced it contains a secret message, and if the ink could be developed, we would have one of their best agents like that." Sir Walter closed his hand. "Is there nothing you can do?"

The famous chemist flicked the ash from his cigarette. "If the woman is using secret ink she must have a supply of it somewhere," he said. "If we could obtain a sample of the ink, I could analyse it and discover the reagent. It would then be possible to develop any secret writing."

"I see," Sir Walter said thoughtfully. When his guest had gone he drew a chair up to the fire and sat gazing at the reddened underside of a log. Presently he took out the order form addressed to the Dutch bulb firm :

200 Darwin tulips (scarlet)
3 doz. assorted anemones
100 early double-flowering tulips (yellow)
1 special collection assorted spring bulbs.

The order was signed "Lucilla Tracy."

A cheque was enclosed. Every scrap of paper, including the envelope and cheque had been tested. The document could be held back another twenty-four hours at most. Then it must be sent on through the post, otherwise the organisation would know their "letter box" in Holland had been discovered.

Sir Walter tried an elementary test himself. He put the document close to the fire, then held it up to the light. The only reaction was a slight smell of scent. There was nothing unusual in a woman's correspondence smelling of scent, but Sir Walter noticed it because it was a perfume he did not know. He had trained himself to recognise a great number of different scents, the faculty having often proved useful in dealing with women agents. He was a little surprised that Professor Rock had not drawn his attention to the fact that the order form smelled faintly of perfume. Then he remembered those nicotine-stained fingers; no heavy smoker had a keen sense of smell.

He sniffed the document once more; then sat back and closed his eyes. The perfume was talking to him, bringing back a picture. He could not get the scene in focus yet. Somewhere out East. Little white flowers tucked over the ear. Jasmine! No this scent was not jasmine; he would have recognised that at once. But it made him think of it. The cabin of a *sampan*, perfumed with the smell of sprigs of jasmine worn by Chinese girls in their hair.

The scent on the document could be accounted for if Mrs. Tracy had used a spray on her hands just before writing out the order for bulbs. Sir Walter looked back into the fire. Forty per cent routine, sixty per cent inspiration! He picked up the telephone, gave an order over a private line and sat back.

HALF an hour later his telephone rang. He lifted the receiver, listened, said "thank you" and hung up. Crossing to the fireplace he rang his bell.

"Bring me down a tail coat and a white tie," he told his man. "Wait a minute." He went to a writing table and wrote on a sheet of paper. "Half an hour after I have gone, you are to do this. Are you sure you understand?"

The man read the instructions. "Yes, Sir Walter."

"Make him comfortable; get him a cigar and a whisky and soda and say you expect me back at any moment. But," Sir Walter looked his man hard in the eyes, "don't let him go."

"Very good, Sir Walter."

Having changed into tails, Sir Walter left the house. He stopped a taxi and told the man to take him to the Café de Paris. Arrived at the restaurant, he went up to the balcony and from there looked down at the supper parties in the room below. According to the information he had received, Mrs. Tracy should be in a party with a junior cabinet minister, another woman and the officer on the general staff with whom she was friendly at the moment.

Sir Walter soon located the table. He knew both the cabinet minister and the staff officer personally. Sitting well back in the balcony, he watched through the rails until the first phase of his plan was put into operation.

A page boy came up to Mrs. Tracy's table and spoke to the general staff officer. The staff officer got up, went into the lobby and entered the telephone box. Keeping well out of view, Sir Walter saw the staff officer return, speak to Mrs. Tracy and the others at the table, then leave the restaurant.

After waiting a few moments, Sir Walter got up and went down to the restaurant; he walked slowly between the tables as if looking out for a friend until he caught the eye of the junior cabinet minister at Mrs. Tracy's table.

"Hallo!" he said, going up to the minister. "I'm looking for the Marbys; have you seen them?"

"No, join us till they come," said the junior minister. "Tim Hunt has been here, he has just had to go; someone waiting to see him at his house or something."

Sir Walter nodded, he had thought of everything, even making sure how the message to Colonel Hunt was delivered.

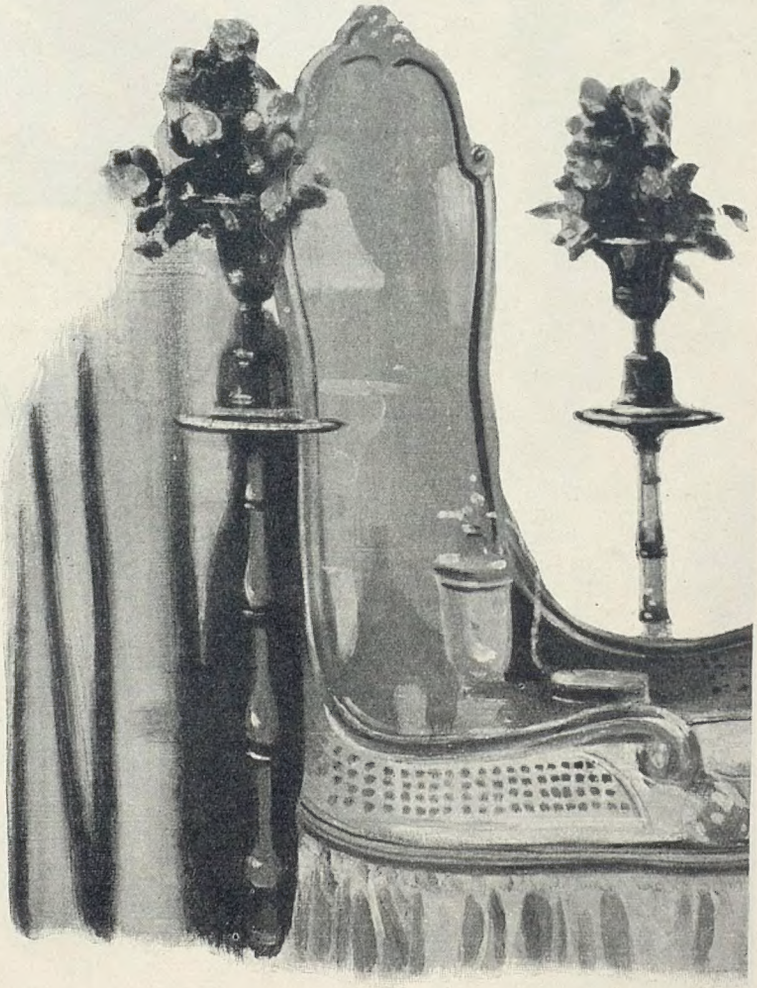
The junior minister made introductions : "You know my wife . . . This is Mrs. George Tracy—Sir Walter Blacket."

Dark limpid eyes; an olive skin; wide mouth; slender, rippling figure. The eyes were looking into his curiously. She must know, of course, exactly whom he was.

Sir Walter took the empty chair. "May I be Colonel Hunt's deputy till he comes back?"

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Tracy, looking at Sir Walter's pallid, skull-like face.

Sir Walter was thinking : I hope she won't refuse to dance. He said : "Bad luck having your party broken up."



"They are all so busy now at the War Office, aren't they," Mrs. Tracy answered.

Sir Walter held his head on one side, listening to the band. "My favourite tune; will you dance with me?"

"I'd love to," she pushed back her chair.

Out in the centre of the room he held her close to him. Just behind the ear; that was where they put it; he breathed gently through his nose, once, twice, three times.

The scent Mrs. Tracy was using was *different* from the scent on the bulb order, but the handwriting was hers. He said: "That is a most lovely scent you are using."

Her fingers closed lightly over his. "Do you like it?"

"Yes—what is it?"

"A new one from Paris; they call it Cleopatra."

They danced on; she was dancing close to him, letting her hair touch his face. All the time they danced Sir Walter's mind was working, trying to figure things out. This pretty creature knew well enough that he was head of the counter-espionage bureau; that she was trying to endear herself to him was consistent with this knowledge. Women agents always tried to lay up a store of sympathy for themselves with important people, which they hoped to be able to draw on if they got into trouble. Did Mrs. Tracy anticipate getting into trouble? Had she anything to fear? There was one way in which he might be able to find out.

He could produce the order form to the Dutch bulb firm, which he had

(*Continued on page 69*)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

SHE turned to pick up the tumbler of whisky and water which she had set down

BRITAIN'S STRONGHOLD *in the* FAR EAST

The magnificent new Municipality

A YOUNG clerk in the East India Company passing down the Straits of Malacca (which separate the Indian Ocean from the China Sea) saw from the port side of the sailing ship in which he was travelling, a row of native huts rising out of the sea and built on sticks.

"What are the possibilities of trade there?" he asked the first officer.

The first officer looked scornfully at the swampy shore and the ridge of palm trees that bordered it.

"Nothing—just a Malay and Chinese fishermen's hang-out."

That "fishermen's hang-out" is to-day one of the world's greatest ports and the stronghold of Britain's power in the East, Singapore.

But it might never have been in Britain's hands were it not for the foresight of the young East India Company clerk, who later became Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. Raffles was travelling from Penang to Java when he asked the question. Though only a few years off thirty at the time, he was keenly conscious of the value to Britain's trade of strategic points in the East.

He kept thinking of that little island, barely twenty-seven miles long by fourteen miles wide, and bombarded the British Government at home with requests to occupy it. He always received the same reply: "Expedition too costly—medical authorities report island a fever spot."

But Raffles sitting over on the other side of the Straits of Malacca in Java persisted. He pointed out that the Straits of Malacca were barely forty miles wide, and that they were dotted with islands from shore to shore and that this was the narrowest stretch of water on the route to China. There was no Suez Canal in those days, and ships bound for the Far East had to go round the Cape.

Eventually after years of argument he was allowed to embark on the expedition, when he was only thirty-eight years old. In January 1819 he sailed into the bay, much to the amazement of the Chinese and Malays, who could not believe that any one would want to take possession of Singapore, where there was nothing to be had but fish, while tigers roamed freely through the jungle.

And that poor little expedition, which cost the British Government little more than £2,000, and is to-day the only real bulwark against Japan's westward extension, had to be paid for by Raffles's widow, after the great pioneer's death.

For Raffles was eventually called home to answer for his "costly expeditions in the East," to the East India Company. A court case was eventually taken against him, which he lost, and even after his death his widow was paying instalments for the cost of all his expeditions, a total of £10,000.

FOR the greater part of the last century Singapore slumbered in forgetfulness, so far as the Empire was concerned. It was merely a military outpost, where young officers were sent at the beginning of their careers, and no wives were allowed, because of the rigours of the climate. Sailors on the China run

A view of one of the docks at Singapore

Coolies handling crude rubber at Singapore

Buildings at Singapore

The story of Singapore, the little Malay fishing village that has become one of the world's greatest ports, a sophisticated capital city, and Britain's greatest fortress in a little over a hundred years

By

Jerome Willis

found it the finest port in the world for carousing in, for as there were no taxes, liquor was cheap, and there were plenty of Chinese and Malay women to be found in the dancing booths in the narrow streets near the waterfront. As yet there was little real trade, and that was in the hands of the Chinese, who imported cotton goods and monopolised the retail trade in general.

THE coming of the motor car at the beginning of this century was the dawn of prosperity for Singapore. Primitive tin mines which had been worked in a haphazard manner by the Chinese were suddenly found to be insufficient for the demands from Europe. European prospectors went up into the mainland of Malaya to look for new sites. There were as many quarrels and shootings over the great "tin rush" as there were over the "gold rush" in Western America. Jungles up in the north were cleared, and the rich green earth turned over and over again in the search. While Chinese worked away at their mines, plunging their great clumsy-looking buckets hundreds of feet into the earth, the Europeans adopted the simpler and less costly method of dredging the rivers for what was to them a precious metal. So great was the traffic of tin ore down to the smelting works at Singapore that a railway had to be built across the narrow stretch of water that separated the island from the mainland of Malaya. Singapore's great prosperity wave was just starting.

And a lone British botanist experimenting with his tropical plants suddenly gave it another and greater impetus. Most of the rubber for the new motor car tyres was coming from the Congo and Amazon regions. As Malaya was a moist and hot climate, similar to Central Africa and Central America, why should not the rubber plant prosper there, he reasoned. He sent for some rubber seeds, and tried them out in Malayan soil. His experiment was a success, and Malaya was born as a rubber producing country.

Then the rush of adventurers started. Britishers with only their fare in their pockets sailed for this new El Dorado in the East, and took any job they could find. Plantations were springing up everywhere, and the jungle slowly receding before the woodman's axe. As the erect little rubber trees spread over the island of Singapore and on to the mainland, the need for more and more labour was felt. Hundreds of Southern Indians, used to the moist, hot climate of their own country, were imported into Malaya to tend the trees. Rubber tapping —the neat, clean incision in the bark of the tree to let the (*Continued on page* 84)

Raffles Place looking west [The Malayan Information Agency

Washing day. A street in the Chinese quarter

A view of Singapore's picturesque wharf market

Cabaret

THE third-class coach was very hot and the seats very hard, and there was an almost overpowering reek of garlic. The coach was like a cattle truck painted a dirty yellow and divided into sections of benches and racks. Travelling third in the Balkans is very like travelling "hard" in Russia—in Russian Turkestan especially, for there is a similar conglomeration of races, Europe and the East most literally rubbing shoulders. The Englishman in the shabby camel-hair coat and even shabbier brown suède shoes was convinced that most of his fellow travellers were bandits. They certainly looked it, with their long, fierce, upcurling moustaches, their lively black eyes, their swarthy skins, their bright, dirty clothes, baggy breeches, red embroidered skull caps or fezes, gaudy cummerbunds, their sheepskin cloaks, their numerous scarves. He gazed morosely out at the seemingly endless succession of wild rocky mountains, endless wildernesses of stone; his companions nodded opposite him. He envied them their capacity to sleep at any time in any place. It had been four o'clock before they had got to bed that morning, and they had had to be on the train at eight. They would arrive at their destination at six this evening, and they "opened" at the bar at eleven o'clock. Between the time of their arrival and opening they had to find rooms, find the bar, rehearse. They would open after three hours' sleep and a ten-hour train journey. Well, it wouldn't be the first time, not by too many times to remember; sometimes they travelled all night and most of the following day, and opened that evening. The Englishman closed his eyes; the very thought of it made him weary at times. There were people who urged, it must be immensely interesting travelling about, earning your living whilst you travel—Vienna, Belgrade, Cairo, Bucharest, Munich. God! Cheap hotels, dingy rooms, cheap restaurants, and always and endlessly third-class railway compartments, night journeys, day journeys,

SHE insisted that she should pay for a sleigh for them to drive out and look at the Moslem quarter

night and day journeys. He opened his eyes and saw the girl sitting up in her uncomfortable corner. She was a tiny, delicately made little thing, small boned —she had to be; it was part of the act that he and Karl should throw her about between them, tossing her from one to the other as though she were a ball; at the finish of the act he swung her round by the ankles whilst spinning round dizzily himself; it always made the audience gasp, they were terrified that at any minute her body would sweep the floor; it was his business to see that she skimmed it as narrowly as possible. He

An easy and safe life or the hard road and glamour of "Show Business" was Conway's alternative

By

Ethel Mannin

looked at her now, wearily, and thought she looked washed out, but he did not speak to her; they hated each other and never smiled at each other except during the act; he avoided speaking to her as much as possible; whenever she spoke to him other than was strictly necessary it was to abuse him. If a floor they were using for the first time was a little slippery, or too small, or the act did not go so well, it was always his fault. She had hated him from the moment they had first met in Budapest, and had always opposed Karl joining up with him; but the Karl and Katerine act wasn't doing well, and Conway's suggestion that they should work up a new act together had seemed to Karl an opportunity not to be missed. So the two Hungarians and the Englishman became "The Three K's," and were billed as an American number, and they got bookings all over Europe. Katerine threw a scene or two, tried to poison Karl's mind against Conway, accusing him of drinking, asserting that his hands were unsteady, swearing that one of these days he would let her slip, but Karl knew that though Conway had a drink or two after the act he never drank before it, that his hands were perfectly steady, and that he knew what he was doing. He also knew that Katerine was a little spitfire, and that her hatred of Conway was chiefly because Karl liked him, and her jealousy was fanatic; she could even accuse Karl of thinking more of his new English friend than of her, his wife. Karl had had years of it and it wearied him as much as the thought of yet one more foreign lodging house wearied Conway each time they came to a new place, but he accepted it as Conway accepted each new dingy room, each new train journey, as inevitable, part of their lives.

There were the better times, of course, sandwiched between the train journeys and the ennui; they had had ski-ing at Vienna, up in the Wienerwald and out at Semmering; they had had sun at Cairo; but their bookings were invariably short in the places they liked and long in the places where there was little life, in dull provincial towns where, lacking competition, they were a great success. And now here they were heading for Serajevo, and what in God's name, Conway asked himself, would they do there when they weren't working or sleeping? It wasn't so bad for Katerine and Karl; they at least had each other. He had only himself, and there were times when he was as sick of himself as he was of the bad films he was always going to see in each new place they came to, staring at rubbish, in a language which as often as not he did not understand, for the ghastly purpose of "killing time." Time

SHE observed as he passed her that she was glad someone had something to be happy about, anyhow . .

—the stuff that life was made of. They were always meeting people who said, brightly: "But there are always museums and picture galleries to go to, surely?" As though they were always in the capitals and big cities. But in any case he wasn't interested in museums and picture galleries. He often thought his trouble was that he wasn't interested in anything much. He liked ski-ing; he liked swimming; he liked a good swift American movie, he liked hot jazz. He was low-brow. That was another thing that made it all easier for Karl, he was a little high-brow; he liked looking at architecture; he always went into churches and cathedrals.

But some of the places in which they had to spend as long as a month defeated even Karl. There were times when it was all enough to drive you to drink, if your job permitted you to be driven to drink, which theirs didn't.

HE stared now at Katerine, feeling no pity for her because she looked ill, thinking her ugly with her pinched little face, and the mutilated eyebrows that awaited the pencil for their antennæ-like completion. She would look pretty enough to-night, he knew; a few hours before they went on she would put her hair into curlers; she would bear no resemblance to the washed-out little thing she was now; her hair would be set in waves and curls; her eyebrows would be long and thin, her lids darkened, her eyes bright; a soft colour would ride her high cheek-bones. And he and Karl would be immaculate in silk hats, tails, boiled shirts, white ties, patent leather shoes. He and Katerine would smile at each other, in lover-like fashion. Nobody who saw them then could possibly picture them as they were now, dirty, shabby, in this hot, stinking cattle truck of a third-class coach, buying garlic sausage and bottles of beer on the stations like the peasants and soldiers, because they could not afford to go through into the dining-car. Katerine and Karl didn't mind that; even if they could have afforded it they would probably be content to buy their food on stations; but Conway hated it; all the English middle-class in him revolted at it. He dreamed continually of the day when he would have a decent wardrobe again, be able to travel second-class, and eat in the restaurant car. As when his parents had made him an allowance, believing he had genius, believing he was working to get on to the legitimate stage, believing in him generally. Well, he had let them down; he hadn't worked; he had played around—and drifted. In the end they had lost faith in him; if he wasn't going to work at the career he had chosen himself he had better come home and settle down in the family business as they had originally wanted. But he was damned if he would do that. They stopped his allowance, but it served only to harden his heart against them. He had talent of his own kind, and driven to it he could exert it. He broke into cabaret work. He got contracts; he travelled. At thirty-five he was still travelling, his good looks a little *passé*, lines gathered round his eyes, but still capable of swinging a girl round by the ankles whilst he spun round himself, still capable of working up a new act and getting it across, still going to see bad films in every fresh town, in order to kill time when he wasn't working or sleeping. For years now he had not kept in touch with his family, and though he met hundreds of people in the course of a year, had no friends. Karl and Katerine kept in touch with their families, and back in Budapest they had friends whom they were convinced they would one day see again. But in the meantime they had to work hard and make money, they told themselves and each other; they dreamed of Paris and London; they did not know that so long as they remained in partnership they would never see Paris or London. He avoided those places like the plague, dreading the day when, for all his careful avoidance of places associated with his past, a hand would come down on his shoulder and hearty voice exclaim, "Good Lord, Conway, fancy seeing you here!" Then he would be asked what he was playing in and where, and would have to own up to some tawdry bar and a cabaret turn. The English "got about so"; there was risk in every place, of course, but the chances of meeting people he knew were less in Belgrade than in Brighton, and whereas in Paris all sorts of people went to all sorts of bars for their night amusements, in fashionable places like Monte Carlo and Cairo the visiting English tended to patronise the smartest bars—where "The Three K's" were not to be found. As to going to London it would be merely asking for trouble; not, he thought, that he would ever get the chance.

The man next to him began to sing an Oriental song, thin, reedy, made up of reiterated half-notes. The cheerful looking brigand opposite with the baggy breeches caught up between his legs, red fez, green cummerbund, tugged a bottle out of his pocket and passed it round; there was a powerfully strong reek from the stuff, a kind of fiery kirsch. Conway shook his head when the bottle was offered to him; too many strange mouths and twirling moustaches had curled round it even had the smell not been so obnoxious; he patted his stomach to indicate that not lack of friendliness but his stomach bade him decline the offer. The train rattled on through the wild mountains.

IT was growing dark when they pulled into Serajevo, but light enough for them to see that the snow was banked some three feet high each side of the road. The air was savagely cold, and held the unmistakable smell of the East. A minaret stood out in a wan loneliness.

Shivering they bundled into a two-horse sleigh, sitting huddled together, too cold to speak. Shapeless bundles of women with their faces hooded in black horse-hair "veils" shuffled past. The white streets were full of the jingle of bells.

They drove in the sleigh to the bar in the town where they were to open that night; they would find out there about rooms. All three felt desperately cold, hungry and depressed. Could they really live a month in this frozen spot in Central Europe? Could a cabaret bar really exist in such a place?

It existed all right, in

a narrow street of shops; there was a blue neon light announcing it. That light warmed them a little; it was part of a world they understood. They found the bar at the top of several flights of stairs; an arrow in blue light pointed the way from floor to floor. The manager spoke German and they began to feel at home. He had coffee made for them, and they felt themselves thawing out and becoming human again. They were shown the dance floor; it was very small. "I'll have to swing you from the knees instead of the ankles," Conway murmured to the girl. She shrugged; she always hated him more when she was tired.

The manager directed them to rooms within a stone's throw of the bar, and they carried their baggage along. The rooms were dark and drab and unheated. Karl hated them instantly and was resolved to look for something better next day; Conway couldn't see that it mattered what they were like, so long as they were clean, which these were; after all, he urged, they would only use them to sleep in. It was an argument they had often had before; Conway always took the first rooms that presented themselves if they were clean and cheap; he had long ago ceased to demand comfort; when you weren't sleeping you were in a restaurant eating, or at the pictures killing time, unless swimming or ski-ing were available, or unless you happened to be in a place in which you could just loaf about the town, sit for hours over a coffee, or take a nap in the sun in a public gardens, or something of the kind. But Karl insisted that you didn't want always to be in a coffee house or loafing about the streets, and he had no taste for bad films even when there was no other distraction available. If you had a warm room you could sit in it and read a little, and write letters. Conway didn't read and he had no letters to write. If he had to stay in Serajevo the rest of his life this dark, dingy, unheated room would serve him well enough. He had already noticed as they came through the town that there was a Garbo film showing; he had already seen it in Vienna and he didn't much care for Garbo, but it would do; you could always doze in the warm darkness when you got tired of looking at the screen; he always had arrears of sleep to make up.

Having seen the bar, secured a room, assured himself that there was a cinema, he had already settled down in this semi-Oriental town. For (*Continued on page* 86)

Illustrated By Edward Osmond

THE peak of the performance was when Conway swung her round dizzily whilst he himself hurtled round and round at top speed

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

We arrive home by car from Monte Carlo at top speed by six o'clock, and I am all ready to settle down to the crisis at once. Send for housemaid with view to discussing air-raid precautions for the house. As soon as I open my mouth the

I send for housemaid with view to discussing air-raid precautions for the house

housemaid begins: "Mr. Lyndoe says——" I interrupt testily, "I know quite well, Eleanor, that Mr. Lyndoe says there will be no war; so does Mr. Naylor; so does Old Moore; so do all the other astrologers of the Sunday and daily newspapers. Now be good enough to pay attention to what I have to say." There follows instructions connected with window shutters to protect the inside of the rooms from flying window glass; shaded lights and black curtains for blackout purposes; buckets of sand; buckets of water, and long-handled shovels to deal with incendiary bombs. We have grouse for dinner and go out later to have supper at Quaglino's, where they are dancing in day clothes.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28

Telephone the hospital to report my return home. Matron tells me that everything is very quiet. All children that could be sent home went last Thursday. The very ill patients and junior nurses are waiting for evacuation order. No admittance and no out-patient operations allowed. Every one "standing by" for further orders. Mother comes up to London for the day from the country cottage that Carrie Kipling has lent her. I decide to send the junior dachshund and Dolly, the cat, to her in the country. They are packed off with my housemaid and mother's cook to the accompaniment of continued mutters from both servants about Mr. Lyndoe and his past wisdom in proclaiming the fact that there would not be a war last September, and that there was not going to be a war now. After dinner we go to a "movie."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29

Sister Benson calls on me during the morning. Pamela lunches and is most amusing on the subject of her twenty-stone husband and his efforts to join up. We talk war prospects. Mother goes back to the country and takes Schnitzel, the senior dachshund, with her. The house seems to have given itself up to war now that the animals have been evacuated, and the wooden window shutters are closed. Tommy dines and we go to the Players' Theatre, which is very noisy and cheerful and at least twenty per cent of the audience are already wearing khaki.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30

Strange rumours of peace are flying about. There is nothing definite to go on, but we tell each other that we don't believe anything is going to happen after all. Pamela and Henry dine and Henry is as gay as the baby giant panda because he has been called up, and is about to join three regiments simultaneously as far as we can make out. After dinner we go to *Rose of Washington Square,* but somehow we fail to give our minds to the screen, and we are rather pleased when the show is finished, and go to the Dorchester Hotel, where Pamela and Henry live, to look at the tape machine.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31

I try to concentrate on my newspaper articles and resist the temptation to phone Charles and ask if he knows anything interesting. The weather is still perfectly lovely, and I wish that I could take the dogs for a walk. David and a nice American dine with us. David says that he is told on the best authority that everything is much better than it appears to be—in fact the prospects for peace are better than they have been during the past year. But for a man who is full of such good tidings he appears strangely subdued and pale.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

A message comes through bright and early from the hospital to say that they have had the order to evacuate all patients and to close the out-patients' department. Charles and I walk round there at eleven o'clock to see what goes on. The children are sitting up in bed dressed in their outdoor clothes, and each child has a large special hospital label tied on with string. The older kids wear their labels in front as a necklace; the younger ones have them pinned on to their backs so that they cannot tear them off. The house surgeon and house physician as well as the ward sisters are entertaining the children until the ambulances arrive. As the ambulances are really Green Line buses fitted up with stretchers, the children feel that they are off on a picnic. The news that Poland has been invaded since 5.45 a.m. is already out on posters. An A.R.P. helper arrives in the front hall and says rather breathlessly to matron: "We have just heard that all A.R.P. personnel have been called out and must report to their posts at once." We begin to look a trifle grave. One of the hospital porters remarks, "Well anyway, the balloons haven't gone up yet." I say to matron in a flat voice, "Maybe it will be as well if I went home and got into uniform." "Yes, my dear," she agrees briskly, and adds, "I will see that the bed is made up in your room right away." As an afterthought she inquires whether I prefer linen or cotton sheets. Charles and I have a luncheon date to eat the first oysters of the season at the Trocadero. Our host telephones to know if the luncheon is still on. I say yes, if he doesn't mind my being in uniform. We enjoy the oysters and on our way out see a procession of about a hundred

In order to liven up the meal I begin to read Mr. Lyndoe aloud, but it is clear that he is no longer looking at the stars through a rose-coloured telescope

schoolchildren marching along to their evacuation station shepherded by their teachers. Each child carries his gas mask boxed, his label is tied on, and he has a small bundle. I return to the hospital. After dinner the entire hospital staff is told to report in the board room. We all collect—the sisters, staff nurses and woman dispenser up one end; the junior nurses seem bent on clustering together at the other end of the room. The house physician has already been called up, but we still have the house surgeon. The secretary gives us instructions as to what we are to do in the case of an air-raid warning. "We will carry out the same plan that we had arranged last September," he announces, and explains, "As soon as we get the warning over the telephone the fire bell will be rung all over the building. When you hear the bell you are to put on your dressing-gown and slippers, take your gas mask, and walk quickly but quietly down to the basement passage." He adds, "Although you are not to delay at all, there is absolutely no need to rush. We have no patients to worry about, therefore there is no necessity for any kind of excitement or flurry." One or two of the junior nurses look as if they might be feeling a little nervous inside, and the rest of the staff make it their business to take a polite interest in the proceedings. As there would be no lights and the staff would have to grope their way down very long passages and up and down dark stone stairs and steps, we round up all the torches we can lay hands on and distribute them to the senior nurses in each part of the building. And so to bed. We all leave our doors open to give us a better chance of hearing the fire bell or sirens, if any. The superintendent of the A.R.P. has asked if she can have a room in the hospital and she has been given a room over sister's quarters. All night long the A.R.P. shifts seem to be stamping up and down stairs and clumping about over our heads to make their various reports to those responsible. They have been moved into the out-patients' hall this afternoon, and seem to have quickly settled down in their new surroundings.

Britain Goes to War

A domestic diary of a London household at the outbreak of War and after

By Jane Gordon

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

An army of sandbag men arrive and every man in the building, including the secretary, the house surgeon and the two porters, join in the business of filling the bags. The junior nurses are evacuated to a hospital just outside London. The night sister has disappeared to some other job, leaving matron, the A.R.P. resident doctor, and the house surgeon in the main building; three sisters and myself in sisters' quarters, and two staff nurses, the dispenser, and two A.R.P. superintendents have moved into the nurses' home. The secretary lives next door and the porters have moved into the hospital. During the course of the day the evacuation nurses are somehow lost between a general and a municipal hospital. Both matrons ring up and eventually they arrive at their destination. Meantime, the great evacuation scheme which has been on the move since yesterday at nine o'clock is in full swing. We listen to the wireless announcements every hour. The announcers' voices begin to sound weary and a little strained as they give endless instructions to listeners in areas which are being evacuated, call up practically all classes of Army, Navy and Air Force reserves, and mix in a little news from Poland. An orange leaflet entitled "Fire Precautions in Wartime" has been delivered and is handed round. It is the Civil Defence Leaflet No. 5. No. 4, which came in July, was "Your Food in Wartime"; No. 2 was "Your Gas Mask and Masking Your Windows"; No. 1, "Some Things You Should Know if War Should Come"; No. 3 seems to have been lost, and I cannot remember what it was. We sit up to midnight waiting for Mr. Chamberlain's statement which, continues to be put off and put off. We keep on reminding each other that the men in charge of the situation must know what they are at. But what the hell are we waiting for? The night is very noisy. The sandbag men work all through the night and there is a really superb thunderstorm—the grandest, in fact, that I have ever seen. What with one thing and another we do not get much sleep. No one knows exactly how bad things will be here when the raids start in (*Continued on page 74*)

I grab a dressing-gown and a torch, put on my bedroom slippers, start to leave, then remember my gas mask

The children are sitting up in bed dressed in their outdoor clothes, and each child has a large special hospital label which is tied on with string

Hollywood *moves* OUT

The Ranch Homes of Some of the Film Stars

By Margaret Chute

THE stars have picked up their beds, their bags, their baggage, and marched right out of Hollywood in no uncertain way. North, as the crow flies, into the fertile San Fernando Valley, where peaches grow in millions, apricots have their natural home, and walnuts weigh down the trees in scores of orchards. North, to settle in sprawling, white-walled ranch-houses, surrounded by acres of farmland, where chickens scratch and cackle, unconscious that they are owned by some of the most celebrated men and women in the world.

Hollywood has swung from champagne to well water; the stars have gone hayseed and they love it. In the studios there is a name for the group of actors and actresses who

At home with farmer Robert Taylor. The famous star is seen here in front of his picturesque ranch at Northridge. At top of the page is a view of the ranch-house with Robert Taylor on one of his favourite horses

A present from his wife: Joel McCrea, with his perfectly trained pony "Junior." This is the pony he rode in "Wells Fargo," and is now in the stables of the McCrea ranch in San Fernando Valley

Robert Young in the saddle-room of the Bolan stables. He is co-partner of these stables with Allan Jones

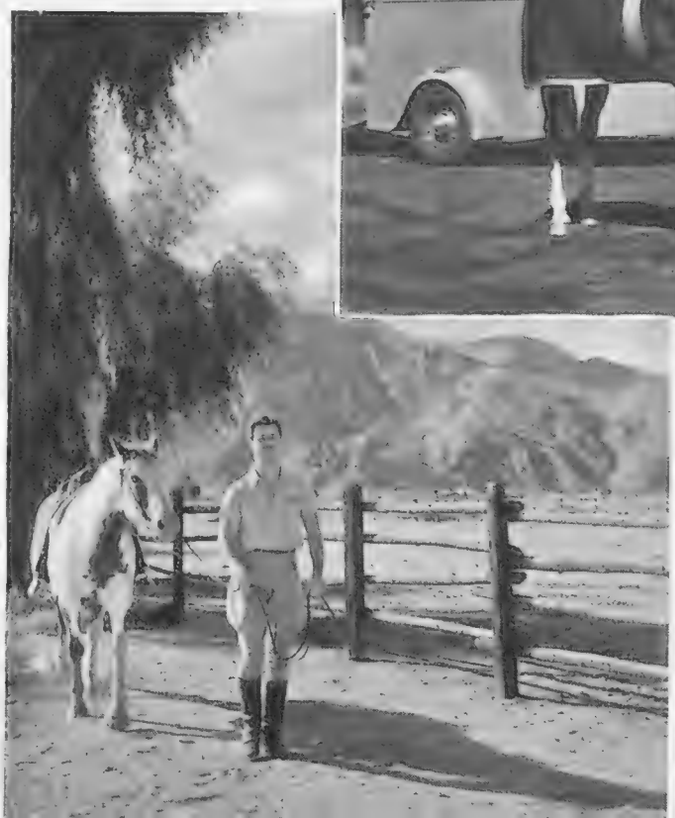
have hastened to the San Fernando Valley. They are known as "The Dons of California, New Style."

Gold was the lure that brought explorers trailing across the face of California, from south to north, in the days of '49. It is gold, and plenty of it, that permits today's film stars to purchase immense ranches, to build comfortable homes on their own land, to breed

BARBARA STANWYCK (now Mrs. Robert Taylor) on her prize-winner thoroughbred horse, "Reno." She has a ranch home at Northridge

GARY COOPER, Paramount star, indulges in his hobby of sketching, with his bride, the former Sandra Shaw, as a model, on the porch of their ranch home in San Fernando Valley

CLARK GABLE at his riding stables, in the grounds of his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. The horse is "Sonny," one of Clark Gable's favourites and several times has been a blue ribbon winner



DON AMECHE with one of his horses. He has bought a ranch at Reseda and is building a typical old style ranch-house, with a big play-ground for his young sons

horses, grow peaches, sell eggs and chickens in the open market.

When I was in Hollywood early this year, we amused ourselves after dinner one evening, by making out a list of the stars who have moved out of Hollywood. The names make up a dazzling cast, calculated to bring a fortune to any box office: Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck; Clark Gable and Carole Lombard; Joel McCrea and Frances Dee; Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche; Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen; Zeppo Marx; Richard Arlen; Edward Everett Horton; Warren William; Hugh Herbert; Spencer Tracy; Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper; Robert Young and Allan Jones; William Boyd; Bing Crosby; George O'Brien; Richard Dix; Francis Lederer; Charles Ruggles; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler; Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton; Henry Fonda; Andy Devine; Noah Beery, Junior. The list seems to stretch on endlessly, but those names will do for a start.

Somebody should put up a sign that reads: "THIS WAY TO HAPPY VALLEY;" and (*Continued on page 76*)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by
Alan Seymour

The Book of the Month

"The Arrogant History of White Ben," by Clemence Dane (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

OPEN Clemence Dane's new novel at random, read half a page and it will instantly be apparent why she has a world of admirers to whom a new novel or a new play from her accomplished pen is sheer delight.

It is, I think, because she is a poet with her feet on the earth and her head in the sky *but not in the clouds* that her every phrase is so beautifully turned yet so practical.

In outlook, she strikes the happy mean between idealism and ideology. In expression, she is constitutionally incapable of producing a loose phrase or one which does not pursue its thought —however allegorical—to its plausible conclusion.

A typical example of what I mean is to be found as early as on page three of Miss Dane's new novel, where one encounters the enchanting sentence: "Summer brought a white heat which faded even its own skies."

So vastly much of the charm of a Clemence Dane story lies in the telling of it, and she relies so incidentally upon plot that delineation of the *motif* of her latest story would serve only to create the false impression that it is "just another novel."

"White Ben" is vastly more than this. It is a work of art. White Ben himself was a scarecrow—but a scarecrow of character!

You must read about him and his arrogant history.

Do not on any account miss this memorable novel by one of the most delightful writers of our time.

The characterisation rings true in every word. The story is poignant yet whimsical.

I recommend this book unreservedly as a delight and as a very real contribution to the literature of our time. I can wish you nothing better than that you shall enjoy it as much as I have done.

ONE of the most important of the new books is Katherine John's "The Prince Imperial" (Putnam & Co., 10s. 6d.).

It tells of the life of "Loulou," the last of the Napoleons.

It was on Palm Sunday, 1856, the Second Empire's *annus mirabilis*, the Tuileries last saw the birth of a "child of France." "Loulou" grew up the most advertised child in Europe, the pet and mascot of a whole nation. He was a charming little prince, with his mimicry and dancing and masquerading—but as educable, to all appearance, as a butterfly. His mind would not fix itself upon anything; and he was to be Emperor of the French!

Of course he was; but what had lessons to do with it? An emperor—especially a Napoleon—must be a soldier. And in 1870 he went off, charming and gleeful in his lieutenant's dress, to see some real victories. He was dragged right through the entire campaign, and then—Chislehurst.

But there would be another Napoleonic Empire, and perhaps soon. The Prince never doubted it. And suddenly, it appeared that he would be equal to his destiny after all. He kept his charming manners, and it was the turn of the English to make a pet of him; but now, at sixteen, he seemed to wake up.

His success at Woolwich was even brilliant. And Bonapartists flocked to Chislehurst to do him homage: yes, the time was coming. "Ten years of patience," he said. . . .

Then came the Zulu War. His Woolwich friends were all going: they called, one after another, to say good-bye, and when the last had vanished, he could bear it no longer. He couldn't be left behind. Besides, it was good policy to go: France would hear of him.

Four months later, the newsboys were crying: "Death of the Prince Imperial."

The author who, by the way, is the daughter-in-law of Mr. Augustus John, has been to an immensity of trouble to authenticate her facts.

At the end of the book, a list is given of the forty-six authors of various nationalities whose numerous works have been consulted in the interests of historical accuracy.

The story is told with distinction and with a nice appreciation of human values.

A BIOGRAPHY of a different sort is John Brophy's study of William Shakespeare which he calls "Gentleman of Stratford" (Collins & Co., 8s. 6d.).

Here is a feast of reading, both for the admirer of the works of Shakespeare and also for that greater body of readers who are interested primarily in a gripping story of human acts arising from human emotions.

Above all, we are given a clear insight into those mental processes by which the Bard was inspired to give us his immortal plays.

Yet, withal, the book is far more a novel than it is a biography.

Shakespeare's association with the Dark Lady of his sonnets is frankly dealt with, as is many another incident in his colourful career.

The story opens in Stratford in 1580, with a schoolboy overhearing a tale about a girl drowned in the Avon, from which years after he develops the fate of Ophelia in *Hamlet*.

A few years later he has a romantic encounter with Anne Hathaway in the riverside mists, and before he is twenty-one he is married and the father of a family.

Running away, against all advice, to London, Will Shakespeare becomes an odd-job man about the theatre and, turning his hand to play writing, incurs the enmity of the braggart Robert Greene.

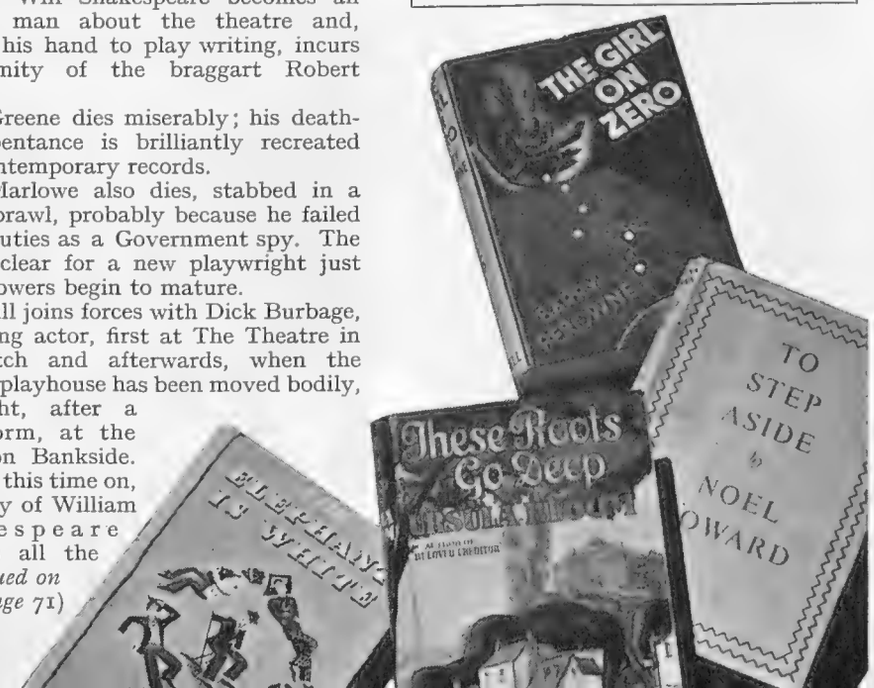
But Greene dies miserably; his deathbed repentance is brilliantly recreated from contemporary records.

Kit Marlowe also dies, stabbed in a tavern brawl, probably because he failed in his duties as a Government spy. The field is clear for a new playwright just as his powers begin to mature.

So Will joins forces with Dick Burbage, the young actor, first at The Theatre in Shoreditch and afterwards, when the wooden playhouse has been moved bodily, by night, after a snowstorm, at the Globe on Bankside.

From this time on, the story of William Shakespeare assumes all the

(*Continued on page 71*)



Old Tales Re-told

Fragments of Poland's History: the Story of Jadwiga and Clementina Sobieski

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

THE Poles have always been great fighters—as witness the defence of Warsaw as recently as September last; and the historian Tacitus has left to posterity the first description of this remarkable race. Since approximately 100 A.D., and for a long time afterwards, they were classified as Barbarians, a name given to all the peoples who happened to be outside the orbit of Greco-Roman civilisation. In time they became the vanguard of the Vandals, that devastating and incessant torrent that swept over Southern Europe century after century.

Polish attention, however, was not always focussed on the Promised Lands of the south, for they fought many long and harsh struggles against Germany, often defeating it. At that time they were called Lygians, and they inhabited part of Silesia, part of Prussia, and all of what recently was Poland right along to the Vistula. In spite of being divided into many communities they formed a strong united nation: of these communities the most powerful was that of the Aryans. The superiority of this tribe did not rest alone on their numbers, but was due to many other attributes — principally fighting spirit and warlike organisation. Bronze and iron was already known to the Northern world (almost a thousand years before Christ), and the work of extracting the metal from the mines was allotted to prisoners taken in war. Judging from the perfection of their metal work, we can safely assume that as early as the beginning of the Christian era the Poles were already considerably advanced in the production of many commodities, especially in leather work and weaving.

Their mode of life, on the other hand, was extremely simple and primitive. Nearly all the able-bodied men were warriors, whilst the remainder performed the other kinds of work;

Hides of ferocious animals, horns and wings were arranged on their heads and bodies in the most fantastic manner

and, as happens in every uncivilised country, these latter were considered as inferiors.

Marriage was still almost as simple as Nature had intended, and it seems that conditions were not such as would discourage the creation of large families. Religion also had no complications; the Polish nation worshipped two deities both of equal importance, supposed to be two young brothers; and the priests wore female dresses, evidently with the idea of being more acceptable to the young gods.

When the Romans established their first contact with the Lygians they believed them to be Castor and Pollux. No doubt that version was originated by the similarity between the two Norse gods and the sons of Leda of the Greek mythology. No graphic or plastic representation has ever been found of these gods.

The Lygian warriors were known for their ferocity. Primitive people of every region of the world have invariably endeavoured to make their warriors appear frightful. This tendency survived in China and Japan until quite lately, when, in spite of a high standard of civilisation, the faces of their warriors were covered with hideous masks which were masterpieces of ugliness.

The Lygians paid great attention to their appearance and, as Tacitus says: "They study to make themselves more grim and horrible by every addition that art can devise." Hides of ferocious animals, horns and wings were arranged on their heads and bodies in the most fantastic manner. Their shields were painted black, and in many cases their faces also, for their war tactics was to attack during the night. They were extremely clever in approaching their objective unseen; having reached it, a blast from a horn was the signal to attack, and instantly the country was overrun by dark demons bringing destruction and death in their train. It was only when they were confronted by the trained, disciplined troops of the Roman Empire that these wild tactics crashed against an insurmountable obstacle.

The convicted calumniator was compelled to make an centre of the court, beneath which the culprit had to

TOWARDS the end of the third century A.D. the Roman legions, under the command of that most human, honest and clever leader, the Emperor Probus, marched into Poland. The numerical superiority of the barbarians did not count for much against the military science of the Romans.

Full of faith in their leader Lemno, the fiercest warrior of his time, the Lygians faced the Romans and fought like lions, but every attempt was futile; for all their bravery was no match against the rock of the Roman military machine. The struggle ended when Lemno himself was surrounded, pulled from his horse and brought alive before Probus. In the past the Emperor would have placed the captive foe in chains and gratified his personal vanity in a triumphal procession; but Probus, instead of humiliating his conquered enemy, expressed admiration for his valour. In addition he granted to the people an honourable capitulation and gave them every facility to return to their families and to their work, so that they could build up a new nation through the only means that could bring prosperity and happiness—peace and labour. From that time the Lygians disappeared from history, and it was not until another seven centuries had elapsed that the name Poland was adopted.

With the decline of the Roman Empire Poland gradually became the prey of ruthless German rulers, under whom the Polish people were exploited but not educated.

IT was not until the end of the tenth century A.D. that we find authentic accounts of the first Polish ruler, Mieczislaus I., and it is to his wife, Dambrovka, that we must give the honour of spreading Christianity throughout the country. She took full advantage of her influence over her husband and succeeded in converting him, so that his example might be followed by all his subjects.

official admission of his guilt. This took place in the following manner: a table was placed in the crouch and shout that he had lied like a dog. In addition he had to imitate the barking of that animal

In the meantime the reaction against the German yoke had begun to make itself felt. Sporadic disorders broke out here and there, year after year, and whilst they were suppressed in one place they soon started again in another.

In the fullness of time Mieczislaus I. died, and his son Boleslaus came to the throne. But the unrest did not abate. Like his father, he was in the grip of Germany: his Court was one nest of spies. But Boleslaus was a worthy son of his mother, and at last his opportunity came.

In Germany, Otto III. had just died and trouble had arisen. Boleslaus at once rallied his forces and put himself at the head of a rebellion in which practically all Poland took part. The Huns were cut to pieces, beaten everywhere and chased over the Polish boundaries; in short, they were wiped out without mercy. Then for the first time Poland declared her independence and Boleslaus assumed the dignity of a king. Poland had at last gained her place in history as a Nation.

By the end of the fourteenth century the throne of Poland had passed to Louis of Hungary, a king whose mind and affection was entirely on his country of origin. He neglected even to learn the Polish language, and spent the greater part of his time enjoying the amenities, the beautiful surroundings and the better climate of his native country. He had a daughter, Jadwiga, whose beauty and intelligence was his

pride and joy. Needless to state that by the time she had attained to womanhood there were many suitors for her hand; of these she had eyes only for one—the Archduke William of Austria, to whom she became officially betrothed.

Before they had had time to fix the date of their marriage, however, Louis died: as there was no male heir, unexpected difficulties arose in consequence.

There was at court a man belonging to a noble Polish family, Jan Tenczin. Endowed with oratorial genius, he persuaded the Diet to elect Jadwiga as Queen of Poland; but this great honour brought with it one hard and cruel condition—once on the throne she was to accept the husband that the Diet deemed suitable.

Jadwiga was stunned by this blow, for she had set her heart on the handsome Archduke William for husband, and she would willingly have given up the crown and all her riches for him. But she did not belong to herself any more!

Poland had already had enough of a Hungarian ruler, and the marriage of Jadwiga with Archduke William was ruled out of the question. In fact, the Diet suggested that Jadwiga should marry Jagiello, the ruling prince of Lithuania, who would then join his country to Poland.

The arrangement sounded to Jadwiga more like a contract of sale than anything else. With all her might she fought against this marriage; but wherever she turned she felt herself faced with the same opposition. Even her mother, Elisabeth of Hungary, blinded by ambition, gave her vote to the marriage.

Meanwhile the Archduke William had not given up the struggle, and tried with all the means in his power to get the decree rescinded. It was submitted to the Diet that Jagiello was a pagan; but he had signed a declaration stating that he was ready to embrace Christianity and to introduce the religion throughout Lithuania.

William then played his last card. He tried to win the populace by impressing them with his imposing appearance. He went to Cracow followed by so splendid a retinue that the Polish people had never before witnessed its equal. But the gorgeous display of pageantry proved of no avail. He realised the futility of any further attempts, and with a broken heart retired for good.

When Prince Jagiello arrived, Jadwiga had to collect all her strength to go through with her part. How different! . . . . The Lithuanian prince revealed his nature at sight as the very antithesis of the smart and gentle Archduke. Historians are unanimous in describing Jagiello as a man of coarse and repulsive manners, a barbarian—and the sensitive Jadwiga found herself face to face with such a man.

Her ordeal began from the first moment, when she had to give her formal acceptance. Shortly afterwards the marriage took place—in the year 1386.

Jagiello may have been a barbarian but he had sufficient sense to realise the passive acquiescence of his young and beautiful wife. He felt the presence of an invisible enemy between them, and he became in consequence unreasonably jealous. His obvious state of mind made the task of the busybodies an easy one, and soon the calumnies against the Queen's chastity grew. Glad of any opportunity to vent his rage, Jagiello did not hesitate to accuse his wife publicly, but not a soul in the entire metropolis doubted Jadwiga's innocence. Yet the King had divulged the scandal, and there was no other way for Jadwiga than to defend herself publicly.

A sort of High Court was established, and it was with great solemnity that the proceedings were carried out. Queen Jadwiga appeared in her royal robes. Her first request was to ask that her calumniators should be brought forward. A man was brought face to face with the Queen, who then submitted him to such a stringent cross-examination that he contradicted himself many times. He began to stutter, and ended by admitting that he had told a pack of lies.

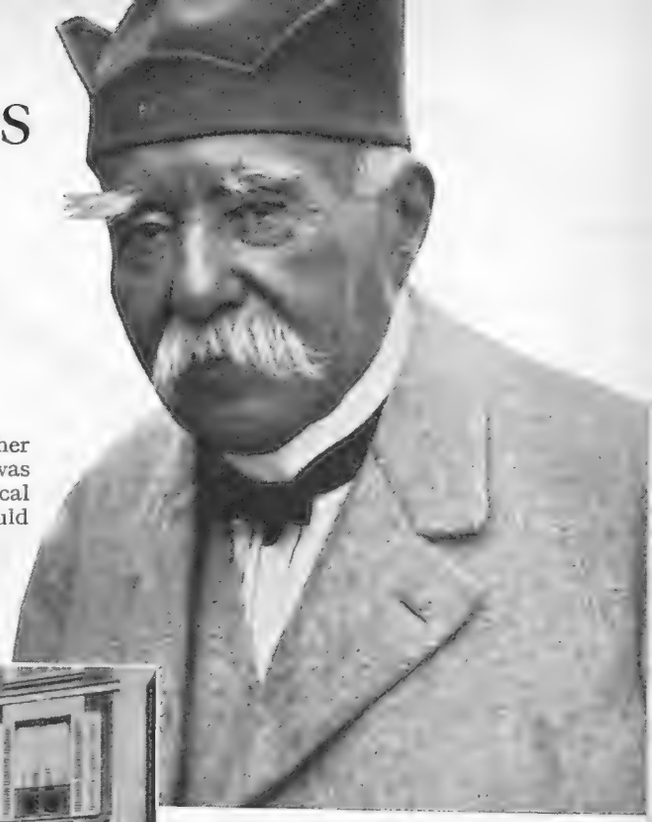
A strange scene then followed. According to a Polish (*Continued on p. 67*)

They proceeded for two more days when, suddenly, the axle-tree of their carriage broke, and they were compelled to stop whilst it was replaced by an old one taken from a cart

The Dictator of Versailles

Clemenceau as I Knew Him

By Harry J. Greenwall



Georges Clemenceau. Politician and journalist. Born 1841—died 1929. Nicknamed the "Tiger." Premier of the French Republic during the latter part of the Great War, and also one of the outstanding characters at the Peace Treaty of Versailles

Left: Where Clemenceau lived and died. A view of 8 Rue Franklin, Passy. In this house Georges Clemenceau had a small apartment on the ground floor

APART perhaps from some members of the Diplomatic Service, I believe I am the only living person who knows why the late Georges Clemenceau always wore grey gloves. The question of the colour of the gloves has nothing whatsoever to do with the reason why the "Tiger" wore them. They were always of the same type because he ordered them eleven dozen at a time, from a shop in Paris. Every day Clemenceau used to wear and throw away four pairs of gloves. One has read legendary stories that the Prime Minister of France wore gloves because he suffered from eczema; it has been said that he wore gloves to hide from the world his hands, because they were so mottled that he was afraid people might think he had Chinese blood in his veins. All those stories were utter nonsense. Georges Clemenceau wore gloves because he suffered nearly all his life from diabetes, which prevented him having any feeling in his hands or feet.

"The Tiger" in the garden of his small country cottage. His mode of life was as simple as could be, and he died almost in poverty

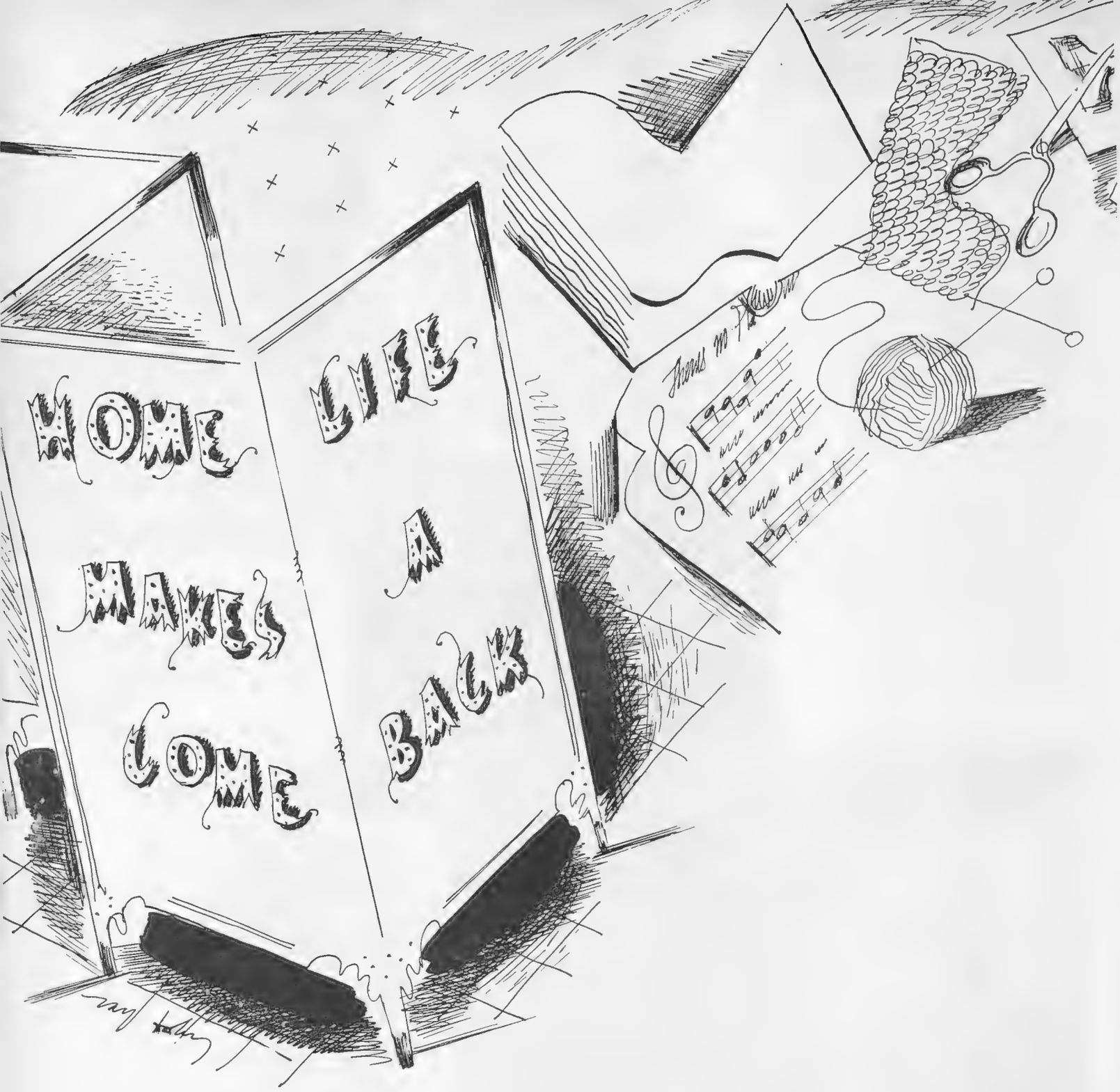
Clemenceau never knew whether his feet were on a step or not, unless he could see them. He could walk upstairs without any great difficulty, but coming downstairs was a different matter altogether. That was the reason why he always refused to go to a theatre. He was afraid of walking downstairs. Two years before he died, Clemenceau was pressed to attend a gala performance at the Paris Opera House. He began to walk down the magnificent marble staircase. Then he slipped and rolled down the whole flight. The news of the accident was kept out of the French newspapers.

Georges Clemenceau had very finely shaped hands hidden under those rather ugly grey cotton gloves. The "Tiger" was a qualified doctor. He passed his medical examinations in Paris in 1864. He could say with truth: "Physician, heal thyself." He found a means of somewhat overcoming the numbness in his hands. He used to procure from a nearby chemist an ointment which was closely akin to what is known to-day to many women as vanishing cream. Every morning, Clemenceau's valet, Albert, used to rub his hands with this ointment. Then Albert would bring him a soup plate full of talcum powder into which Clemenceau would dip his hands. Then he would put on the day's first pair of gloves. The only man who ever saw Clemenceau without gloves was his valet, and if ever a man was a hero to his valet, that man was Georges Clemenceau, sometimes known as *Père La Victoire*.

Clemenceau was exactly forty years older than the present writer, but a curious acquaintanceship grew up between us. It began in the most ordinary manner. During the War I was a journalist. I had never even seen Clemenceau in my life. He was just a legendary figure. Then, the late Lord Lansdowne wrote that famous Letter which most people at that time thought was of a defeatist nature. Clemenceau had come to power for the first time during the War. I thought it might be a good idea if I could get him to give out an official statement, giving the French Government's point of view regarding the Letter.

I wrote my request, and, to my very great surprise, I was asked to call immediately. A bald-headed, short, stocky man held out a hand which I noticed was gloved. He asked me what I wanted. I told him. He said he would give me an answer that evening. I said that evening I had to take a train to go to Madrid. The old war horse, who had been a journalist himself, smiled grimly. He stretched out a hand and taking up a quill pen, he there and then wrote the reply to the Lansdowne Letter. He asked me to go and see him again when I returned from Spain. I said I would be most happy to do so, but I thought he would forget all about me. However, as soon as I returned to Paris, I sent a message and said I would like to see him. Back came a message from him telling me to call at his private house.

We talked about Spain, and then I said: "They tell me, *Monsieur le Président*, that you are going to win the War for us. How are (*Continued on page* 82)



Our elders, mourning the twentieth-century decay of home life, must find another subject for head-shaking these days.

The last war showed women the intoxicating possibilities of leaving home. Gentle creatures to whom a tea gown had been an essential article of apparel discovered the delights of an unsheltered life.

Home became a place to sleep in and keep one's clothes in, and until last September it seemed as if home life, in the sense that our grandparents knew it, was as much an anachronism as a Victorian respirator—that strange object through which débutantes were made to breathe on their way home from dances, to protect them from the dangerous night air.

Now, alas, we have found a different meaning for the word respirator, but home life, real, old-fashioned, round-the-fireside settling down, with the cat on the mat and the curtains drawn, has staged a come-back. No longer need parents grumble that "You treat this place as an hotel" as the young people rush in and out, delighted at avoiding the prospect of an evening at home.

This war is making us stay at home and like it. Home is a blessed refuge from the nerve-fraying business of the world outside. The prospect of an undisturbed evening, tucked away behind those blackout curtains, is more alluring than was any suddenly telephoned invitation to a party, back in that restless pre-this-war epoch.

Strangely, in these blackout days of war, we are discovering peace—the cosiness of a group round the fire, the simple home-made pleasures that years of spoon-fed amusements had brought us to despise.

From five o'clock onwards, now, we usually stay at home, if we don't man a first-aid post or drive an ambulance or patrol the streets as a warden. The front door is shut with a prayer that we need not turn out again, and we look forward to seeing the family for a few united hours.

But already, in the last two months, a few flaws have appeared in the picture. Every hearth and home isn't quite as comfortable as it might be, and there is just a suspicion of boredom about these long winter evenings spent in escapist novel-reading or desultory, how-long-do-you-think-it-will-last conversation.

Makeshift blackout arrangements may have left two

By Vere Denning

chairs adequately lit and draught-protected, but what about the rest of the party? It really is time the room was fixed so that every one can see, every one is warm, and no one has to move a chair when you want to open that cupboard in the corner.

Draughts have no place in this home life we are learning to like. Blackout curtains have dealt with a good many windy corners that had been endured for far too long, but to make for even greater cosiness, how about reviving that old-fashioned relic, the screen? You can cover one for yourself, and have a lot of fun doing it, too. Start off with a plain, hessian-covered frame, and make a modern version of the Victorian scrap screen. Paste on to it pictures that amuse you, and anything that makes you feel less oppressed. Collect child photographs if they help you to support these nightmare times, or pictures of country scenes to remind you that even if you are shut away from it, that aspect of England still exists.

Plan the design of the screen to a certain extent before you start pasting up. The best Victorian scrap screens always followed a plan—Queen Victoria in the centre panel, smaller pictures of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra on the two wings.

Round these were grouped less exalted photographs, flower scraps, fashions and so on. It is enormous fun to do in these dark evenings, and if you have ever begged to be allowed to do a jig-saw puzzle unaided, you'll know how determined every one else in the family will be to join in.

You might make your own scrap book, if the screen idea doesn't appeal to you. Newspapers get lost, cuttings you treasure become mislaid. And difficult though it is to imagine it now, we shall forget exactly what life was like in these times. A scrap book will enable you to be your own historian, and you will spend enthralling hours with scissors and paste-pot.

Reading aloud will be another of our pleasures this winter. The Victorian scene of papa reading aloud while mamma sewed and the children gambolled sedately at their feet will be seen once more, except that the minor figures in the picture will no doubt be too much taken up with knitting bedsocks or rolling bandages to do much gambolling.

Don't feel, though, that this sort of reading should be restricted to what is depressingly called "improving" literature, of the Carlyle's *French Revolution* variety. Choose, rather, for wit and relaxation. Read Jane Austen for escape into a leisured world, conducted by one of the wittiest creatures who ever lived. Read Trollope and giggle at the discovery that your local billeting officer is oddly like some of his self-important bishops' wives. Read *Vanity Fair*, a charmer of a book if ever there was one, and re-discover the delights of Dickens, which the family have probably scorned since schooldays.

What about having a few friends in for a play reading now and then? Since cinemas became a commonplace, this particular amusement has rather died out. Now is the moment to re-introduce it, especially if you live in the country where theatres are inaccessible. Shaw's plays are perfect for reading round the fire; so are many of Barrie's, or you might read Noel Coward comedies you have seen and enjoyed, re-creating those brittle Gertrude Lawrence characters that now seem to belong to another world.

These are the days when mouldering talents are dug up and dusted off. That piano you haven't touched in years —why not start picking about on it again? Surprisingly soon you will have remembered enough to play accompaniments, and in these home evenings singing is really one of the most gratifying occupations, even in the least musical families. There is something about the mere physical act of singing, in filling one's lungs and making a loud noise, that makes one feel at the same time invigorated and relaxed.

Start off with the simplest songs. Rounds like *White Sands and Grey Sands* are no strain on any one's musical abilities, and they are fun to sing. Progress to *Sweet and Low* and *Drink To Me Only*, and soon you will be tackling some of the enchanting duets and madrigals which you can find in any book of Elizabethan songs.

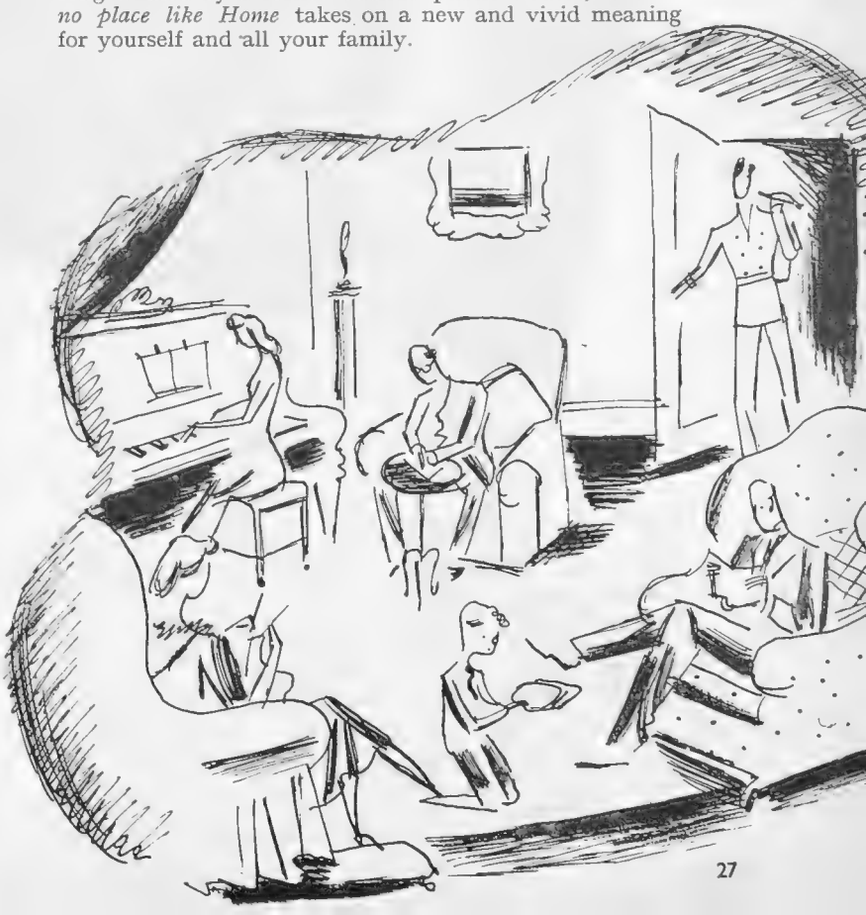
To every one's surprise, you will all discover that it really is more fun to sing yourself, even if it's quite an occasion when you hit on the right note, than to listen to everlasting B.B.C. choirs.

All the things you have never had time for—learning another language, the novel you would love to write if you weren't so busy—these can keep you absorbed in the hours of darkness. Learning to cook, if this isn't one of your accomplishments, is an adventure you will never regret, and sewing, too, if you are not already clever at that sort of thing.

Start a sewing bee among your friends. All that is needed is a good table for cutting-out, adequate scissors, a sewing machine, and a few paper patterns shared by the group. It is much more fun than struggling with your amateur efforts by yourself.

Dress the part for your newly-found home life. Revel in the comfort and elegance (as well as economy) of dressing for dinner in an ankle-length woollen or velvet house-coat. Make dinner, even on rations, a leisured and dignified meal rather than the hasty scramble it can so easily degenerate into in days of stress.

You will find that instead of being an out-of-date song whined by a cornet outside public houses, *There's no place like Home* takes on a new and vivid meaning for yourself and all your family.



HOW

By Lynne Joyce

I live in the country all the year round.

In pre-this-war days, my town-dwelling friends used to say to me: "My dear, I *couldn't* adore the country more myself, in summer. But in winter, in November, ugh . . ."

And when I told them I had known November days when it was possible to eat luncheon on the terrace in the sunshine, with roses climbing up the brick wall behind my head, they didn't believe me.

Well, the wheel of circumstance has bowled many a city lady and her town-bred offspring into the heart of the country, and if you are weather-lucky you will find that I spoke the truth. Yet here you are (*in November, ugh*), in a strange house filled with strange things, gazing out of the window at the trees from which the last leaves swirl sadly down, wondering how you are going to get through this day, let alone the whole winter, in the country. Your first reaction is one of loneliness. Forlorn prisoner of Hitler.

I, as an ex-city addict who has learned to love the country all the year round, would like to try and help you in your exile.

Difficult for you to believe as I know it will be, country lovers will agree with me when I say that we find the days all too short and you will, too, if you will stop looking at the country through windows and make yourself a part of its daily life.

And by that, I do not mean getting hayseed in your hair or acquiring a farmer's wife complexion: no, nor getting up at dawn and going to bed when the hens do. But I do mean that you should be a participant in this new life, instead of an onlooker. And I do mean that it is no use trying to bring the rhythm of city life with you into the country. All that must be discarded, together with high heels, town make-up, and dinner at ten p.m. Simplicity in habit will help you to enjoy country life.

TO ENJOY THE COUNTRY NOW

Now, you can't participate in country life without first achieving a smashing victory over our old enemy the English climate. Prepare for the worst, then ignore, must be our fighting slogan.

Battle dress should include a service mackintosh; none of your flimsies, but a real he-man's coat (a riding mackintosh is a good choice), an oilsilk covering for your head, and of course gum-boots.

They should not, however, be too heavy, and should fit closely round the ankle. If they are difficult to get in and out of, they are about right. I recommend grey army socks (1s. a pair, Gamages)—to stop heel rub.

With this equipment, you can go out in all weathers. And if you don't like walking in the rain much, think what it is doing for your face and figure. Whether it comes down like a whip lash or as softly as a caress, turn your face up to the rain. It is a fine beauty treatment, and it is absolutely free.

There is consolation, too, in knowing that you need not do your daily dozen any more. Walking takes its place, if you walk as you should: head up, chest out, stomach in, with rhythm in your stride. If you are tired, stop walking, but never amble. Step breathing: *one, two, three, four,* in; *one, two, three, four,* out; to the beat of your footsteps, is good for lungs, circulation, and for the bust and waist line.

Then, after maybe a week of wet walks, you will wake one morning to sunshine.

While your beloved city goes watery-eyed under a pall of fog, the sky over you will be like a blue pearl; the air so still that you can hear a dead leaf drop. On this day, resist the temptation to bask in the sun, but pack some lunch and go off for the day, on foot or on bicycle (really, to enjoy the country, you must have a bicycle) with an ordnance map in your pocket.

An ordnance map is an unending delight. It will tell you where to find the by-ways, the neglected public footpaths, the little streams and rivulets. It is fun, during the long evenings, to map out a tour which can be enjoyed on the first fine day.

If you have a dog with you, obey orders about keeping him on leash in or near woods. The gamekeeper will not share your view about his sagacity in bringing Missus back a bird, or even a rabbit. Also, there may be traps.

Stop at a pub for a drink, and look at world affairs through the eyes of sanity. And right here, I would like to say: Please, stop, look and listen rather than talk yourself. For the countryman can teach us townfolk so much if only we would be still. Strange faces, strange voices, scare him into silence. But once he has accepted you as you accept him, as your equal and friend, then he is your friend for life.

But, perhaps you hate walking like original sin. You may hate gardening, too. Especially working in someone else's garden. But in this time of emergency, to dig is a duty. You don't like that word? Then dig for your health and figure's sake. You won't regret it.

Vegetable and flower gardens need to have the soil turned over in November, so that the frost can sweeten the ground. Herbaceous stuff must be cut down, stakes removed and tied up in bundles. Rubbish must be collected, stacked in a pile and left to rot down. It should not be burned. All these things are waiting to be done.

And may I suggest, even though it is not your own garden, that you put in a few tulip bulbs to cheer you when spring comes round, or to leave behind you as a peace thanks-offering, should peace have come by then.

If you have no garden in your temporary home, offer your services to someone in the village in need of help. Or the farmer might have light jobs that you can do and so release a man for heavy duty.

But if manual labour is not your dish, there is still useful work for you to do in the country.

Domesticated? Then link yourself with the Women's Institute. They will welcome fresh ideas in cooking and housewifery. Tell them something of how you run your house in London. Tell them your problems and let them air theirs.

Musical? You will find kindred spirits and a lot of hidden talent in every village. Proceeds from the entertainments can go to the local Red Cross or other war charity.

As to that long evening bogy, new books are still coming in. A planned course of reading is a commendable resolution. But in the present emergency, why not make it something which can be put to topical use? A knowledge of dietetics, for instance, will help you to give yourself and your family (and the village) better meals out of the foodstuffs available. The study of trees, wayside plants and birds will make your walks of vivid interest to yourself and your children. There are colour illustrated books dealing with each of these subjects separately, that can be slipped in the pocket and used as a reference when out of doors.

"If I do all the things she says, I shall return to town with the mental set-up of a district visitor and the physical let-down of a land girl."

Have I guessed your thoughts right? Well, now let's talk about looks. Your hands (Continued on page 70)

The Tiger's Whisker

A Conflict *between* Love *and* Passion *with an Eastern Setting*

WALTER VERNON had come to Java to become acquainted with and secure the approval of his future father-in-law, Jan van Swinderen, wealthy Dutch coffee planter whose daughter had been educated in England. The English education had drawbacks. On account of it Sylvia was facing her future with painfully divided heart. She wanted to please Walter by settling in London, yet was overwhelmed sometimes by her longing to remain in Java, whose pulsing colours she declared were like bread and water to her—necessities of life. Yet she recognised his necessities and would not be happy if she deprived him of them, such was her passionate capacity to love.

It was this generous warmth of nature in her, this imaginative unselfishness which had enthralled Walter. Sylvia was young in years and would always be young in spirit, having the ageless quality of all blithe, high-hearted women, but her underlying depth was apparent to any one with the sensibility to understand her. Walter did. He knew that haven from any tempest waited for him always in the circle of her slim young arms.

It was his first visit to the Orient, and although he knew very well that his talents and training were best adapted for success at home, he played mentally with the idea of staying on eventually to take over the van Swinderen plantation. The atmosphere of Java was going to his head like wine. Particularly as new friends, eager to impress the visitor with the splendour of their country were opening wide the doors to all its charms.

For instance there was Mynheer Schuymer from the Residency. It delighted him to take Walter about and show him the polyglot life of Batavia. The young man's sharp reactions to the charm of the clean white city set like a pearl in the torrential verdure roused the stab of his own youth. He began to see again with clearer eyes. The familiar landscape became again a thunder-clap of light and colour on unaccustomed senses.

It resurrected the memory of his first experience of the phenomenal feminine beauty sometimes encountered in these hothouse East Indian Islands. How would this cool Englander react to a girl who would put every other woman he had ever seen to shame? There was such a girl now living in Batavia. A beauty who might happen once in a hundred years. He said, "Now I must arrange for you to meet Ermina."

He explained the singularity of Ermina. Walter was not interested. He said: "Such an encounter is inconsistent with my mission here."

Mynheer disposed of this as irrelevant. "There is no comparison," he said. "Ermina is merely a natural phenomenon—a fabulous accident. She is white by Dutch law—true. But she would have no social significance for a foreigner. You *must* see her. I tell you, my boy, men have looked on her and wished to die that they might never see anything less. I will arrange a meeting as a matter of interest. Afterwards you will forget it."

ERMINA was Eurasian. To Walter this made the affair entirely impersonal. No more a disloyalty to Sylvia than a visit to a famous waterfall. He was human and full of curiosity. He succumbed to Schuymer's persuasion although he expected a disappointment.

Ermina, however, surpassed anticipation. Her eyes gave Walter a tangible physical shock. They were a silvery beryl green, jewel bright in a gardenia-white, cameo-pure ebony framed face. Her body a sculpture by Praxiteles. Her hands as graceful as white butterflies. A living *chef d'œuvre*. Mynheer rubbed his hands in satisfaction. "You see. You see. Is she not a masterpiece of our good father God?"

Walter Vernon had to agree. He looked at the glorious girl across the lamplit dinner-table in the intimate little restaurant, and wondered if he were awake or dreaming. She was fashioned of the substances of the Song of Songs. He knew he was staring rudely, but he could not keep his eyes from her marvellous face. Mynheer was well pleased with his experiment, leaned back content to watch proceedings and let Ermina guide the conversation.

Walter could not understand Dutch, but Ermina spoke a stilted

By
Olga L. Rosmanith

WALTER set down his coffee cup and took her slim hands across the table. "You really mean it, dear? You wouldn't mind?"

English so they were able to communicate. She was putting forward all her powers to charm. She had required much persuasion to come, well aware that her beauty was to be on exhibition, but the first sight of Walter fired the predatory blood so prone to travel in Eurasian veins. He was a new type to Ermina. Blond, rugged, tall and lithe—he had the look of a Viking. Besides, his lively English personality and foreign outlook were very stimulating after the genial self-complacence of the Dutchmen resident on the island.

She invited him to visit her at her home. He accepted her invitation because it would have been gauche to refuse it, but he made it clear to his host later that he had no intention of following it up. He was glad he had seen her because it was true that she was an addition to experience, but there it ended. Mynheer Schuymer smiled blandly, his little eyes twinkling, patted Walter on the back and said good night.

Hours later Walter remembered the significance of that smile. Ermina's personality haunted him. He could not sleep. Some irresistible force was drawing him to her against his will. It was not love. Sylvia was dearer to him than anything

else on earth. He knew what it was. He faced it courageously. It surprised him, however, that facing it without compromise did not enable him to stifle the longing. He tried to get rid of his obsession by minimising her in his mind. She is a courtesan, he told himself. Useless. Some baleful magnetism was at work. He decided to go and see her. She would introduce commerce into their relationship and he would be cured of his infatuation by his disgust of her. Even this excuse to yield to his longing to see her again brought relief with it. Towards dawn he fell asleep.

But he had misjudged Ermina. She had money of her own and she did not trade herself. This was made clear by the impeccable correctness of her manner. But she had fallen in love with him in typical Eurasian fashion—violent, passionate, melodramatic, demanding. It emanated from her unmistakably. She was cool and agreeable, smilingly friendly, gay and courteous—yet Walter felt danger in the air as soon as he entered the house. It did not repel him. She moved his heart strangely. Her hair was like the midnight sky with the frost of the moon upon it. He was amazed at his burning desire to put out his hand and touch.

She took him through her white sitting-room to a rattan-screened veranda overhanging the secretive luxuriance of her garden. Her conversation was of the life of Java which interested him, and her questions of the outside world which interested her. Harmless enough. But her face was the face of man's eternal idol, beauty incarnate, and her voice was thrilling with the undertones of love.

The visit ended on a formal note. An invitation to come again to a little dinner *tête-à-tête*. She touched his hand with cool satin fingers and he breathed a sense-assailing perfume from her hair. He had done himself no service save to sharpen his intolerable and miserably unwished-for desire.

HE spent the evening with Sylvia and her father, dining and dancing in the hotel. Sylvia's mother, long dead, had been English. Sylvia was her mother's child, long-legged, slim and debonair. Attractive rather than beautiful. But so attractive that static beauty could not compete with her. Eyes full of blue light that screwed up enchantingly when she laughed. Short, naturally curly, honey-coloured hair. A spatter of faint freckles across the milky whiteness of her little short nose. An engaging smile always on the verge of widening into laughter at her own sunny-tempered jokes. Walter always had a good time in her optimistic company. But not tonight. It was an effort to appear his normal self, impossible to join in her laughter. He was weighed down with his sense of guilt, but he could not dismiss his obsession for Ermina. Everywhere he looked he saw the luminous memory of her face.

He tightened his hold on Sylvia as he danced with her. She was aware that he was innerly distrait. She smiled into his eyes. "Walter

SHE had a little roll of batik in her sandal-scented hands. She opened it and showed him a stiff straw-coloured strand lying there

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

dear, if it makes you so sad to think of staying on here, we'll plan on settling in London. After all a man's career is the core of his life. And I only want to make you happy."

Walter was moved almost beyond words. "You're the core of my life," he said huskily, and spoke truly. "I'm not going to plan on anything which would take your *joie de vivre* away from you."

He made up his mind then and there to stay away from Ermina if it killed him.

But he had not the fortitude to stay away. The dinner invitation had been set three days ahead, but he could not even wait. He endured an appalling night. Restless, sleepless he paced the floor. All morning he was unable to eat. In the afternoon he took a chance on going out to see her without calling her up and risking a possible refusal.

She lived in Weltevreden, a beautiful suburb of tree-shaded roads and fine homes almost buried in the tropical exuberance of the gardens. His spirits rose as he approached her house. He entered the grounds flaming with pink and lemon rhododendrons and walked informally round to the back. He found her resting on the veranda clad in a green and orange sarong, a necklace of gold-set jade carvings lighting the perfumed shadows of her neck.

She rose from the cane lounge as he bounded up the white steps. She did not show surprise. She was more wonderful than he had remembered and he showed his hunger for her in his haggard fever bright eyes. She knew when words were not necessary. She went instinctively into his arms.

She was not subtle in her revelation of her marital ambitions. Her heart was set on permanent alliance with Walter and nothing less would do. Beauty like hers was not seen every day, now was it? A man should pay for it in the coin of his life. She knew her own worth. She talked of it in terms utterly alien to Walter's forthright British psychology. Her peculiar standards, her devious mentality turned the affair into a nightmare for him and in a week the nightmare passed. An evil black cloud had passed from him and he was out in the sunshine again, serene at heart and mentally free.

Sylvia had not inquired about his activities away from her. It was natural for a newcomer to find plenty to do in Batavia, and she was supremely confident and unsuspicious. His only problem was that of disengaging Ermina's claim upon him in such a manner that he would arouse no impulse of revenge with Sylvia as the victim. It was unnecessary for her to know. To him the affair had burned out so completely that it was as if it had never been. But not even Sylvia would understand that. She would forgive him. But a precious quality in their relationship would be gone for ever.

He wrestled with the problem while he strolled alone (*Continued on page 78*)

WE ARE

Well, we have had two months of it. Two months of adjusting ourselves to a new set of rules, a new code of living. We have learned a great deal in a short time about putting up with war conditions. We are settling down, but there are many things yet to be discovered, methods to be perfected. Clever housekeepers have come into their own, but many are struggling still to learn how one pound can be made to go as far as two.

Adjusting ourselves to rationing will certainly demand skill and resourcefulness. Wise women have decided that, at the outset, the laying out of funds on essential apparatus is in the long run a valuable means of economy.

Take cooking for instance.

Any apparatus that will effect substantial economy of food and fuel has been well worth the initial cost.

A steam pressure cooker, for one thing, is invaluable insomuch as it enables three or four items to be cooked at one time, saving gas or electricity in the process. It also conserves the vital juices of the food, so providing extra nutriment at a time when we need it most.

Remember about every kind of steaming process too that there is far less shrinkage. A piece of meat that has been cooked by steam comes out weighing the same as it went in.

Minute to minute economies of gas and

For your air-raid shelter, if you are lucky enough to have one, there is this comfortable and easily-movable lounge seat. You could sleep on it with comfort. The adjustable lamp is worth noting

A set of three triangular heavy aluminium Pyramid ware sauce-pans which can stand over one burner, thus effecting a saving of gas or electricity. One detachable handle does for all three saucepans. Price 25/- the set, postage extra

Oil apparatus for heating and lighting will play a great part in these days of rationed gas and electricity. This all-British Valor oil heater costs 16/6, and can be used for boiling purposes as well as for heating

If, as many have done, you have brought your own books into somebody else's home, this is a simple and practical home-made bookcase which will also serve as a desk

SETTLING DOWN

electricity will have important effect upon consumption at the end of three months. For instance, when heating a kettle of water, never heat more than the quantity required.

Eke out coal by using fire bricks in grates that are over-large. Use up every particle of coal dust in the cellar by wrapping small quantities of it in a covering of newspaper and damping it slightly before use.

Lay the bags of dust in the very centre of the fire along with good coal which will last considerably longer on account of them.

So long as paraffin remains available, oil lamps and portable heaters are a source of comfort and economy. There are both standard and table varieties of the incandescent type of lamp. They are extremely cheap to maintain and give as good a light as any obtainable.

Oil radiators and portable heaters of the best modern kind are different from the smelly apparatus with which they are still associated. The best of them maintain a good steady heat with no offensive odour and the cost of maintenance is about a third of other heating methods.

Getting up at cock crow and going to bed with the sun is becoming a habit with many, and affords important economy in light and fuel.

Now there is more time, the extra bed situation can be organised on a more permanent basis so that demands for sleeping room can be met at all times without excitement.

A divan in a sitting-room or, if space can be made for it, in a bedroom, is better than most arrangements which do not allow of effective camouflage during the day. A tailored cover to replace bedclothes for daytime use is very simple and inexpensive to make if the right material is chosen.

Another essential task is to overhaul the first-aid cupboard. To extend and reinforce it, bearing in mind that apart from injuries which may arise it is wise to stock up on indispensable home remedies for winter ailments.

The time may come when the services of a doctor for minor ailments will not be easily available, in which case it will be comforting to have a well-stocked medicine chest and a working knowledge of its contents.

A reliable manual dealing with simple methods of home treatment for less serious ailments that can be absorbed at short notice, should have a place in the cupboard along with first-aid information of a general kind.

We have more time now for the consolidation of old plans and the arrangement of new. Problems vary from month to month and since plans materialise more slowly in present difficulties there is quite a lot of comfort and profit in looking ahead.

Take a comprehensive but not too complicated list of first-aid requirements and keep the list of these and their uses in a prominent position

A divan in the sitting-room will serve to accommodate somebody on leave or the unexpected visitors that wartime seems to make inevitable. It takes only a few moments to convert this one into a comfortable bed. A tailored cover disguises in daytime

Mayfair Melody

A mixed out of

WE played on until four o'clock. Greening was losing heavily and after a final round of jackpots we agreed to stop

I SUPPOSE I can only blame myself. I suppose I've asked for it really and I shall have to take what's coming to me like a gentleman. But it's *damned* hard, that's what it is . . . and all because one relied on one's friends—people one thought one could trust. Of course, I should have looked after myself from the start.

I never thought that Hubert would be so unutterably *lousy*, or that Paula could sink to the appalling depths of letting me down like this . . . and I was almost in love with her at one time, too. That makes it rather harder.

My solicitor says that there's a fearfully good chance of my going to prison, that I was really lucky to get bail. Well . . . if I go to prison I shall just be another "Mayfair man" . . . another sentimental sort of idiot who has been let down by his best friend and a girl that he thought the world of.

trio which played time and tune

By Peter Cheyney

I can remember every incident in the whole thing from the start. It was on a Thursday night and Hubert and I were sitting in the back bar at The White Owl Club. It was round about supper time and we weren't feeling awfully good, because Rickaldi—who runs the place—was being a bit snorty about six dozen of champagne that Hubert and I had got from him some two months before. Rickaldi had discovered—I suppose he'd been snooping about the place in the rather underhand way these fellows have—that we'd sold the whole lot at half price to Lozzi, who runs the Padrones Club. Neither of us could see what justifiable grouse Rickaldi had, because we should have paid him some time anyway, and Hubert and I have taken a good lot of people to The White Owl—people who've spent good money there.

AFTER he'd got into his cab and gone, Hubert and I stood there laughing like two fools

Hubert said that things were pretty awful. A lot of tradesmen and people were getting after him, and he was having some trouble about a cheque he'd cashed at some place that had been returned. It's extraordinary the fuss some people kick up just because you give them a cheque that bounces back. I mean to say, it's a thing that could happen to any one, isn't it?

I was rather in the dumps too, because things weren't good with me either. I'd had a job—of sorts—selling cars on commission for a firm. Two days before they'd written me a *stinking* letter saying I was to finish, merely because I had sold a car for them to a fellow I knew and taken the commission in advance, after which he'd refused to take the car. They said that it was a put up job between him and me, that he'd never intended to buy the car and that I'd arranged a fake sale, so that he and I could split the commission. I suppose they thought I ought to work for nothing! Anyhow, they were the fools for paying the commission before they'd got paid for the car.

Hubert and I agreed that there was absolutely *nothing* at all doing in the way of business. The American crowd that one used to be able to take about and make a little money out of seemed to have disappeared entirely, and the agency place that used to pay Hubert and me three or four guineas to go to parties—thrown by people who wanted a few good-looking men who were really gentlemen about the place—had struck us off the list, just because somebody had stolen a woman's brooch at the last party we were at.

I was furious about this. It was a damned libellous thing to say. Neither Hubert or I knew anything about it, although Hubert said that he thought Mervyn Hall-Pelisse—whom we'd taken along with us—had seen the brooch lying about the place and pocketed it. Well, why the deuce don't these people lock their jewellery up! They deserve to lose it and, anyway, Mervyn threw a hell of a party the next night—a fearfully amusing party. . . .

Just as Hubert and I were agreeing that something really must be done, Paula came in.

I'D always thought that there was something rather fine about Paula—yes, that's the word—*fine*. She's a fearfully good-looking girl and knows how to wear clothes. She has the sort of figure—the style—that would make an old sack look like something by Schiaparelli. She and I had known each other for quite a while, and we'd always got on together.

She came over to our table and sat down. She agreed with Hubert and I that things were absolutely lousy, and that there wasn't anything doing at all. She said that the war was frightening all the money out of the West End.

Hubert said that, anyway, it was always the wrong people who had the money. *Nouveaux riches* and profiteers and people of no particular culture or breeding were the only people who had money to-day. People like Wilks Greening, the fellow who had been winning big money at all the Mayfair gambling parties, who never seemed able to lose.

Paula agreed. She said that Greening was a perfect example. Just because he was rolling in money he invariably won when he gambled. Whatever he did turned into cash. She described Greening as the perfect specimen of rich bounder that one met about the place these days. Then she told us how, one night, at a gambling party at Ferdinand Tolletly's place Greening had won fifteen hundred pounds and then refused to give her a fifty-pound note afterwards, although she was the person who'd taken him along to Ferdinand's place after having met him for the first time that evening.

"The fellow is quite *fearful*," Hubert said. "He's the sort of man who ought to be taught a lesson. It would do him a lot of good if someone took some of his money off him!"

"He *is* rather awful," said Paula. "Tell us, Hubert . . . if you had the opportunity how would you teach him a lesson? I'm sure he deserves it."

Hubert laughed. Then after a bit, he said that he'd invented a little gadget that one could wear inside one's coat sleeve—a gadget for holding playing cards. He said he used to use it for sleight-of-hand tricks. This gadget shot a card—one you wanted—into your hand at any moment without any of the other players seeing.

"I'd like to play cards with Greening and use that gadget," said Hubert. "I think it would be marvellous to watch his face while he lost all the time."

Paula said: "Why don't we do it. It would be great fun!"

Hubert looked at me.

"Look here, Wilfred," he said. "Why don't we teach this fellow a lesson. It would be a fearful scream if we played poker with him and won a lot of money. It would just serve him right!"

I said I thought so, too. I said that it wouldn't really be dishonest because he *was* such a bounder, but that I didn't see how it could be arranged.

Paula said that she could fix it. She said that if she asked Greening to dine with her one evening she would bring him back to her flat for a drink, and that we could drop in and suggest a game. Greening was mad keen on gambling. He'd fall for it at once.

"That's all very well," said Hubert, "but the thing would be to let him win a little money first. You've got to let a man like Greening win a bit and then he'd want to double the stakes. When the stakes are doubled I'd begin to use my gadget and give myself the most wonderful hands."

He asked me if I'd got some money to put up, so that we could let Greening win a bit first. I said I hadn't—that I was absolutely broke—which was true.

Hubert looked a little annoyed.

"Well, surely you've got a cheque-book," he said.

I said that I had a cheque-book but no banking account. I'd had a little trouble with the bank a fortnight before and they'd closed my account. Hubert thought for a bit then he said:

"Well, that doesn't matter. Look here, Wilfred. As Paula's supplying the flat, and I'm putting up my gadget to win the money with, I think *you* ought to put up the capital."

I told Hubert not to be a silly ass. How could I put up money when I hadn't got any?

He said: "That's easy. Let's suppose

that Paula can get Greening for to-morrow night. Well, you write a cheque out for £200. I'll get it cashed to-morrow evening after the banks are closed. I know a man who'd cash it if I guaranteed it. Well . . . we shall win the money to-morrow night and you'll be able to pay the £200 into your bank to meet the cheque before it comes in for payment."

I thought that over and it sounded all right. After all it was going to take two days for the cheque to go through, and I could get the money round to the bank the morning after the next. So I said I was game to do that.

We all laughed like the devil. After all, it would be too fearfully amusing to teach Greening a lesson. It would do him an awful lot of good.

Hubert was fearfully thrilled. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and while they were bringing it Paula went off and telephoned Greening. When she came back she said we were in luck—that Greening had asked her to dinner next night and had agreed to go along to her place afterwards for a friendly game of poker.

We finished the bottle and ordered another. We'd all bucked up immensely. It's funny how the idea of teaching a first-class bounder a lesson can cheer one up. Paula said that it would be fearfully good for him, that he was *mean* and that one of the worst vices was meanness.

Hubert said he thought so, too. Then he said it was quite on the cards that—with a bit of luck—we should get a couple of thousand or so out of Greening next night, but that having won so much around Mayfair he couldn't squeal, anyway. He said that whatever we won we'd split fairly between the three of us after I'd been given back the £200 capital that I was putting up.

We got a final bottle off Rickaldi and went along to my place and I wrote out the cheque and gave it to Hubert. He said he knew some old fellow—a distant relative—who was an awfully trusting old bird—who'd cash it, after which we went round to Hubert's place and he showed us how his gadget worked. It was a fearfully clever bit of work. It was a sort of wire contraption that fitted inside one's shirt cuff and held two dozen cards. Hubert dealt himself a couple of poker hands and showed us how he could practically make up any hand he wanted using the reserve cards and getting rid of the discards in the same way.

We were all terribly happy and laughed a great deal and drank White Ladies and toasted Greening. When the drinks were all gone we agreed to meet at Paula's place at eleven o'clock next night and Paula and I went off our separate ways.

WE met next night as arranged. Paula and Greening were there when we arrived. They'd had an awfully amusing dinner and seemed very happy. Greening was doing his best to be inoffensive, although it was terribly easy to see that the man wasn't a gentleman. He was really quite funny at times. He said "serviette" for napkin and "commence" instead of begin, and all those sort of cad things. He and Paula had brought back half a dozen bottles of champagne with them and we laughed and talked a great deal.

We started to play poker at twelve o'clock. Whenever Hubert was dealer he gave Greening good hands and the rest of us only poor ones. Hubert had sent round sixty-five pounds each earlier in the evening to Paula and me, retaining the balance for himself. So he'd apparently cashed my cheque all right.

By one o'clock Greening had won practically all our money. Hubert said we were all having most wonderful luck and Greening said jocularly why not raise the stakes?

We all agreed and Greening put the cash in his pocket and suggested that we played with counters which Paula provided. We began to play five pound "rises," and I must say the way Hubert worked that gadget of his was too *terribly* clever. I've never seen such beautiful hand-work.

Well, to cut a long story short, we played on until four o'clock. Greening was losing heavily and after a final round of jackpots we agreed to stop. We added up winnings and losings and it seemed that Greening owed us three just over three thousand pounds.

He was pretty philosophic about it too. He said that he'd been having a run of luck lately, and knew that it couldn't go on. Then he produced a cheque-book and wrote out a cheque to Hubert for the three thousand two hundred and twenty, Hubert having said that he would cash it next day and pay Paula and me off.

When we were going, Greening looked a bit sheepish and put his hand in his pocket and brought out a little case and handed it to Paula. She opened it and there was a rather nice little diamond brooch inside. Greening said he hoped she would accept it and thanked her for a marvellous evening. I suppose he thought he stood a chance with Paula.

Then we three men went off. Outside Greening said that we must give him his revenge one night, and we said we would. After he'd got into his cab and gone Hubert and I stood there laughing like fools. It was really the funniest thing.

I walked with Hubert round to his place and left him on the doorstep. He said that he'd cash the cheque and meet Paula and me at The White Owl for dinner at nine o'clock next night. Hubert said that it was a damn good evening's work and that we'd have over a thousand each after I'd got my original two hundred back. He said that, anyway, it would teach Greening a damned good lesson, and when I asked him how it could do that because Greening would never suspect that the game had been rigged, he said "Quite," and we both stood there roaring with laughter like a pair of idiots. We just went on laughing and laughing, because, say what you like, it was really a quite divine sort of joke!

IT was five o'clock next afternoon when I woke. I'd a bit of a head and I lay in bed for some time thinking about things. Suddenly I remembered the fact that I was worth over a thousand and began to plan what I'd do with it. I thought it might be fun to fly over to Paris for a week or so and see how things were over there.

I got up eventually and, after a bath and a double Martini made with Scotch, I felt like a king. I telephoned through to Paula and told her that the arrangement was that she and Hubert and I were all to meet at The White Owl for dinner, and that Hubert would have our money for us.

When I'd finished saying my piece Paula said in an odd sort of voice:

"I wouldn't be so certain about getting our money, Wilfred. I think Hubert's gone."

"What d'you mean, Paula?" I said. "Gone . . . gone where?"

"Well," she said, "I telephoned his flat at four-thirty this afternoon, and the porter said that he'd gone. He said that Hubert had gone off about four o'clock and taken his bags with him. The porter said he thought he'd gone north for a few days."

"My God!" I said. "The fearful outsider! He's gone and taken our money with him. What a terrible thing to do."

"Pretty lousy," said Paula. "But then I was never quite certain about Hubert. After all, that gadget thing was a bit hot, you know. It occurred to me last night when we were playing that he'd probably used it on *us* at different times."

"I suppose he's cashed Greening's cheque," I said.

"No," said Paula, "he hasn't done that. He didn't wake up until three-thirty, the porter says. He's left a packet to go round to his bank first thing in the morning, and my guess is that the cheque's in it. Hubert's going to clear it in the ordinary way and draw against it wherever he is."

I telephoned through to Paula

"What a fearful rotter," I said. "To do a thing like that to his friends. This is too *awful*. And what am I going to do about that two hundred pounds that I've *got* to get into my bank first thing to-morrow morning?"

She said, rather coldly I thought:

"I don't know what you're going to do, Wilfred, but I know what I've *done*. I'm a girl, more or less on my own, and I've got to look after myself. Hubert has behaved like a fearful crook, and so when I'd made up my mind that he'd gone off and didn't intend to pay us I did the obvious thing."

"The obvious thing, Paula," I echoed. "And what was that?"

"I went straight round and saw Greening," she said primly. "And I told him the whole story. I said that Hubert was playing a crooked game last night, but that I didn't like to say anything then for fear of creating a scene. I advised Greening to stop payment of the cheque and he's done so."

"That's very nice for Greening," I said. "So he's going to save his three thousand odd and still stick to my two hundred that he won *in cash* before we began to play with counters. I think *I'll* go round and see Mr. Greening and ask for it back!"

"I don't think I'd do that, Wilfred dear, if I were you," said Paula. "Because I don't think you'll get it. Greening was rather grateful to me for going round and telling him about it, and he gave me five hundred for myself. I don't think he'll be too keen on paying out any more!"

Illustrated by Clive Uptton

PAULA said in an odd sort of voice: "I wouldn't be so certain about getting our money. I think Hubert's gone"

I was so astounded that I could hardly speak. After all to be let down in the first place by Hubert was pretty grim, but to hear Paula talking like that was a bit too much.

"Look here, Paula," I said. "You know damned well that I've got to have that two hundred *at least*. Hubert has let us both down, but *you've* got to play the game. *You must.* Damn it, you *are* a gentlewoman, Paula. You've got to let me have three hundred of that five hundred that Greening's given you. You must!"

"Well, I don't see it, Wilfred," she said sort of definitely. "Hubert and you and I were in this thing as partners. Well, he's walked out on us and I've made the best of a bad job and looked after myself. After all it was I who found out that Hubert had flown, while you were still asleep, and it was I who went round and warned Greening. I'm entitled to the money he's given me but I don't see how, from any conceivable angle, that you can expect me to give you any of it, and to put it quite bluntly, Wilfred dear, I'm not going to."

I was quite speechless.

"I'm fearfully sorry, of course," she said. "But I've got to go now. I shall be at The White Owl at nine for dinner to-night. Come along afterwards, Wilfred and have a drink."

She hung up.

I stood there almost gasping. After all, these people were my *friends*. I was almost heartbroken. Here was Hubert behaving like a first-class crook going off with Paula's and my money like a criminal—that was bad enough, and now, Paula had taken the meanest advantage of me and, by rushing round to Greening, had got herself five hundred pounds, and refused to give me a penny. When, as I told you before, I realised that at one time I had almost loved that girl, I could have shrieked. The whole thing was too shattering.

And here was I had put up the original capital for the whole thing. Without my two hundred pounds *nothing* could have been done. And on (*Continued on page 72*)

So many of us have been going off to new places on fresh jobs that sleep has either forsaken us utterly, or else descended on us through an overwhelming physical fatigue which enforced oblivion.

Land girls have either been passing out almost before their heads touched the pillow, or have lain awake all night with their bones feeling broken from heavy work, unable to find the rest they sought, because their nerves were all a-tingle to the unfamiliarity of their surroundings. Every mouse-scratch they have heard, every owl's hoot. So unaccountable is the faculty of sleep.

Many women drivers in those rows of ambulances lined up in London parks who have drowsed half-way through the night with backs bent over their wheels, drugged with weariness, become wide awake when ready to lie down on their stretchers to sleep.

The nurse's lot, in this case, is again the most trying. Nurses of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Red Cross, and young probationers, have almost to hold their lids open during their first week of night duty. Yet can they make up for this by sleeping in the afternoon? In theory they sleep from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. In practice they are generally unable to achieve any real sleep between these hours until almost their last day of night duty.

Napoleon had only to slide deeper into his chair with arms crossed, directly after an Army Council, to sleep instantly. Lord Roberts could curl himself up under the rifle shots of Afghan snipers, dead to the world, between one second and another, and yet be as quickly awake when called.

Some authorities ascribe this control over sleep to the power of banishing thought, but that is not the whole of it. No, the true secret of refreshing sleep is relaxation.

You can make your mind relax by achieving a sufficient degree of relaxation in your body. Here are some exercises that have been devised by a famous psychiatrist to bring rest to the body and the mind. Don't be put off because there seems a lot of them. They form a simple, quick routine.

Lie down and start with your legs. Lift one foot as high as possible over your head, clasp the leg firmly with both hands just below the ankle, and pull your hands down to the knee and over it half-way to the thigh. Do this with purpose three times before you let the leg fall back on the bed, and feel the blood rush back to the ankle. Treat the other leg in the same way.

Then sit up and knead and loosen your toe-joints, massage your feet, and revolve your ankles inwards and outwards.

Hold your arms straight out before you, and give a friction to each from the wrist to the armpit three times before you let the arm fall down beside you. Work your hands and wrists as you worked your ankles. Circulation will now be carrying life a hundred per cent through your limbs.

After this, lie straight, no pillow. Point your shoulders, have your arms down beside you, legs together, stomach pulled down, tail tucked in, your back and neck stretched up and up. Stretch those under-chin muscles, too, remembering contour.

Now, without raising your shoulders, breathe slowly in to a count of eight and slowly out to the same count. Then, heave a deep sigh, letting your shoulders rise and drop, your stomach flop, your diaphragm collapse—the feeling should be that the body just caves in, producing complete relaxation.

Assume the straight posture again, and repeat the breathing and sighing four times.

Lie with your neck just over the edge of the mattress, letting your head fall as a dead weight. Lift it, let it fall, backwards and forwards, then to the sides, and finally twist it round and round.

A last deep breath in the straight position with the relaxing sigh, will put the crowning touch; and if you concentrate on doing this—you won't be able to do it unless you concentrate—your problems will unknot themselves with your muscles, all through a better flow of blood to the brain.

These exercises not only induce restful sleep. They also, quite inevitably, bring health to the body and beauty, and form part of a treatment in beauty culture given at Elizabeth Arden's in Bond Street, and supervised by a medically qualified nurse.

One fact is certain, whether you are a manual or sedentary worker, this all-in conditioning night routine can do you nothing but good. It will induce sound sleep and bring such repose to your mind as to banish all ordinary worries.

Here are two other tips: If you are woken in the night and cannot easily find sleep again, chew an apple. It is the least likely of any fruit to start decay in the teeth, and one rhythmic deep breather after masticating an apple should bring sleep.

Then, after any particularly trying day in the office, at machines, or roads, in the wards or in the fields, give yourself a lime-blossom bath. Soak in it, yes, keep adding hot water to it: it will leave you scented, contented, uncreased, smooth.

Hands, Eyes and Feet are being pressed into national service. Here's how to keep them looking well

HANDS are apt to become hams. It is distressing how even the slightest bit of extra manual work will bulge out knuckles, and redden, roughen, and swell hands out of shape immediately.

Nurses will find their nails will have been broken down, and, in some cases, jagged below the quick. You've only to seize twenty mattresses and turn them at full speed for that. Finger-tips will have been equally shortened if you're a lorry driver or land girl.

Be wise over nails beforehand, whatever your work, and file them short.

The wartime rule for women who wish to save their hands is : wear cotton gloves during sleep. It may sound like a music-hall gag, it certainly is tiresome and old-fashioned, but you'll have to hide your hands in public unless you do.

This is the routine : After the day's work give your hands a long warm soap-water soak—Lux flakes are good—using a nail brush for ingrained dirt and an emery board for rough finger-sides. Dry firmly. Then take each finger and twist it round at the knuckles, finally pulling and drawing it up from the base to the top.

When the hands are clean, start kneading between the knuckles and over the back and round the wrist with a good cream. Rubinstein's Hand Cream will serve you splendidly. Cream your cuticles well with a hoof-stick. As soon as general greasiness is down to a minimum, pull the hands into shape, and *glove*.

EYES strain into the darkness. Don't. Odd how this habit perseveres even after weeks of black-outs, which must have proved to those who strain that no one ever saw yet by trying to see.

In either a dim light or a blackout stand still with your eyes slightly wider open then usual, until the shape of things sinks into your vision and makes sense to your head. This will happen, given time.

Familiarity supplies half the power of sight; that is why, if you open your eyes at night, you can easily pick out your bedroom furnishings. But once supplant familiarity with a sense of the unknown and a half-panicky mistrust, with groping hands and hesitating feet, and not only do you completely wipe out half your power for seeing at the time, but if the process is frequently repeated you will deal a lasting blow to sight.

As for working long hours at fine print, sewing, or any close work, try not to do it if the lights are dim. Or, at least, break away every few minutes by either closing your eyes or letting them travel round the room.

Eye-baths during these months are essential. They not only invigorate and beautify the eyes but fortify them against strain. Optrex has proved itself again and again in these blackout months as the perfect eye bath. Optrex eye masks, pieces of shaped surgical material saturated in Optrex by a scientific process which keeps them permanently moist, are marvellously restorative. They relax the eye muscles, soothe away tired lines, soothe and strengthen the eyes themselves.

FEET are walking everywhere. They have to. Your toe bases are probably broader than they were before September; and, unless you have been exceptionally careful, you have acquired corns and callouses, to say nothing of limping, perpetually recurring aches, and foot-burn. If you are still a civilian, this is all due to narrow shoes, improper heels, asphalt roads and too fine stockings; if you are attached to any of the women's corps, it is due to standing on your feet for long hours.

Either case, the simplest way is for every woman to give time and thought to choosing her shoes. If possible, have your feet X-rayed inside them. They should be neither high heeled nor low, but broad heeled. They should give adequate support to your instep and transverse arch.

Two thicknesses of hose in the shape of a silk or lisle thread stocking and a wool sock, give the best tread, wear, warmth and protection from damp.

Epsom-salt baths reduce swollen ankles. Eight ounces to a gallon of water. If the solution can be kept in a separate basin or bucket it can be reheated and used again.

Bandaging the sole with gauze soaked in methylated spirit effectively cures foot burn. Or there is a triple treatment known as Aeroped—meaning air-borne feet.

This consists of a lotion to be rubbed in or over the foot before you set out, with a balm to be applied to all patches of hard and dry skin, and a powder to absorb moisture and neutralise acids. It keeps the foot trim and sweet all day long, and to some sloggers brings untold relief.

By Chrysis **War conditions have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.**

PUTTING

YOU thought the war was sure to have its lighter side so you set yourself up with glamorous clothes in the interests of the Services on leave. Meanwhile your plainest girl friends write of their triumphs in other places and you find the Services represented in your area by about one and a half subalterns who have their wives with them anyway.

YOUR husband is serving and the home you doted on is in the last stages of disintegration. Simultaneously with the conviction that you will never have a home again and that life is a wreck—you get the bill from the contractor for the new lily pool.

THE dearest little evacuees in the world are playing war in the drawing-room. Cousin Herbert is sleeping off a twenty-four-hour guard. Harriet says if the coal ration means no fire in her kitchen she's 'oppin it, and your dear friends in New York write enclosing their snaps from Bermuda, saying: "If the war gets on your nerves, pop over to us. We would love it."

THE new saloon is sitting pretty in the garage. It never looked so sleek or so comfortable or so opulent, or so darned silly. You have no more petrol. There is a dance in the officers' mess at Puddle Wallop and you are going to it if you burst.

UP WITH IT

A WEEK-END in peace time with Aunt Sophie was enough, you thought, to crush the *moral* of the most dutiful and to chasten any girl with glimpses of what wretchedness life could hold. But here you are in your twelfth week, turning your seventh heel and listening to last week's village news for the third time, and it may go on for years.

SAUSAGES have always seemed to you an excellent light repast until you embarked upon this life of snack meals at canteens and knocked up in odd corners at odder hours. Now, with sinister monotony, you are confronted with sausages for breakfast, sausages for tea, and when you get home to mother for the first good meal, it's sausages. . . .

SERVICE weight stockings and a uniform are your lot for the duration of war. You still think that the sacrifice of your personal appearance in the interests of service was a good move, but the new Suzy hat that you never wore which is the first thing you find in the wardrobe when you're on leave, is a jolt that takes sustaining.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

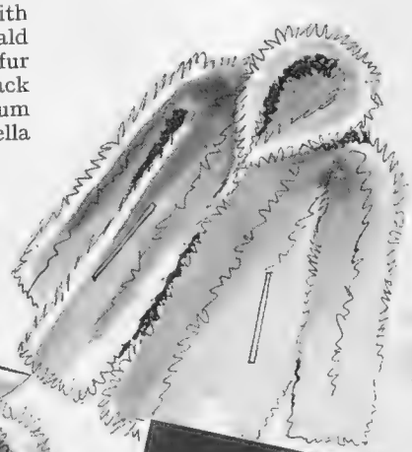
Editor Women's Department

EVENING COMFORT

Green woollen dinner dress, lit by a jewelled belt and a matching clasp. *Baroque*

WARM THOUGHTS

Soft black leather Zipp-fronted bootees, wool lined, sheepskin trimmed . . . black felt wool-lined bootees, with bright flower embroidery . . . emerald socks and mitts, wool lined, fur edged . . . a red felt bonnet, a black velvet, fur-edged hood, a husky opossum jacket, lined with vivid plaid Viyella



FOR HOUSE OR SHELTER

One-piece trouser suit, Zipp fronted, well pocketed, pure wool. *Spectator Model.* (Can be obtained direct from Lillywhites)

FORMING THREES

Three rows of four buttons, three bands of leopard skin trim a neat black woollen coat. *Spectator Model*

JEWELLED SWEATER

Vivid sequins stripe a royal skin-tight sweater, ribbing into waist and worn over a royal woollen skirt

THE CURVING LINE

The favourite current cut, a front dip, a tiny waist, swelling hips, a dragged backward and upward look. In fine black woollen

PLAIN, CHECKED

The bolero (attached to the bodice), the loose sleeves of this plain Viyella day dress, are lined with the plaid Viyella which makes the sash. From *H. J. Nicoll* (London or provincial agents), £3 10s.

HOODED, REVERSIBLE

Clerical grey woollen coat which reverses to become green, red and blue plaid. Hoods, tiptoeing along for years, now stride boldly into the front clothes-line

COLOUR HARMONY

Yellow-woollen dress with new skirt pleating, a yellow, black-currant and rose checked tweed coat. *Matita*

MILITARY MANNER

Wine woollen jersey with adroit front draping, gold epaulet embroidery. *Spectator Model*

BACK FULLNESS

Fullness occurs at the back of a tightly-waisted black woollen coat, trimmed golden seal

BLACK AND TAN

Variations on the shirtmaker theme played with breast drapery, stitched pocket-flaps (black dress, tan stitchery). The coat is mid-thigh length, fitting, beltless

By

Preston Quadland

Setter and

WILBERT STEPPET, owner of the Bridge Café, smiled as he looked out of the back window at two dogs searching for food in the dust-bin. They never would upset the bin again, because he had wired it down; and he had seen to it that they would find nothing to eat.

Setter and Terrier were at the bin. Setter said:

"Just ashes."

"Nothing but ashes," added Terrier, disappointed.

"Bones are as rare as graveyards," remarked Setter.

"They are," returned Terrier. "But in my day I've known them more plentiful than butlers' gravy."

As Setter stretched his long forepaws up to the rim of the bin to give a final sniff, Terrier said:

"You're frightfully thin."

"Not from choice," replied Setter.

"Furthermore, you need a bath," added Terrier.

"Indeed I do," Setter agreed. "On the farm on warm days I'd take a deep breath and wade into the brook up to my neck. A little green frog with gold bands round his eyes used to sit on the bank and gulp at me. If my feet got muddy from the bottom of the stream I'd wipe them off by leaping through the high grass. It's great fun; the long grass tickles your stomach and makes you laugh. Here in the city I don't get a bath till it rains."

Getting down on all-fours, he said:

"But we both need a bath."

Terrier blinked pink eyes and gazed sorrowfully at his unkempt coat. "I could still be a gentleman," he said. "My master was a gentleman; he took two baths a day."

"Excessive bathing enervates me," said Setter. "Was your master a lazy fellow?"

"Oh, no."

"Where is he now?"

They had been living on what they found in dust-bins

"Master went to France over six weeks ago," replied Terrier gravely. "That very day the butler opened the back door to me and said 'Shoo!', just as if I were any common house-fly. When I didn't budge, he gave me a shove with his foot, and almost shut my tail in the door."

"I always wanted to be a gentleman," said Setter, "even though they wear red caps when they go hunting."

Carefully Terrier measured him.

"I might find a place for you as a gentleman's gentleman," he said. "You don't bark at the moon, do you?"

"When I 'm happy . . . when I race through the fields at night."

"Barking will never do," admonished Terrier. "Yipping 's more the style. Do you know the old dowager who wears pearls on her toes?"

"I can't say that I do," replied Setter. "But I know the scents in the wind and the weather side of a goat."

"Do you know the men who slip on mats?"

"Yes, them I know," said Setter. "And I know the sound of the pussy willows."

"Do they go swish, swish?"

"No," said Setter, laughing.

"How then?"

"Did you ever hear the mushrooms grow overnight?"

"No," replied Terrier.

"Then I can't explain it," said Setter, "for it 's very much like that. It 's like the oozing of pitch from the pine-trees too, a very peculiar and particular sound."

They walked along in silence, shying away from motor-cars in the road when people forced them off the pavement

Terrier *An Adventurous Day for Two Dogs*

Illustrated by S. Tresillian

" Is it like a small mouse running over the attic floor ? "

" Not at all. But it is not unlike the sound of a mole walking deep in his burrow."

" Is it like the maid snoring on the top floor when you 're down in the cellar ? "

" I 'm afraid you don't catch the idea," said Setter.

" My dear fellow, your ears are way too keen for a gentleman's gentleman," remarked Terrier.

A door slammed, and heavy footsteps came towards the dust-bin. The dogs scampered to a safe distance, and then started walking. Terrier had a difficult time catching up with the larger dog.

" I believe," said Terrier, puffing, " that we might see if my master 's home. He seldom stays away longer than six weeks."

" Is your master happy by nature ? " asked Setter.

" Not particularly," replied Terrier. " The happiest I ever saw him was one day he came home late from the office. He was dressing for dinner, and I distinctly remember he had a slight bruise on one knee. Patting me on the head, he smiled and called me by name, saying, ' Pepys, old boy, what in the world do you do for excitement ? ' "

" Is your master tall ? " asked Setter.

" Quite."

" Does he wear a beard ? "

" Once he did. I was lying on the rug resting when the telephone rang, and master began shouting into the mouthpiece. Then he hurried out of the house, and I didn't see him for four days ; when he returned he had a beard."

" Beards grow fast," said Setter.

" They do," agreed Terrier.

" Some faster than others, of course."

" On blond men they show less," replied Terrier.

" On light-haired women, too," said Setter.

" Women don't have beards."

" Don't they though ! " exclaimed Setter. " My master's grandmother had a grey one."

Setter sniffed the air.

" Is your master old ? " he asked.

" Forty-two next birthday," replied Terrier.

" And stout ? "

" Not when I last saw him. But sometimes he changes from middling to stout in a few weeks ; and back again to middling in about six months or a year."

" The golden-rod fades to mere stalk in the fall," said Setter ; " then grows again in the spring."

" Master never went that far," said Terrier.

Setter gazed up at the sky.

" Is your master nice ? "

" He 's fastidious," replied Terrier.

" What 's that ? "

" That 's keeping the towels arranged just so in the bathroom."

" I think I see," said Terrier. " Otherwise, does he have any faults ? "

(*Continued on page* 66)

FOUR GOOD-LOOKING EASY THINGS TO KNIT

SWEATER

REQUIRED

6 ozs. Munrospun Light-weight Shetland Wool. 6 Buttons. 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 13 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20½ ins. Across underarm, 17 ins. Sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.

Tension : Approx. 15 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 10 pins cast on 128 sts. Work as follows :
1st row : S. 1, * P.2.K.2. Repeat from * ending P.2.K.1.
2nd row : S.1. * K.2.P.2. Repeat from * ending K.3.

These 2 rows form pat. Work until 3 ins. from cast-on edge. Change to No. 13 pins. Work until 6 ins. from cast-on edge. Change to No. 10 pins. Work until 12½ ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 96 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Then divide sts. for front opening. Work 44, cast off 8, work 44. Work on each set of 44 sts. for 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at neck edge. Work 1½ ins. on remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 4 times.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 pins cast on 60 sts. Work 2½ ins. pat. Change to No. 10 pins and work in pat. until 20 ins. from cast-on edge, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 94 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 14 sts. remain. Cast off.

(Continued on page 68)

CARDIGAN

REQUIRED

1 lb. Copley's French Laine. 8 Buttons. 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins. Across back underarm, 16 ins. Across fronts, 9 ins. Sleeve length from shoulder, 23 ins.

Tension : Approx. 9 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 5 pins cast on 72 sts. Rib 2½ ins. K.1.P.1. Continue in following pat. :
1st row : S.1. K. to end.
2nd row : S.1. * K.1.P.1. Repeat from * ending K.1.
3rd row : As *1st.*
4th row : S.1. * P.1.K.1. Repeat from * ending K.2.
These 4 rows form pat. Work until 13½ ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 52 sts. in K.1.P.1. rib.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 5 pins cast on 36 sts. Work as for back until 13½ ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. every armhole end row 5 times. Work 5½ ins. K.1.P.1. rib on remaining 26 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next neck-edge row. Work 1½ ins. on remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 18 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work another Front with shaping at opposite edges.

(Continued on page 68)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Pat. Pattern; S. Slip.

JUMPER

REQUIRED

5 oz. Munrospun light-weight Shetland wool.
1 pair each Nos. 10 and 13 "Stratnoid" pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins.
Across underarm, 17 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.
TENSION : Approx. 15 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 10 pins cast on 124 sts. Work in following rib :

1*st row:* S. 1, k. 3, * p. 4, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

2*nd row:* S. 1, p. 3, * k. 4, p. 4 ; rep. from * ending p. 3, k. 1. These 2 rows form rib.

Work until 3 ins. from cast-on edge. Change to No. 13 needles.

Work until 6½ ins. from cast-on edge. Change to No. 10 pins.

Work until 13 ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 92 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Rib 3 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Cast off.

YOKE

With No. 10 pins cast on 124 sts. Work in following patt. :

1*st row:* K. 4, * p. 4, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

2*nd row:* P. 3 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 6 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 3.

3*rd row:* K. 2 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 8 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 2.

4*th row:* P. 1 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 4, p. 2, k. 4 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 1.

(Continued in next column)

HOOD

REQUIRED

6 oz. Copley's Sports Laine.
1 pair each Nos. 4 and 3 "Stratnoid" pins.

HOOD

With No. 4 pins cast on 42 sts. Rib 16 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

SCARF

With No. 3 pins cast on 22 sts. Rib 44 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Fold in half and sew the two top edges together. Stitch neck edge of hood to centre of scarf, arranging fullness evenly. Turn back front of hood and stitch in position.

5*th row:* P. 4, * k. 4, p. 4 ; rep. from * to end.

6*th. row:* K 3 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 6 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 3.

7*th row:* P. 2 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 8 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 2.

8*th row:* K. 1 (p. 4, k. 4, 7 times), p. 4, k. 2, p. 4 (k. 4, p. 4, 7 times), k. 1.

These 8 rows form patt. Work for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

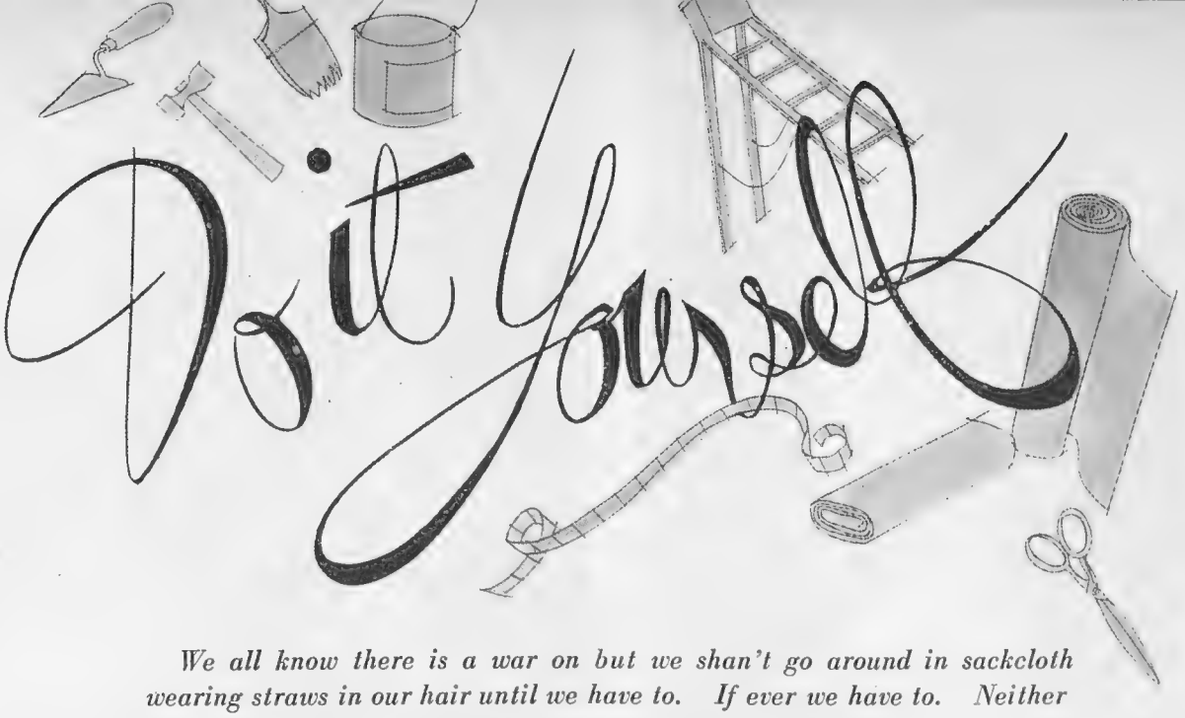
Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Rib 3 rows k. 1, p. 1 on remaining sts. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 pins cast on 60 sts. Rib 2½ ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and work in rib as for back of jumper until 18½ ins. from cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 96 sts. Then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew yoke to front, arranging fullness to centre. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves.



We all know there is a war on but we shan't go around in sackcloth wearing straws in our hair until we have to. If ever we have to. Neither shall we abandon interest in the home nor neglect its interests if we are wise.

So, if the sitting-room walls are looking dingy and the home generally could do with a tonic treatment, give it one, and don't be caught saying, or even thinking, "What's the use?"

If you can afford it, call in the decorators in the normal way. Don't be put off by anything. If your circumstances are such that you can only spend a very little money, do the work yourself.

Try whitewash and a few yards of cretonne as an antidote to anxiety. I assure you they are good. Anyway, this war is proving a lot of things—among them it may prove that you would have made a first-rate house painter.

PAINTING AND DISTEMPERING

If you jib at paper-hanging, try distemper and paint. It's simple enough for amateurs to handle.

You won't need much skill to distemper a room, but you will need the right implements. You must have them, or the work is a flop before you begin.

Get a good whitewash brush for a start. If you intend to go seriously into this decorating hobby it will pay you to buy one. On the other hand, many dealers are prepared to hire them out by the day.

In any case, don't be tempted to buy a cheap brush. You'll regret it.

A ladder is the next requirement, and it must be a reliable one as well as high enough for the job in hand. If you don't break your neck you'll get a pain in it trying to reach the high spots with a short ladder.

Keep plenty of clean, soft rags beside you. Try to work cleanly and methodically and suppress your impulse to scamp the preparatory tasks in order to get to the more interesting ones. That's how most amateurs fail.

Clean the ceiling free of old whitewash first. Do it by brushing over repeatedly with the whitewash brush, soaked in clean cold water. Get off as much of the old whitewash as your patience will allow. It means everything to the finished result.

The same applies to walls. Stripping off old paper or rubbing down paint is tedious work, but it cannot be dispensed with.

Use an oilbound distemper for walls. It costs a little more than water distemper but it lasts and doesn't flake off. Start from the top, working down. Don't overload the brush, either when distempering or painting. Read the manufacturers' instructions carefully and stick to them implicitly. It pays.

UPHOLSTERY

Covering the chairs is perhaps a job you would never have thought of attempting, but necessity is still the mother of invention, and this war may discover hidden talent in us all.

Loose-cover making is not such a formidable task, anyway, if you have any experience of dressmaking at all. You work on a big canvas, as it were, and detail is not, therefore, all important.

A good pattern is the secret of success, and there are plenty to be had. On the other hand, if you are replacing old covers it is possible to take the old ones apart and to cut the new on exactly the same lines.

If a paper pattern is used, think the whole thing out carefully before you begin cutting. Disaster comes upon amateurs because they cut first and think afterwards.

In choosing material for covers discard loose weaves and those that stretch or crumple easily. A firm weave and a close texture gives lasting service and puts up a better appearance to the end.

You can buy hessian in charming colours. It is a really hard-wearing fabric at around one and sixpence a yard. Coloured canvas might appeal to you, too. It is very tough and looks grand with a bold piping or a heavy braid trimming.

You may feel that your longing for new curtains is hampered by the everlasting blackout, but this trouble can be overcome. By lining and interlining with black you can still have the gayest material facing the room. Even a separate undercurtain of black, which can be drawn to one side under the ordinary curtains is preferable to a treatment which puts the windows permanently into mourning.

ODD JOBBERY

The lack of man power around the house in wartime will face women with the necessity of being their own odd jobbers. There is no reason why women should not be as good with a hammer and nails as they are with other domestic tasks.

While you are carrying out your home decorating you will find yourself, keyed up by your successes, ready to take on all kinds of jobs that would have seemed impossible before. In the end this will save you money and a good deal of waiting about for some unwilling man to do it for you.

For instance . . .

If there is an escape of gas in the house, the emergency measure is to locate the leakage and to stop it up temporarily with soap or chewing gum or even lard.

If you cannot find the spot, turn off the gas at the main, open the doors and windows of the affected room and let a current of air through until the gas is cleared.

Broken china which requires to be washed frequently can only be mended by means of rivets. Expert attention is required for this, but other sorts of china can be put together at home by mixing a little plaster of paris with the beaten white of an egg and applying it to the cleaned and broken edges of the china.

After pressing the edges together put aside for a good while to dry.

To repair a faulty tap washer is simple. Turn off the water at the main for the time being and with a strong pair of pliers unscrew the top half of the tap from the bottom. Have several washers of varying sizes ready to hand and replace the old one which you will find inside the tap with a fresh one of the right dimensions. Readjust the two parts of the tap and turn on the water again.

A broken fuse is quite easy to handle. Keep a stock of fuse wire in the house, unless the company has left a supply of it near the fuse box as they sometimes do.

Turn off the main switch. Examine each little china container until you locate the one in which a wire is obviously broken. Take away the broken fuse from the fuse box and remove the old piece of wire by unscrewing the two small screws.

Wind the new piece of wire twice round the first screw. Gently tighten the screw. Thread the wire through the little passage and wind round the second screw, gently tightening that. Replace the fuse in the box. The job is done.

If there are shelves to put up, broken window panes to be replaced, tackle the job yourself even if you haven't done such things before. Most such tasks require more commonsense than actual skill. Use the right tools and don't rush the job, ever. Get yourself a handy book on household repairs. Work with confidence in yourself and you will be astounded to find what latent skill is in your own two hands.

Top: Using an inexpensive material, you can transform a room with new loose covers. Good paper patterns make it an interesting and not too difficult job. Left: You can use gay materials for curtains and still have an effective blackout by lining in the ordinary way and then interlining with black. These curtains are of bright glazed chintz with a plain pelmet. Below: A taffeta flounce and a plate glass top make an old-fashioned washstand into a glamorous dressing-table. A job you could easily do yourself.

People are working out a new system of neighbourly entertaining and communal living. Boredom can be a bad enemy, so you have got to fight it with all your might. If you are surrounded by friends it is easy, but if you are among the thousands who have moved to new districts, you will have to work things out for yourselves. You cannot have a party every night, so here are a few family games that will make the long dark evenings fly by

NONSENSE VERSES

Each player needs a sheet of paper and a pencil. Each writes a line of verse at the top of his sheet and then passes it to his right-hand neighbour, all starting together. The neighbour adds a second line, which must rhyme with the first, and then passes it on again, folding the paper so that the first line is hidden.

Pairs of lines have to rhyme—one and two, three and four, and so on. Each Nonsense Verse is passed round until it comes back to the person who started it, who then reads it aloud. You will find lots that are funny and some that are almost psychic.

SERIAL SAWS

One player starts to tell a story, and the next continues it from where he breaks off. Each weaves the plot for about one minute and makes it as thrilling or as amusing as possible. The last player must complete the story with a well-known proverb. If you want to make it more difficult you can award double marks for punning proverbs. Speed is the thing that matters most in this game. No one must be allowed to hesitate.

WORD BUILDING

Two people can get as much fun out of this as a crowd. One player chooses a word and tells the other the number of letters in it. The second has to guess the word, letter by letter, not, of course, in their correct order. Every time he suggests a wrong one he loses a point.

Allow ten points to each mark, and if all the points are lost before the word is completed the first player chooses another word and the guesser goes on working.

This is the way it goes. Player No. 1 chooses, say, *Masculine*. Player No. 2 suggests "*A*" (always guess vowels first). No. 1 says "Yes, second." No. 2 suggests *E*. No. 1 says "Yes, ninth." No. 2 suggests *I*. No. 1 says "Yes, seventh." No. 2 suggests *O*. No. 1 says "No" (one point lost). And so on.

Usually it is easy to guess the completed word before each letter is filled in. If more than two are playing each player suggests a letter in turn.

PELMANISM

Any number of players can sit round the fire, grouped round the hearthrug. One or two packs of cards are spread out singly on the rug, face downwards. The first player picks up two cards. If, by a fluke, they are a pair, he keeps them, they count as one trick, and he has another turn. If they are not a pair he puts them back where he found them, letting the other players see them before he turns them face down again.

Soon someone, picking up his two, will get a card of the same value as one that has already been turned up and put back. If he can remember its position he completes his pair, wins a trick, and has another turn. Highest tricks win the game.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

This can be played as a round game, or, more quietly, with paper and pencil. Each player in turn selects a heading, after which a letter is chosen at random by sticking a pin in a newspaper, and each player in turn provides the name of something that begins with the letter and comes appropriately under the stipulated heading.

For instance, the heading may be "Towns," "Wild Animals" or "Politicians." The letter might be "G." Correct answers would include "Glasgow," "Gorilla," "Göbbels."

If the game is played with pencils and paper each player scores a mark for every correct thing he can think of under each heading in an arranged time.

WORD BREAKING

Any number can play this game, or you can play it by yourself. Choose a long word with as many vowels in it as possible and see how many shorter words you can make out of it. If you work methodically, taking each letter in turn and making as many words as you can with it as the initial letter, it is astonishing what a high total you can reach. Scoring is one for every correct three-letter word, two for four-letter words, and an extra mark for words that nobody else has thought of.

WE ARE AT WAR

This is a new version of the treasure hunt. You need two teams and one organiser. One team represents the Allies and the other the Enemy. Two separate first clues are handed out and the parties work independently. The treasure consists of battleships, aeroplanes, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, food convoys, and so on, and are hidden with the subsequent clues.

The first player to find the clue removes the treasure but leaves the clue, and the winners are decided when the last clue is found and the gains of each party are counted up.

BEAUTY ON DUTY

Most women in uniform make two mistakes about their faces. Either they do nothing about them, or they do too much.

There are exceptions, of course. And the exception is a refreshing sight for sore eyes.

She has not cut her hair too short, neither does she wear it dangling on her shoulders. Her skin looks matt, but not powdered. Her lipstick may be bright as a flag, but it does not clash with the scarlet piping of her A.F.S. uniform.

In a peaked service cap, the mouth is terribly important. For the cap does two things to the face. It shadows the eyes, and focuses attention on the lips. The mouth, then, should always be made up with special care.

Unless there is time to make up your mouth with due care, forget your lipstick: better no colour than a smeary too much of it. The same applies to rouge. Use it with discretion, remembering that cream rouge stands up to duty better than dry rouge.

Eye make-up is out of place unless very adroitly done. This does not mean that the eyes should be neglected. They should be bathed daily with eye lotion (drivers, especially those who do a lot of blackout work, will find immense relief by wearing ready prepared eye-pads over the eyes, in their resting moments in the drivers' room). The lashes and brows can be groomed with vaseline or special cream; the brows should be kept neat but not severely plucked.

Heavy powder foundations should be avoided like the plague, but some kind of base for powder is necessary, both for protection and to avoid the risk of over-powdering or of having to re-powder constantly.

Elizabeth Arden has designed a compact pigskin service kit in a size that conveniently fits into uniform pockets. Contents are fluffy cleansing cream, Velva cream, ultra amoretta foundation cream, lipstick, powder box, comb and mirror.

In emergency, a refresher pad can be used as a powder base. Cleanse with one pad, dry with tissues then pass a fresh pad over the skin and let the moisture dry on before powdering. A tin of these ready-prepared pads, some tissues and a small quantity of your powder foundation should find a permanent place among your survice kit. With this ammunition handy a quick clean-up and re-make-up are possible wherever you are.

Raymond's new astrakhan hair-cut is practical, feminine, easy to keep. The hair is cut shortish over the head, permed, curled, carelessly combed through

FOUNDATION	ROUGE	LIPSTICK	POWDER	UNIFORM
Natural Cream *Yardley's*	Vivid	Vivid	Deep Peach	**A.T.S.** (Khaki, brown shoes, brass buttons)
Town and Country *Helena Rubinstein*	Rose Pink	Rose Pink	Peaches and Cream	**F.A.N.Y.S.** (Khaki, brown belt, bronze buttons)
Honey Bloom *Jane Seymour*	Honey Bloom	Honey Bloom	Honey Bloom	**W.A.A.F.S.** (Horizon blue, black, grey stockings, brass buttons)
"All Day" (Rachel) *Elizabeth Arden*	Stop Red	Stop Red	Matt Fonce first, then special Matt Fonce	**W.R.E.N.S.** (Navy, black and brass buttons)
Rachel Day Lotion *Cyclax*	English Rose	English Rose	Rose Rachel	**A.F.S.** (Navy, black, silver buttons, red pipings)
Burnt Sugar (Special Rachel) *Elizabeth Arden*	Burnt Sugar	Burnt Sugar	Dark Rachel over special Matt Fonce	**V.A.D.,** Military hospitals; **C.N.R.,** Civilian hospitals. (Butcher blue dress, white apron, handkerchief cap with red cross, navy top coat, black buttons) **St. John Ambulance** (Black suit, silver badges)
Cream of Roses (Brunella) *Innoxa*	Clair	Clair	Olivette	**W.V.S.** (Dark green suit, overcoat and hat, trimmed coral ribbon, coral skirt)
				A.R.P. Warden (Cinnamon brown dungarees, tin hat)

Do you remember the maize puddings of 1917? And how very unlike butter the margarine tasted? And those jokes about bully beef and plum-and-apple?

You do? Then be grateful to a Government that gives us ration cards at the outset of war instead of half way through it, so that supplies are fairly distributed from the start.

Newspapers and magazines of 1914 and 1915 were chattering wastefully about Lobster with Crab Sauce and Peaches in Brandy (I quote from actual cookery articles of that period). But after three months of this war we are setting about the job of economy wisely and in good time.

Dieticians come to our aid. Cheapest way of getting what they call "first-class proteins" (body-building material) is by putting fish roe, cheese or herrings somewhere on the day's menus. Just over half a pound of herring, or five ounces of Cheddar cheese, is worth more to you for this purpose than, say, a pound of plaice, four eggs or three-quarters of a pound of streaky bacon.

New Zealand mutton has as much food value as Scotch or Devon, and is often more tender.

You may find eggs scarce and dear. But never mind. Like fruit they are not, as so many people think, essential to the diet. Cheaper things which give you more vitamins are carrots, water-cress, tomatoes, cabbage, New Zealand butter—this because it was made in a sunny climate.

One war economy they introduced last time is worth remembering now. Not only must you keep vegetable water for soup—we all know that—but conversely it's a good idea to use soup for boiling vegetables in.

Put your carrots, Jerusalem artichokes, turnips, parsnips, onions, potatoes, into the soup you are boiling for that day's dinner.

When you drain them out, some of their goodness will be left in the soup, instead of going down the drain.

Onion Soup

Onions are grand for November; they ward off the insidious head cold and they don't run away with your ration allowance. Here is the classic French way. Slice the onions and cook them in fat until just golden. Add salt, pepper and enough water to allow for a one-third reduction.

Cook about half an hour. Dry in the oven some slices of French roll, and put them in the bottom of the tureen. Pour in the soup, sprinkle plenty of grated cheese over it, and brown under the grill.

Boned, Stuffed and Rolled Shoulder of Mutton

Joints boned and stuffed go a lot further than those which are plainly roasted.

Make a farce of eight ounces stale breadcrumbs, four ounces shredded suet, meat fat, dripping or margarine, four ounces minced onions, one tablespoonful chopped parsley. Moisten with stock, milk or water. Add pepper, salt and grated lemon rind to taste and bind with a well-beaten egg. (This is not essential, though preferable.)

Stuff the mutton with this, and roast as usual. Baste well. Serve with a good gravy and gooseberry sauce.

(*Regulo setting* 6.)

Gooseberry Sauce

Stew with a little brown sugar until soft, half-pint bottled or tinned gooseberries and a tablespoonful of chopped mint. Sieve, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Heat up again before serving, using an enamel pan.

Artichoke Provençale

If you don't usually like Jerusalem artichokes, try them like this, and perhaps you will change your mind.

Boil two pounds artichokes in stock, when soft, remove and drain them. Slice them. Slice also one pound tomatoes. Put a little oil or fat in the frying pan, and when it has melted, add the tomatoes and artichokes, a chopped onion, a bunch of thyme and parsley and then, if it can be tolerated, a little chopped garlic.

Salt and pepper liberally, and cook for about twenty minutes, stirring well.

Fried Herrings

Herrings are full of nutriment, and so is oatmeal; the canny Scot combines the two.

Behead and split them, dip in medium oatmeal and fry in two ounces dripping. That is the simple, appetizing Highland way.

Raw Vegetables

Lettuce and endive are not at their cheapest or most plentiful, but you must have your daily dose of raw vegetables just the same, for Vitamin C—the anti-scurvy one—is apt to diminish in cooking.

Raw spinach isn't often seen around, but it makes a pleasant salad if the smallest leaves are mixed with chopped chives and dressed with oil and vinegar. Allow a handful of spinach and a good pinch of chives for each person.

A real American cole-slaw is not exactly a war economy, because that delectable sour cream dressing needs an egg yolk, not to mention the cream itself. But you can make a good salad by merely shredding a firm cabbage-heart finely and sprinkling over it a little sugar and as much lemon juice as you like.

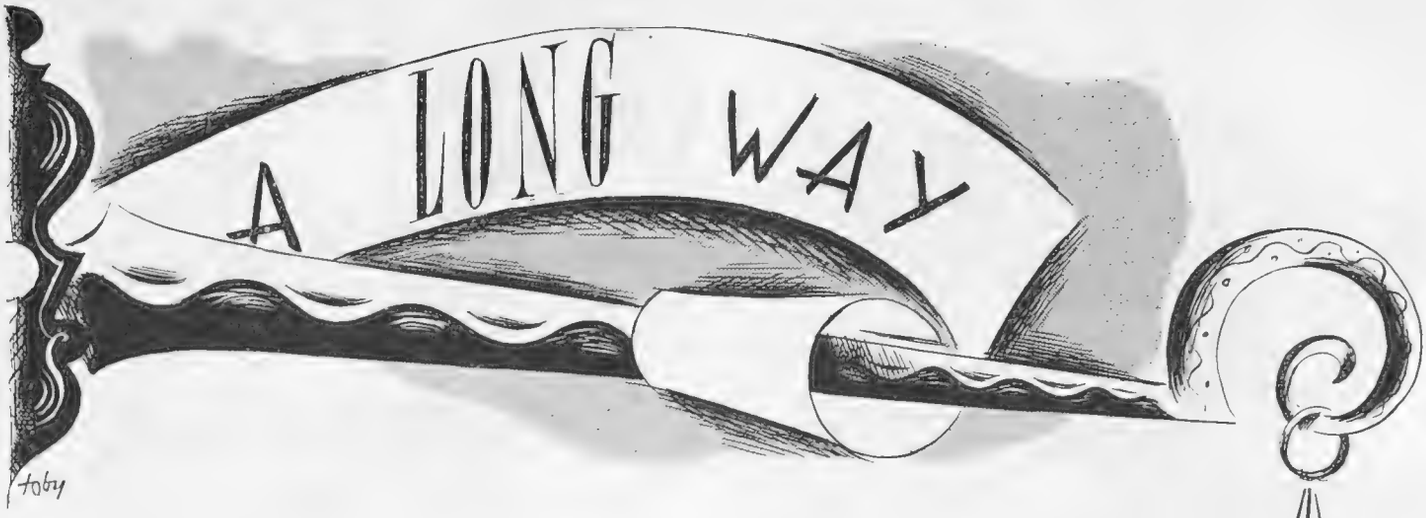
Young brussels sprouts make a salad, too. Shred them finely, sprinkle with salt and dress with oil and vinegar, or Heinz salad cream.

Shredded raw carrot adds a nice touch of colour to a winter salad, and raw turnip makes a salad of its own. Sprinkle shredded turnip with salt, let it stand for an hour or so, and then drain off the water. Dress with oil and vinegar.

Prunes and Barley

This is an economical sweet. Wash and drain half-pound pearl barley. Boil it slowly with one pint milk and water (half and half), and half tablespoonful margarine. Cook until soft.

The prunes—half pound—should have been soaking all night; in this way they need less cooking time. Cook them gently in the water in which they were soaked. Transfer prunes to the barley saucepan, put in a tablespoonful of brown sugar and cook about five minutes longer.



Bacon Scallop

Decant a medium tin of Heinz spaghetti—the kind put up in tomato sauce with cheese. Also a small tin of Heinz tomato soup. Mix the contents together.

Partly grill or fry four rashers of bacon, and arrange the spaghetti mixture and bacon in layers in a pie-dish. Sprinkle with browned crumbs, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. A good supper dish.

Kipper Hot-pot

You will need, besides the kipper, one pound raw potatoes, two raw onions, one ounce margarine or cooking fat, some browned crumbs, and seasoning. Fill a buttered pie-dish with alternate layers of sliced raw potato and flaked fish mixed with chopped onion.

Season each layer with pepper, and only the potatoes with salt. Cover with browned crumbs and small knobs of margarine or fat. Bake one hour in a hot oven.

(*Regulo setting* 6.)

Beetroots with Horse-radish Sauce

This is particularly pleasant with corned beef hash, either fresh or tinned.

Open a medium can of Smedley's small whole beetroots and drain off the liquid, which you make up to half a pint with water. Use a little of this to blend one teaspoonful of cornflour, and bring the rest of the liquor to boiling point. Now stir in the blended cornflour and boil for three minutes. Add one ounce margarine and the beetroots, and allow them to heat through gently.

Just before serving, stir in one heaped teaspoonful of bottled horse-radish cream and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Lightning Curry

Cook four ounces Patna rice in plenty of boiling, salted water. Drain, rinse in colander under hot tap, cover with a cloth and dry at the side of the stove.

Melt half-ounce margarine in a shallow pan, put in one small onion finely chopped and cook for five minutes.

Stir in the contents of a medium tin of Heinz mulligatawny soup. Cut a ten-ounce tinned beef and ham roll into small pieces, and add. Simmer gently for ten minutes. Put on a hot dish, surround with rice and decorate with tomato, parsley or lemon.

Sausage with Apples

Boil about one and half pounds potatoes, and peel. Put them in a saucepan with one pound apples, peeled, cored and sliced, and a little water. Simmer until water has evaporated and apples are tender. Add a little margarine, and season with salt and pepper.

Put the potatoes in the middle of a hot dish and cover with browned breadcrumbs. Meanwhile, you have heated the contents of a tin of sausages. Slice them and arrange round the potatoes. Make a ring of apples, sprinkled with a little sugar, round the whole.

Peach Dumplings

For these you need eight half peaches (Del Monte brand), one ounce chopped almonds, six ounces flour, three ounces margarine, two teaspoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful baking powder.

Make short crust pastry in the usual way, divide into four and roll each into a round. On each round put two half peaches, arranged together to form a whole peach, with some chopped almonds inserted where the kernels should be.

Moisten edges of pastry and gather them up. Bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Dredge with a little castor sugar and serve hot.

"Something out of a tin" takes a new and dignified place in wartime catering. Even the experts at the Canned Foods Advisory Bureau cannot tell you exactly how many varieties of tinned food the modern cook has at her disposal, but they assess it at well over 400.

You can get anything in tins these days, from haggis and bortsch to rice pudding and strained vegetables for the baby.

When food is tinned, it is first put into tins which are then "exhausted." This means that the air is drawn out, leaving the fish, meat or vegetables in a vacuum inside the tin. It is at this stage, when the tins are completely airless, that the whole thing is cooked at a temperature high enough to kill all bacteria. Cooking like that, minus air, makes little or no difference to the vitamin content of the food.

In an emergency, or for lazy folk, tins are there for the opening, the heating, the turning out. Otherwise, tinned-food cookery can be as much of an art as any other kind. It certainly involves less trouble than cooking from the raw—for instance, no peeling or shelling of vegetables, no cleaning of fish—but can call for just as much ingenuity and imagination. I hope the recipes on this page will show what I mean.

KISS THE BOYS HULLO

The other day a girl was invited to sit at tea in the drill hall of an East London school where her husband's unit was on war site.

There were straw mattresses on the floor, upturned boxes littered with tin mugs, some hunks of meat, and marmalade in a tobacco tin.

A crumpled figure in uniform rose up from under a blanket and extended a hand as the girl came in. "Gee, but it's good to see something pretty again," he said, and went to sleep again.

They were strangers, but that casual remark taught the girl a lot, as it should teach us all. To every woman it says that, when the men are on leave, her job is to recreate the things and the background he associates with normality.

Three hours. Twenty-four hours. Three days. Mere intervals of time to you and me, but to the people who are serving (and that means men and women) they are the links between chaos and those ideals which must be kept alive.

In war, women have always had responsibilities, but modern warfare with its threat to civil populations has made woman's task harder than it has ever been before. Yet it is imperative that we hold together, with all the means at hand and all the sacrifices of which we are capable, those ties which provide our absent ones with the assurance that life goes on at home, if not as it used to, well something like it used to.

The extent of our courage as women and civilians is the extent of our immunity to harm.

Give your son, your brother, your husband, your lover on leave the reality of a home as safe and as permanent as your determination and your courage can make it.

It is when he steps across the threshold and puts aside the equipment of war for a few brief hours that your part in this fight for honour begins.

It is for you to see that ugliness and squalor, anxiety and bitterness are laid aside for the beloved security, the solace of home.

Whether you are a mother or a wife, a sister or just a girl friend you will be at your most attractive, your most understanding. Pamper him, of course, but don't make it too hard for him to go back. Don't harrow him with tears and vain lamentation. He's got to go and you've got to face it, so forget the parting until it comes, then let him go with a memory of you, smiling, confident, self reliant. Don't be irritatingly, annoyingly brave. Be normal.

Wear your prettiest clothes while he's home. Do your hair with more care than you ever did it. Serve his meals as though he were a king.

Of course, you'll have matters of domestic policy to discuss with your husband. He'll be happy to know that you depend upon him still for guidance, but don't save up all your petty worries and smother him with them on his few hours off.

If circumstances have forced you to break up your home (and many have had to do so), you must still recreate the spirit of home for him in some other place.

For a sister and daughter on leave you can hardly need prompting as to what will make her happiest.

Pamper her. Surround her with luxury, as far as luxury is available. Produce a set of new and attractive underclothes for her to wear while she's home. You can sew them yourself in between times. Surprise her with some sheer silk stockings, a new and pretty dressing-gown.

Brush and set her hair for her. Put her in scented sheets. Feed her smoothly. Let her be a film star. Shut the war right out.

Above all, remember that the most helpless of us has a vital service to perform towards the men and women on leave. Make their days at home a period of moral and physical rearmament against the struggle ahead.

Louisa Kay

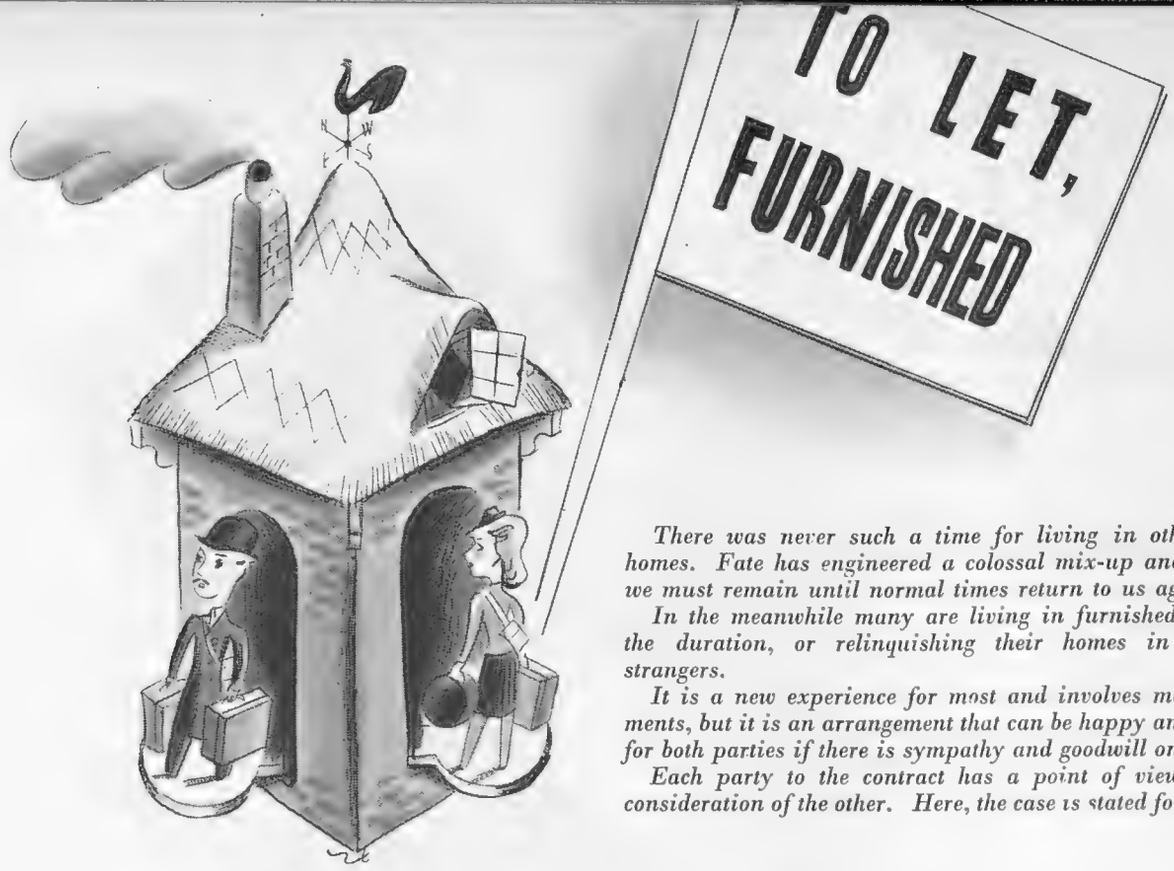
THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Beauty marches on . . .

It's her duty to face the future calm and unruffled. Beauty — like business — must go on. The wise woman, in a period of strain and crisis, will keep up her regular night and morning routine of Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing — with Elizabeth Arden s famous Essential Preparations — Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic and Orange Skin Food or Velva Cream — to which her skin owes its freshness, smoothness and delicacy, her features their clear-cut and youthful outline. To remain beautiful she regards as an obligation to herself and her friends. *Cleansing Cream, 4/6 to 22/6. Skin Tonic, 4/- to 80/-. Orange Skin Food, 4/6 to 35/-. Velva Cream, 4/6 to 22/6.*

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W 1



There was never such a time for living in other people's homes. Fate has engineered a colossal mix-up and mixed up we must remain until normal times return to us again.

In the meanwhile many are living in furnished houses for the duration, or relinquishing their homes in favour of strangers.

It is a new experience for most and involves many adjustments, but it is an arrangement that can be happy and profitable for both parties if there is sympathy and goodwill on both sides.

Each party to the contract has a point of view worth the consideration of the other. Here, the case is stated for both sides.

Tenant

You have a business arrangement to make use of premises and effects belonging to another, but there is a moral obligation to treat his things with the same respect and care with which you would treat your own.

Insist upon a comprehensive and watertight agreement wherein it is clear to both parties what obligations are involved in connexion with damage to property and effects.

You will be protecting your own interests as much as the owner's by removing any such objects of value as might involve you in embarrassment or expense should they suffer harm in whatever manner during the period of your tenancy.

If for any reason you wish to rearrange the house or to make any changes for the betterment of your comfort and convenience, you are entitled to do so, so long as they are of a temporary character involving no structural damage, or any detriment to effects which cannot easily be rectified when your tenancy expires.

It is decidedly unfair to you landlord to take a house equipped for the use of, say, four persons, and to strain its resources by bringing more people to live or even to stay there than it can accommodate with ease.

Amicable relations with your landlord, if he is a reasonable person, will largely depend upon a courteous reference to his approval whenever matters of procedure not clearly specified in your agreement are under consideration.

So far as is practicable use the same tradespeople as the owner has been in the habit of doing. This will minimise the interruption to his own domestic routine and afford you some advantages of service into the bargain.

It is reassuring to the owner to be asked to the house when that proves possible. You will lose nothing, and may gain a lot, by extending this courtesy to him.

Owner

You have, temporarily, parted with the right to occupy your premises or to make use of its effects. The tenant has a perfect right to do as he likes there without interference from you, so long as he abides by the terms of your agreement and shows reasonable solicitude for your property.

Don't spare the halfpence in having a comprehensive and thoroughly watertight agreement drawn up. It is for the protection of both parties and will pay you handsomely in the end.

If circumstances have forced you to lease your house to the tenant at a remuneration below what seems to you to be its true value, grin and bear it. You have no privileges on this account over and above those of any owner leasing property on any terms.

Before the occupation of your house is begun, discuss with the tenant freely and with candour all such points as might later give rise to dispute or misunderstanding between you. Once the tenancy has begun you cannot expect to impose terms not agreed upon at the start.

It is kinder to the tenant to remove from the premises all such objects of sentimental or intrinsic value as you are not obliged to leave in the interest of his comfort.

Do not overload and antagonise the tenant with instructions and advice as to how the house should and has been managed. It is his for the present and your interest must be strictly confined to seeing that the terms of the agreement are fulfilled, however anxious you may feel for the welfare of your possessions.

Come to some understanding as to the maintenance of the garden. If the tenant is unable or unwilling to give such solicitous attention to it as you require then some special arrangement whereby you contribute to its upkeep might be come to in advance.

The question of garden produce should be settled before the tenant takes possession. An average small quantity of produce might be expected to go to the tenant. If a larger quantity is involved, then the matter is by arrangement in advance.

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Wartime is no excuse for being behind the times. You need that "Sectric" clock more now than ever you did. What a boon it is to have Greenwich time always, positively, without ever having to wind or regulate. And, a big consideration these days, at a cost for current of less than a shilling a year! Jewellers, Electricians, and Stores stock a variety of models: prices from 22/-.

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¶ Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

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¶ Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

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How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

Many a doctor frankly admits that, even in peace time, the stress and strain of modern life is too much for the average nervous system to bear. It is good to know, therefore, that science can help us to stand the *extra* strain, the *extra* stress, the *extra* responsibility and work which we all cheerfully accept in war time.

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MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE TO A PLEASANTER LIFE — *Even Now*

1 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. Not forgetting the girls in khaki and blue. In fact, what with A.R.P., W.V.S. and other civilian activities the whole nation is on its feet. It is not surprising, then, to hear that foot clinics are working overtime to cope with foot casualties. Many of these could be avoided by giving the feet a couple of minutes' attention every day. I have been testing on myself and fellow workers a non-greasy cream that brings instant relief to tired, cramped feet. Being non greasy, it can be rubbed in just before putting on stockings or before going to bed. When one is tired or nervy the feet often perspire. This cream stops over-perspiration as well as fatigue. Price is 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. Trial size tube 6d.

2 The art of looking attractive, or at least your near-best, when you go to bed at night has taken on a new significance in the past three months. By now, we have profited from the startling revelations that came to light after the first night air-raid warning. Women have developed a new make-up technique which starts when they go to bed. The face is cleansed as usual and skin tonic patted lightly on. Next, a tinted, non-greasy but non-clogging cream is worked well in. It gives a warm glow to the skin. If the call comes to shelter, all that is needed is a touch of lipstick; powder is optional. The cream will not mark bed linen. Various shades to choose from. If you normally sleep with your face nude, give it a rest from make-up whenever you can in the day or the evening.

3 Knitting? Everybody is knitting. Women in uniform as well as the keepers of the home fires. Here is news for the serious knitter. It is a wool winder that will do the job more neatly and in less than half the time that you can do it yourself. It is adjustable to large or small skeins, folds and packs into a very small space. Its cleverest trick is the suction pad which enables the winder to be used on any smooth surface. Just moisten the rubber and press the winder down. The suction pad will not harm your most precious polished table. If no table is handy, an inverted plate can be used instead. Price of the winder, boxed, complete with simple directions, is 2s. 6d.

4 Fuel economy is of vital importance just now. I was therefore very much interested in a cooker which I saw in action the other day. It works on a half fuel ration, half the cooking being done away from the stove. A small roast or chicken takes about twelve minutes. Six minutes on the fire; six minutes off. The secret is conserved, vaporised heat. There is nothing complicated about this sturdy wrought steel pot. It steams meat and vegetables as well as it roasts, and is especially economical in cooking lentils, dried beans and so on. These take twelve minutes instead of hours and need no soaking beforehand. There is no shrinkage when meat is cooked by this method.

5 Short cuts to a quick toilet are a necessity these days. Our hours of relaxation from National Service are few and precious, and while every woman wants to make the best of herself, both in and out of uniform, she cannot spend long on the job. With this idea in mind, I have been tracking down toilet accessories that are both quick and efficient. Among them I have found a depilatory that answers both requirements. It comes in cream form. Spread over the skin (don't rub in), leave on for a few moments and remove with water. It leaves no tell-tale odour behind it, and can be used in camp or communal sleeping and dressing quarters, without embarrassment. The price is 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 6d. trial tube.

6 Lighting, dulled by dark hangings, takes toll of the complexion. It is essential, then, to use a lipstick that will not be affected by police regulations. I have just had news of one that does more than just add gaiety to these dark days. In fact, it's a double duty lipstick. It can be worn night and day with uniform of any service shade, as well as with mufti. And that goes for chiffon and velvet mufti, as well as for slacks and sweater. The secret of its versatility is to be found in its clear, brilliant colour, a vivid red that stands up to blackout lighting. You will like its companions: cream rouge and nail varnish, that match the lipstick both in colour and staying power. The smart red, white and black case has a new type of opening that is germ- and dust-proof.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answers your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, giving the numbers in which you are interested

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The author of this article is of opinion that to follow the white line in the centre of the road is the safest method of progression at night. The picture on the right shows the obvious dangers of hugging the near side of the road

Driving Under Blackout Conditions

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE private motorist in wartime must needs be a creature of considerable hardihood. In the first place, he must so organise his journeys that the maximum amount of useful travel may be done with the minimum expenditure of petrol. Then, if he ventures on the roads after nightfall, he must exert very great skill if he is to keep going at any reasonable pace without risking a collision.

Already it is evident that, for drivers whose eyesight is only moderately good, the best advice as regards night driving is simply "Don't!" There are, I am sure, many thousands of drivers whose sight enables them to drive in daylight with perfect safety and efficiency, but who are not justified in being on the road after dark while artificial lighting is reduced to its present bare minimum.

Brown-eyed people are particularly unfortunate in this connexion. Their vision in daylight is often very good, but at night they are generally at a disadvantage compared with people of the blue-eyed type. This may perhaps seem an unfair dispensation of providence—but it is none the less a point which should be noted.

As to how to get along most efficiently and safely after dark, assuming really sound eyesight, opinion seems to vary very greatly. Some people claim that it is dangerous simply to follow the white line in the centre of the road; but, personally, I regard this as being almost the safest method of progression. The only obstacle likely to be encountered along a white line—if we may disregard the urban lamp-post—is another car which is being driven in a similar fashion.

If this other car is coming towards one's own, it is nearly always visible from a considerable distance. There is thus ample time for both parties momentarily to abandon the white line and to close in to the near side while they pass each other. If the other car is travelling in the same direction as one's own, there is still no real difficulty. The rate at which, in these days, one car is able to overtake another at night is exceedingly slow, so that again there should be more than sufficient time for the white line to be abandoned—one car drawing in to its left and the other out to its right.

Any alternative method of driving seems to me to have far greater possibilities of danger. If a driver keeps close to the left-hand kerb, he will continually come upon cyclists and pedestrians who are doing likewise, and will have either to brake suddenly or to swerve in order to avoid them. These sudden movements, especially if the road is wet, must always involve an element of risk.

The danger is particularly great in districts where soldiers are quartered. Khaki is intended to blend with the landscape—and by faint artificial light it does so alarmingly well. The very greatest care is needed wherever men in khaki are likely to be found in the roadway after dark.

IN many respects, the wise driver can save himself anxiety and nerve-strain by choosing his route intelligently when compelled to stay out after dark. Nowadays it nearly always pays to keep to the main roads, even if this involves some extra mileage. All main roads now have white lines throughout their entire length, and this alone should be sufficient recommendation.

There are, however, other advantages. Main roads may be lined with trees; but the trees are generally so far apart that they do not completely overhang the road. It is seldom, therefore, that natural light (which exists to a small extent on any except a pitch-black night) is completely excluded from the central part of a main road.

Then, the best sort of main road may be lined by those small red or white reflectors which can be inset into stone kerbing or set into the road surface along the white lines. These little devices are quite excellent as an aid to wartime driving, and a real boon to motorists wherever they exist. Even a shrouded side lamp gives enough light for them to reflect, so that they show up as little white or red specks for some hundreds of yards ahead. Would that they were more generally employed!

Naturally, no such aids can be expected on side roads, so that a cross-country journey is both more hazardous and slower. Time is lost on the minor roads, nerve-strain is increased and petrol almost certainly is not saved. The cross-country route may be five miles shorter; but it will be found that numerous scares, false alarms and minor emergencies cause the driver continually to check his progress, probably necessitating the use of a low gear. Even if the car is kept in top gear, low engine speed with alternate acceleration and deceleration is by no means economical. The truly economical speed for a petrol engine is a steady speed, probably in the region of 30 m.p.h. in the case of an average saloon car.

IN talking of roads, we must not, of course, ignore the human factor. The physical condition of the driver will always be of supreme importance, whether on a good road or a bad one. For example, it is obviously inexcusable to attempt to drive at any speed above a crawl if one has just come out into a dark street from a brightly lighted room.

A good many accidents, I fancy, could be avoided if considerations of this sort were kept in mind. The human eye needs a little time to adapt itself to strange conditions. After a short while in comparative darkness, it is able to give very fair night-time vision; but it needs to "warm up" to a task of this sort. Its efficiency rises after the first five or ten minutes, but may fall again through fatigue after an hour or more of work in a faint light.

However much care is taken, it is certain that driving under blackout conditions will never be pleasant, nor will it ever be entirely free from risk. Both the risk and the unpleasantness, however, can be greatly minimised where drivers take the trouble to develop what one may term a "wartime technique" to meet the new and difficult conditions.

The Motor Car as an Investment

Is it worth holding in Wartime?

By The Earl of Cardigan

AMONG my own motoring friends at any rate, there are great searchings of heart at the present time as to whether it is worth while to keep cars in commission. Some, lacking private garage accommodation, are inclined to sell the cars which they already have, while practically all would recoil from the idea of buying a new car from the pre-war stocks which are still available.

Taking the long view, however, I am by no means sure that this "flight from the motor car" is really justified. A car may not, at the present time, be of any great value to its owner, or indeed to any one other than an official or a Government contractor. At the same time, it may represent an excellent lock-up investment for the war period—yielding little or no dividend in the way of present usefulness, but liable to rise sharply in value at some future date when the war comes to an end.

Those who remember the last war will understand the possibility of this. After the Armistice, and more particularly when peace was declared in 1919, a vast number of people began clamouring for cars. At first there were no new cars to be had, and, therefore, any second-hand car, if it was in any reasonable state of repair, acquired an immediate value far above its ordinary peace-time price. Cars which might have been worth £200 or £300 in 1914 could be sold five years later at prices around the £500 mark!

Nice profits were made also by those who had ordered new cars in 1914 and who had had sufficient faith not to cancel their orders. One celebrated manufacturing firm had a long waiting list when the war ended, and naturally supplied its first peace-time cars in strict rotation to those who had first booked them. The fortunate customers, those whose names appeared high up on the list, were, of course, able immediately to re-sell their cars at almost any price to those who had had either less foresight or less courage.

Not only could a new car of this type be sold at a profit immediately on delivery: the right to possess it could be sold actually long before the car had left the factory. A mere place on the list was a saleable commodity—and a decidedly valuable one at that!

NOW, history may not always repeat itself exactly; but human nature usually reacts in the same way to the same sort of situation. Therefore, it is reasonable to forecast that a vast number of people will sell their cars in the near future—perhaps at a good price to some official buyer, or perhaps at a poor price to any one who will relieve them of garage charges and similar worries. These same people will clamour for new cars in a few years' time, and for some period at least will be clamouring in vain.

In these circumstances, it would be no bad thing for any one with a little money to consider, not the sale, but the purchase of a 1939 or 1940 model. The purchaser who has his own garage will not be put to any great expense during the war years. He may decide that in summer he can get about sufficiently well by bicycle or by some other means, and may reserve his car for use on unpleasant evenings in the winter when the comparative luxury of motor travel—even within the wartime limitations—is worth paying for.

When the car is not in use, it must, of course, be jacked up and have blocks placed underneath the axles. Then, with the wheels just clear of the ground the tyres will remain in good condition for an almost indefinite period. (I recently drove an old car, with its original tyres, which had been standing thus on blocks for at least five or six years. No tyre trouble had developed.)

The battery presents a more serious problem. The effective life of an average battery is some three or four years, and deterioration takes place within a very much shorter time if the battery is allowed to lie idle. A good plan, if the car is going to be temporarily "laid up," is to come to an agreement with the local garage man. He is generally glad to take charge of a battery and to keep it in proper order, provided that he has the right to make use of it for service purposes. He will probably lend it or hire it to his other customers when the latter are in trouble; at any rate he will see that it is permanently in commission.

THE water, must of course, be drained from the radiator if the car is to be laid up during periods of cold weather. If it is going to be laid up for a very long time, the question of draining the petrol and oil should, perhaps, also be considered. It is questionable whether petrol will indefinitely retain its volatility, and the same question arises as to the permanent fluidity of oil. Over short periods, however, of a few months or even a year, no adverse changes need be anticipated.

The careful owner, none the less, will turn his engine over occasionally while the car is standing idle. It is worth noting that aero engines are always turned over once a week when not in use—this ritual being observed most methodically and noted in a log-book. The idea is that, if this were not done, the protective film of oil might drain away from some or all of the cylinders, leaving them dry for the first few moments after the eventual re-starting of the engine. Excessive wear, during these few moments, might result.

THERE are a number of small points of this sort to be considered; but my point is that, with reasonable care and intelligence, a car need suffer no real harm by standing idle. Those who care to take the long view, therefore, need not hesitate to retain a car for the duration of the war. The present conflict will not last for ever: private motoring, when it is over, will once again become a source of usefulness and pleasure; and it is almost certain that those who find themselves possessed of cars in the early days of peace will have every reason for congratulating themselves on their foresight.

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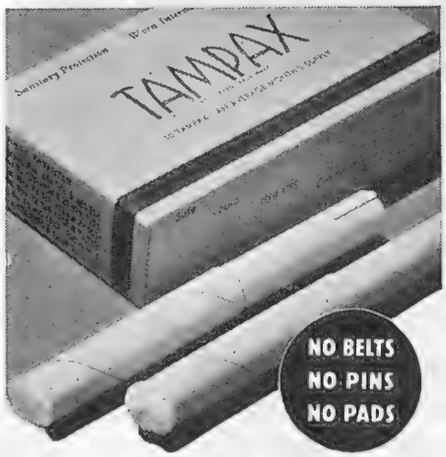

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KEEP THE COLOURS FLYING

Setter and Terrier (*Continued from page 47*)

"He makes me sleep in a basket."

"In a basket!" cried Setter. "Don't you feel like needles and thread?"

"Every Monday I feel like the laundry," said Terrier. "It's that kind of a basket."

Setter, from nose to tail, seemed very long beside the other. He was in front of and behind him at the same time, so that you could see Terrier only by looking at the two dogs from the right direction.

"One ought to be wary of strangers," remarked Terrier, looking up.

Setter said: "The thistle has a blossom loaded with nectar."

Terrier eyed him with interest.

"You seem a simple chap," he said. "Tell me about yourself."

Setter thought for a while.

"I like to be happy as few people do," he said finally. "Sometimes I bark at people, but I wouldn't bite them because I love them too much. Sometimes I even bark at myself. Often I bark for no reason at all, if the wind is cool and the maples are whispering. Sometimes I bark when I hear an animal passing in the night and the hair rises on my back. But most of the time I'm silent and if my stomach is full I'm content just to doze."

"Why did you come here?" asked Terrier.

"My master came to get a job. Because his money ran low I ran away, thinking I'd shift for myself and go back when he was better off, although he always fed me well. I returned a few weeks ago, but he was gone. There was an old hat of his in the alley beside his window. I wanted to take it with me, but what would I do with a hat?"

"You never should let loose from a good provider," said Terrier. "Bread is for them who can teach others to share it."

"The old hen on the farm used to say that you don't build your nest for the sake of the weasels," replied Setter.

"Do old hens know the answers?"

"If minds are sharp and spirits young," said Setter.

THEY walked along in silence, shying away from automobiles in the road when people forced them off the pavement. An old woman tried to pat Setter on the head and he would have liked to stop, but Terrier told him you couldn't trust women and made him hurry by.

Setter didn't like that. Women were all right, he thought. They were part of the Great Scheme. Women were just as necessary as fire or water or pain.

Setter suddenly was struck with the fact that he needed a bath and said:

"You don't miss being clean till you're dirty."

"Cleanliness is next to saintlessness," said Terrier.

"Godliness," corrected Setter.

"I knew it was something like that," said Terrier.

"A common expression; but people do many common things."

"They do," said Terrier.

"Like drinking tea in the afternoon."

Terrier said: "I drink milk. It's good for stomach ulcers."

"Do you have ulcers?" asked Setter.

"No," replied Terrier, "but master does"

"I *like* milk," said Setter.

Setter stepped back to let a woman pass in front of him.

"Her clothes sound like a light spring frost," he said.

They came into a better part of the city, where the dogs they saw were clean and turned aside their heads as they walked by. Terrier lifted his head and held it high, his carriage cocky as could be, his tail curved upward. Here he felt somewhat ashamed of Setter, whose tail drooped.

"We're not far from home," said Terrier.

"What do you have for dinner?" asked Setter, thinking of roast beef.

"Usually dog food out of a tin."

"Out of a tin!" exclaimed Setter, who thought only kerosene and salve came in tins.

"It's specially prepared," said Terrier. "It has all the vitamins."

"What are vitamins?" asked Setter. "Bone and gristle?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A, B, D and G."

"What?"

Terrier repeated it.

Setter said:

"Didn't you ever chase your breakfast before the sun comes up, and leap over stone walls so hungry you could take a bite out of a fence post?"

"My vitamins don't run," said Terrier.

"Honestly," cried Setter in amazement, "haven't you ever raced past a woodchuck just to hear his teeth clatter?"

"No," replied Terrier, "but I have eaten well. Wait till you taste dog food out of a tin; it's more sanitary."

Setter declared Terrier's master must be a smart man to get dog food out of a tin. "Is he a magician?" he asked suspiciously.

Ignoring the question, Terrier said: "Do you know who was the smartest man in the world?"

"Tell me," replied Setter.

Terrier said:

"Solomon."

"I never heard of him," returned Setter. "Was he smarter than the firefly who sits on your tongue when you bite at him and then lights up your mouth to see where your teeth are?"

Terrier bobbed his head affirmatively.

"What about the mink who stole the bait out of my master's trap?" asked Setter. "Was Solomon smarter than he?"

"What does a mink know?" scoffed Terrier.

"He's smarter than the trout because he feeds on trout."

"Feeds on trout?" said Terrier.

"Yes," replied Setter. "In that lies the story of the world."

"All I know is that people say Solomon was the wisest man who ever lived," said Terrier.

"Wisdom is another matter."

Setter said nothing for a while and then added:

"I wonder if Solomon was wiser than the bud that breaks into flower and perfumes the whole garden?"

Setter knew by the jauntiness of Terrier's step that they were in a familiar neighbourhood.

The houses frightened Setter. They were all attached to one another so that you couldn't race between them in a pinch. You could run only in two directions—forward and backward. He felt that a boot might pop out of a doorway at any moment and catch him in the ribs or someone might come rushing down front steps to frighten him away.

"THIS is the street I live in," said Terrier proudly, as they rounded a corner. "We like it here but it's expensive."

"It's all man-made," remarked Setter.

"Man-made?"

"Yes," said Setter. "They've removed Nature and replaced her with bricks and steel."

"Land is at a premium in the city," replied Terrier.

"There is no land in the city," said Setter. "Just buildings and pavement."

Setter continued:

"What do you suppose city angleworms do at night when they can't come up to the surface for air?"

"You're an odd chap," said Terrier.

"You know," said Setter laughing, "sometimes in the early morning I used to creep up and grab an angleworm by the nose and then pull backward just to see him stretch."

Setter became thoughtful.

"Ambition does strange things to people."

"You, ambitious!" cried Terrier.

Setter and Terrier

"I was thinking of master," said Setter.

"Oh. What about him?"

"He wants to be a book-keeper," replied Setter.

Without the slightest warning Terrier gave a low whine of joy and raced toward a man and woman coming down the steps of one of the houses. Setter followed close behind.

When Terrier reached them he began to leap against the man's trousers.

"Get away!" cried the man, trying to push him off with his foot.

"Scat!" exclaimed the woman.

Setter stood safely at the curb.

Changing his tactics, Terrier started to leap against the woman.

"Why, Robert, it's Pepys," she cried. "The little wretch is positively filthy!"

The man reached down and picked him up by the neck.

"So he is!" he said gruffly.

Setter thought the woman looked beautiful.

The door to the house opened and a butler came down the steps.

"It's Pepys," said the man to the butler. "Here, take the little beast and give him a bath; then see that he doesn't get off his leash again."

The butler took Terrier with a firm hand and accidentally pinched him hard. Pepys yipped.

Setter looked on as Terrier was carried back up the steps and the man and woman got in a car and drove away.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 24)

custom that lasted right up to the eighteenth century, the convicted calumniator was compelled to make an official admission of her guilt. This took place in the following manner: a table was placed in the centre of the court, beneath which the culprit had to crouch and shout that she had lied like a dog. In addition, she had to imitate the barking of that animal.

After this sad ceremony of humiliation Jadwiga proudly left the court. She passed amidst the cheers and plaudits of the populace. The Polish people realised that she had been sacrificed in order to enrich the nation, and to the last of her days compensated her with their genuine devotion. She fulfilled her mission to the nation by leaving an heir to the throne, and died when still a young and beautiful woman, thirteen years after her marriage.

A POLISH personality closely related with British history was Clementina Sobieski. Granddaughter of John III, King of Poland, she was brought up in her father's palace at Ohlau. She was sixteen years of age when an emissary arrived one day at Ohlau from James Stewart, the fugitive Pretender to the English throne, who, for the greater part of his life, never found a fixed abode in his everlasting and unavailing attempt to gain the Crown. He had reached his twenty-ninth birthday and was looking for a suitable wife. He went through the list of eligible princesses and his finger stayed on the name of Clementina Sobieski.

He sent an emissary, who obtained her father's consent; the Pope gave his consent (Clementina was his godchild), a residence in the Papal domain, and an annuity.

Accompanied by her mother, Clementina started her journey to Italy where the nuptials were to take place. The coach had reached the outskirts of Innsbruck, however, when it was stopped by German guards by order of the Emperor. Clementina was arrested and confined in the castle of that city. The Emperor had been threatened by England with war if he did not stop the Polish princess from reaching James!

Meanwhile, the non-appearance of Clementina discouraged James to the extent that he almost gave up the idea of marriage. But Charles Wogan, an (*Continued on page* 68)

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April Violets
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NERVE FOOD

Run down nerves are due to debility of the vital endocrine glands as much as to impoverishment of actual nerve tissue. The remarkable restorative effect of Hofels' Nerve Food—purely vegetable in origin—is due to the fact that it is rich in lecithin and organic phosphates of calcium, iron and sodium which activate the glandular system in addition to regenerating the network of exhausted nerve fabric. Send 2/3 for trial tin of this unique dual purpose food to, J. A. Hofels, 2, Artesian Road, London, W.2, mentioning **Hofels' Nerve Food, B.E.23.**

intrepid Irishman very faithful to James, undertook to free the captive princess.

In December, 1718, Wogan went to Innsbruck and managed to obtain an interview with the prisoner. Clementina accepted the idea of escape with great enthusiasm, for the ambition to become Queen of England gave her courage to take any risk. But she wished, first, to have the permission of her father.

Four long months elapsed before Wogan re-appeared. In that time he had obtained the desired consent and had gathered together a little band of trustworthy friends determined to achieve the enterprise. These were Major Gaydon, Captain Misset, his wife, and Jenny, her maid, and Captain O'Toole, a man of gigantic stature and the only one who could speak German. They had bought a coach and a double set of harness. The horses they could hire on the way, as was usual when travelling. They reached a village a few miles from Innsbruck, where they left their equipage and set out for the castle on foot. It was April 27, 1719, and was a terrible night. The wind was unabating, and the rain pouring down from the sky was flooding the snow-covered country.

Captain Misset took Jenny to the door of the castle, and by a ruse succeeded in introducing her to the apartment of Clementina. Then he waited. After a time that seemed to him an eternity the heavy door opened again and Clementina, disguised in Jenny's clothes, emerged. The heroic Jenny had consented to remain in the castle as hostage.

The escaping princess carried a bundle of clothing and a parcel which contained her jewels, amongst them the famous Sobieski rubies. By the time she reached the inn where Mrs. Misset was waiting she was wet through. At the inn her clothes were dried, and at two o'clock in the morning they entered the coach and proceeded on their journey. They had gone but a few miles when they discovered that the parcel containing the jewels had been left behind at the inn. The gigantic O'Toole undertook to go back and fetch them, but when he reached the inn he found it closed. He simply lifted the door from its hinges, found the parcel just where it had been left, and galloped back to the coach!

At eight o'clock in the morning the party reached the Brenner Pass where they stopped to rest.

The journey was made more difficult by the fact that they found no fresh horses, for these had been taken, stage by stage, by the Princess of Baden who happened to be ahead travelling along the same route. Nevertheless, they proceeded for two more days when, suddenly, the axletree of their carriage broke and they were compelled to stop whilst it was replaced by an old one taken from a cart. Later on, owing to the condition of the roads, another axle broke and the party had to proceed on foot.

They were, of course, still in danger of being arrested, for they had not yet passed the frontier. Eventually, however, the mended carriage joined them; and on April 30 they passed the frontier safely.

The excited Clementina was now in Italy where a king without a kingdom was awaiting her. She never dreamt that Italy would be the place where her husband would be exiled until death and that the same fate would await her son, "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

END

Four Good-looking Easy Things to Knit

(*Continued from page* 48)

SWEATER

COLLAR

With No. 13 pins cast on 134 sts. Work 2½ ins. patt. Cast off *loosely and in patt.*

UNDERWRAP

With No. 13 pins cast on 12 sts. Work 5½ ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

FRONT STRAP

With No. 13 pins cast on 16 sts. Work 3 rows patt., keeping 2 sts. at each end in plain knitting. Make buttonhole: Work 5, cast off 6, work 5.

Next row: Work 5, cast on 6, work 5. Make 5 more buttonholes 1 in. apart. Work until 6 ins. from cast-on edge. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row *inside*, plain knitting border until 4 sts. remain. K. 2 tog. twice. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew front strap and underwrap to fronts. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

CARDIGAN

SLEEVES

With No. 8 pins cast on 30 sts. Rib 3 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 5 pins and work in patt. until 18½ ins. from cast-on edge, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 56 sts. remain. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS (2)

With No. 8 pins cast on 10 sts. Rib 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3.

Next row: Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Make further buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Work until 19½ ins. from start. Cast off. Work another strip omitting buttonholes.

COLLAR

With No. 8 pins cast on 72 sts. Rib 1¼ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew front strips and collar in position. Sew on collar. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Avoid Wasting Your Petrol Ration

IN the recent broadcast talk on how to get the utmost mileage from the petrol ration the speaker laid very special emphasis on the fact that dirty or worn sparking plugs are the principle causes of petrol wastage.

Very few motorists realise the extent of this waste. Prolonged tests on the road carried out by engineers with extremely accurate instruments for measuring fuel consumption have revealed that, under ordinary running conditions, dirty plugs can waste as much as one gallon of petrol in every ten. In addition, they make starting difficult and cause loss of power, which means greater use has to be made of the lower gears—another cause of higher petrol consumption.

For several years the A.C.-Sphinx Sparking Plug Company has been conducting a plug cleaning campaign, based on the special machine produced by that company which has been installed by garages throughout the country. The cleaning and testing operations only take a few minutes and the cost is a nominal one, but the results are surprising. Plugs emerge looking like new, and provided they are mechanically sound and the points not unduly worn they are actually as good as new. The address of the nearest A.C.-Sphinx Plug Cleaning Station will be sent to any motorist on application to the company at Dunstable, giving his name and address and, if in London, the postal district.

Inspiration

(*Continued from page 9*)

at that moment in his pocket. A sudden question. Then watch her closely. Her eyes would provide the answer. But a person could not be convicted on account of the expression in the eyes. He needed proof and from the way she was behaving he believed she would provide it.

As the music ended, she snuggled against him, saying, "I enjoyed that."

"So did I," said Sir Walter, squeezing her hand.

"Is Colonel Hunt coming back?" he asked, when they returned to the table.

"He said he would if he could." Mrs. Tracy drank champagne. "But we have got you now," she smiled at Sir Walter.

The cabinet minister's wife said: "We mustn't stay long."

"Have some champagne?" Mrs. Tracy filled Sir Walter's glass. "Come on, let us dance again," she suggested, when the music started.

The cabinet minister's wife pushed back her chair: "We really must go, come on, Tommy. Have you paid?"

Sir Walter put his hand in his pocket.

"No, this is my party." The cabinet minister beckoned up a waiter.

"I'll see that Mrs. Tracy gets home safely," Sir Walter promised.

When they were on the floor again he said: "I'm afraid I'm a poor substitute for the colonel."

"How do you know?" Lucilla Tracy's dark eyes slanted up at the pallid, fine drawn features. "I adore men with brains; you are something frightfully important in the Intelligence Service, aren't you?"

"I'm connected with it."

"And do you catch an awful lot of spies?"

"Yes, quite a few."

Mrs. Tracy said: "I wonder if it is fun being a spy."

"Not much." Sir Walter was thinking: If neither the cipher people nor the secret ink laboratory can find anything, I have not a scrap of evidence against her.

WHEN the taxi stopped outside Mrs. Tracy's flat, Sir Walter experienced a few anxious seconds. Would she ask him in?

He got out and gave her his hand.

"You'll come in for a drink, won't you?" she said.

"That is very kind of you."

By the light of the street lamp he saw the glint of her varnished nails as she turned the latch-key. Inside the hall, painted ivory and gold, he took off his overcoat. Four doors led from the hall, one he supposed to the kitchen, one to her bedroom, the other to the sitting-room, and the bathroom at the end.

"Whisky?" she asked, when they were in the sitting-room.

"Thanks," Sir Walter said. He saw a decanter of whisky, a bottle of fruit cordial, glasses, and a siphon on a silver tray.

"Help yourself," said Mrs. Tracy.

He poured out a measure of whisky, then looked round. "Can I have plain water with it?"

"Of course. I'll have to get you some; it is in the kitchen. Do you mind it out of the tap?"

"Not a bit," he came with her to the door, stood in the corridor as she passed through to the kitchen, and the moment she was out of sight, stepped across the passage and opened the door opposite.

He found the switch, as she came out of the kitchen.

"I was looking for the bathroom—just to wash my hands." What a pretty bedroom you have." Sir Walter stood squarely in the doorway looking into the room. A bed, with a rose coverlet turned back, stood in one corner. Her dressing-table was by the window.

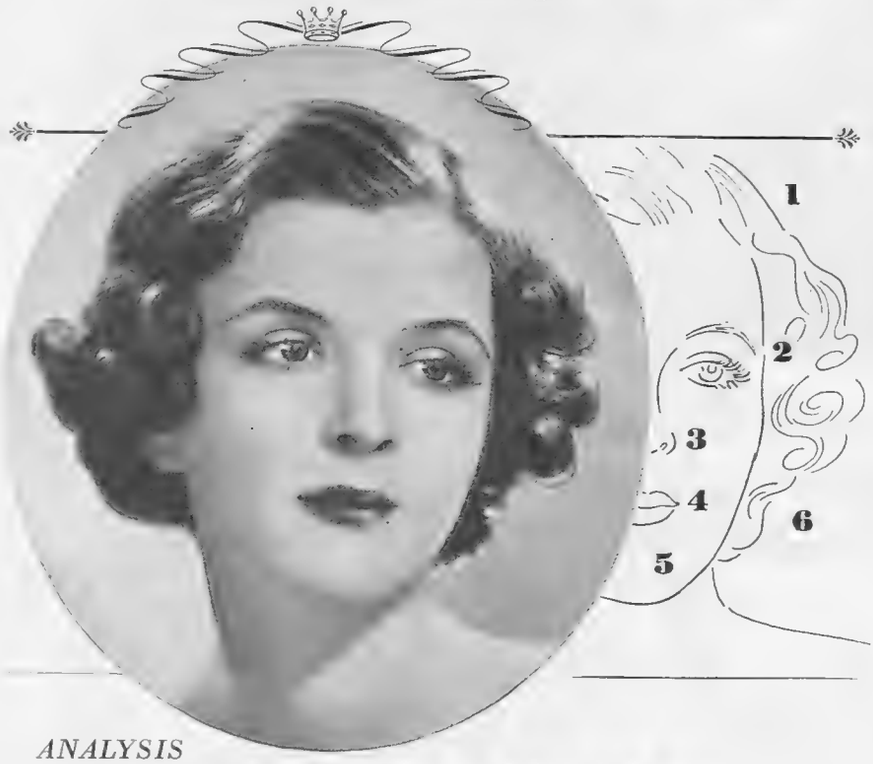
She came up to him. "You like my room?"

"It is charming." He took a step forward. "May I look round? How is that lighting done?"

"It is let into the (*Continued on page 70*)

Lady Patricia French says

"I've found a wonderful improvement in my complexion after using Pond's Creams containing the 'Skin-Vitamin'!"



ANALYSIS

of Lady Patricia French's features

(1) *Shape of face.* Rounded—the forehead broad, with smooth, fair skin. No sallowness such as is often seen in fair-complexioned brunettes.

(2) *Eyes.* Starry, dark, with long dark lashes. The smoothness of the skin around the eyes enhances her youthfulness.

(3) *Nose.* Short and straight with fine, even-pored skin.

(4) *Mouth.* Vivid, almost heart-shaped.

(5) *Chin.* Round and milk-white. Unspoiled by any blemishes.

(6) *Hair.* Dark with gleams of copper-gold, a lovely setting for an exquisitely fair complexion.

Lady Patricia's skin is indeed "like an English rose"—thanks to Pond's Creams containing the "skin-vitamin," she declares.

What Pond's Creams have done for her complexion they can do for yours! For the "skin-vitamin" is the substance on which skin-beauty largely depends. And Pond's Creams now put a supply of this important substance directly into your skin from the outside!

To transform a dull, blemished complexion into one that is clear, smooth and beautiful, use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse and soften your skin, and Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day to protect and hold your powder on smoothly. By so doing you help your skin to rebuild its tissues so that it becomes clearer, finer, smoother than ever before!

GLAMOROUS grand-daughter of the famous Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in 1914, Lady Patricia French was one of the last season's outstanding débutantes. Her daily beauty-care is simply regular use of Pond's Creams. "Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin' are really marvellous," she asserts. "I'd used them only a few weeks when I could see the difference in my complexion. It's finer-textured and my skin is clearer, better in colour and seems so much healthier."

Beautiful hands-

-and a flawless complexion thanks to Larola

Tone the delicate skin-tissues of your face and hands with Larola—and you will have a sure "beauty-defence" against the aggressions of Autumn winds and cold wintry snaps. Larola makes and *keeps* the skin delightfully smooth, prevents roughness, redness and chaps and thus adds immeasurably to your beauty, charm and comfort. **A.R.P. Wardens . . . women on munitions and other war workers will find Larola a wonderful protection for the complexion and for keeping the hands soft, white and smooth.** *Write for free Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"*

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4 Vanishing, greaseless, sweet-smelling
5 Easier to use—no waiting to dry

Arrid *6d. and 1/11 a jar*

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

ceiling; these are my pets—aren't they sweet?" She showed him a collection of china animals on the mantelpiece.

He picked up the animals one by one; a pig, a toad, a monkey, a dog; all the time he was edging nearer to the dressing-table. Face creams, jar of cosmetics, a big powder bowl, a scent spray, silver-backed hair brushes. His eyes swept over the collection. As for Lucilla Tracy—well, a man in her bedroom did not throw her into confusion. So much was clear. Whether she was quaking inwardly he could not tell. If she suspected why he was there, she could not do anything. Her best chance was to stall him and hope that he would leave the house. That was how Sir Walter read the situation. Also he had to admit that her behaviour was consistent with a clear conscience.

He picked up the scent spray on her dressing-table, squeezed the mesh-covered bulb and sniffed: "That is the scent you have got on now?"

She laughed gaily. "You ought to know."

Those dark eyes were watching him, weighing him up, trying to read what was in his mind. He could not make her out. Why didn't she try to get him out of her room?

He said: "You know it is a great treat for me to be allowed to see a lady's bedroom."

"I shouldn't have thought so."

"I'm an old bachelor." He picked up another bottle: "What have you got in this?"

"Let me see," she stepped forward, unhurried, holding out her hand.

Before she could take the bottle, Sir Walter unscrewed the top and put his nose to the bottle. It was the scent impregnated with jasmine that he had smelt upon the order for bulbs!

"That is not the scent you are using now," he said, screwing the top back and putting the bottle on the dressing-table.

"It is not so nice, is it?" Lucilla Tracy said. "Let's go in the other room." She turned to pick up the tumbler of whisky and water which she had set down. As she did so Sir Walter snatched up the bottle of jasmine scent and dropped it in his pocket.

He remained chatting in the sitting-room for a quarter of an hour, then said he must leave.

"Come again," said Lucilla. "I told you I like men with brains."

As he walked towards a taxi he thought: She will find out I have taken that bottle. I must act at once.

PROFESSOR ROCK was brought down from his bed to receive his visitor. Sir Walter laid Mrs. Tracy's bottle of scent on the table. "You told me if I brought you a sample of Mrs. Tracy's secret ink you could analyse it and discover the reagent."

The professor unscrewed the stopper and smelled the contents. "Scent!" he exclaimed.

Inspiration

"The same that is on this paper," Sir Walter held out the order form for bulbs. "I understand that scent is a very common way of carrying secret ink."

"Give me half an hour," said the professor.

SIR WALTER returned to his house. He found Colonel Hunt waiting for him in his library.

"I say, I've been here ages," the staff officer began.

"Very sorry; I couldn't get back sooner, I've been taking care of a friend of yours, Mrs. Tracy."

"Lucilla! I left her at the Café de Paris; I was obliged to when I got your message."

"I know, I took her home."

"You!"

"Yes, nice bedroom she has got."

The staff officer looked closely at Sir Walter's eyes to see if he had been drinking.

"And bewitching scent," Sir Walter added, "but, of course, I don't have to tell you that."

Colonel Hunt moved towards the door. "I'll talk to you when you are sober."

"Sit down. You will talk to me now. I want to ask some questions officially. How long have you known Mrs. Tracy?"

Sir Walter's changed tone reminded Colonel Hunt who he was. "About a year," he said.

"Since you have been at the Air Ministry, in fact?"

"Yes."

"You occasionally take your work home with you."

"I have done."

"And you have also invited Mrs. Tracy to your flat?"

The colonel nodded.

"Thank you. Ah, there is the bell. I hope that is my friend Professor Rock. Help yourself to another drink." Sir Walter walked out into the hall.

He returned with Professor Rock, who had forgotten to put on his tie. The professor was talking excitedly. "A discovery of paramount importance, Sir Walter," he waved the bottle of scent.

"She doesn't use that kind when she is out with you, Hunt," Sir Walter said amiably, as he saw Colonel Hunt staring at the bottle.

The professor turned to the bewildered staff officer. "Their new ink! I've analysed it! I've found the reagent. Look!" He spread on the table the order for bulbs.

Some writing in a yellowish ink stood out on the paper crosswise. Sir Walter examined this writing. "So one hundred of our latest bombers are being dispatched to Singapore on Monday, Colonel Hunt!"

The colonel's mouth opened, but he said nothing. Sir Walter crossed over to his telephone. Wretchedly Colonel Hunt watched his index finger dial the same number three times. Nine! Nine! Nine!

END

How to Enjoy the Country Now

(*Continued from page 29*)

won't suffer much from your honest toil with a spade, if you "wash" them in olive oil before putting on your gardening gloves, and again after work, before washing your hands with soap and water.

Hair presents a problem, I know. But rather than let an untried, unrecommended local hairdresser cut your hair, let it grow long. If necessary change the style to suit the length. Curl the ends yourself—brush the hair off the face, and hold it in place with snood or combs. Or roll it back off the face, tuck the ends in and arrange a roll-up at the back.

You will naturally modify your make-up considerably in the country. A good foundation, however, is a beauty necessity. A new liquid cream powder-base affords complete protection against weather and needs the minimum amount of powder to give a *soignée* finish. Burnt Sugar is one of the newest make-up colours and is particularly good with tweeds.

What with this and that, you won't find time hanging heavily on your hands any more, but if you can make it, why not set yourself a Plan for Beauty, along with your other plans? Here is a suggestion:

MONDAY: *Hair.*—Scalp massage with special tonic. Brushing.

TUESDAY: *Hands and Feet.*—Massage with a good oil or special cream. Pedicure; manicure.

WEDNESDAY: *Neck and Arms.*—Treatment first with softening, then with bleaching cream; exercises.

THURSDAY: *Face.*—A full facial following the routine of your favourite beauty parlour, with a face mask and half an hour's complete relaxation, as a part of it.

FRIDAY.—Beauty treatment for all your toilet accessories, bottles, brushes, combs, etc.

SATURDAY.—Traditionally bath night in the country. Make it a luxury bath, finishing with a salt or alcohol rub.

Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

force of an impelling human drama and John Brophy recounts it with a power of recreation which fascinates as surely as one of Shakespeare's own tragedies.

And so the tale of Shakespeare's life and times is told until we find him in retirement at Stratford.

Here, Ben Jonson comes to visit him and bring him news of the "Town."

At their last "merry meeting" Shakespeare contracts a "feavour" of which he dies. The deathbed scene, with a new view of the notorious provision in the will for Anne Hathaway, makes a poignant conclusion to an unforgettable story.

A critical postscript is appended which, chapter by chapter, distinguishes what has been invented from what is recorded fact, and traces the historical origins of almost every episode.

IT was, I suppose, Arnold Bennett who first made us consciously aware of the teeming individualities of hotel life; and then—in a different manner—Vicki Baum.

Now, from The Bodley Head comes "Life Class," by Ludwig Bemelmaus (8s. 6d.), illustrated by the author.

Here is a book rich in experience by an author richly gifted with self-expression.

Ludwig Bemelmaus is well known as an author and illustrator, particularly in the United States of America.

Born in a small Bavarian town, the greater part of his early life was spent in hotels, first as a waiter and subsequently as one of the banqueting managers of the snoop New York Hotel Splendide—a field of endeavour rich not only in tips but in experience, and the "life class" of which he now writes so entertainingly.

Behind the potted palms and the service doors, a luxury hotel has a personality which its guests never see.

It is a freemasonry which recognizes no nationality and no geography, and where a waiter, if he is clever, lives on caviare and champagne.

Under Bemelmaus's deft and friendly and ironical pen the personalities behind the familiar tail-coat and "dickey" come to life: Otto Brauhaus, whose ruthlessness as a disciplinarian was constantly undone by his softness of heart; Monsieur Victor, who learned bad manners from his best customers; above all, the charming Mr. Sigsag, whose life was divided between his daily labours and his motor boat. . . .

They are all sketched for us with a shrewdness and humour which reveal the author's own very likeable personality.

"HUDSON Rejoins the Herd," by Claude Houghton (Collins & Co., 7s. 6d.), is as fine a piece of writing as I have come across this year.

Delicate handling of a sensitive theme distinguishes what might so easily have been mere sensationalism.

Stephen Hudson—no relation, by the way, to the Stephen Hudson published by Constable and the Cresset Press—writes his story in a London nursing home, after being shot by a famous financier, Otto Steele, in the flat of a notorious actress, Joanna Held.

For weeks, Hudson was on the frontier of death. For months he is isolated from the world in his nursing home.

This book is the record of his return to life.

Slowly, from that long illness which is like a monastery where time abdicates, he gropes his way back into contact with the outside world; comes back from a vast interior universe to rejoin the herd of the living.

And the most overwhelming experience of that return journey is—childhood. So it is not the last tragic meeting between him and Joanna and Steele which confronts Hudson on his way back to the world. It is the *first* meeting of the three of them—years and years ago, at a children's dance in a country hotel.

From that first meeting are built up the lives of Steele, Joanna (*Continued on page 72*)

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.....

BLOCK LETTERS

and Hudson. And always, luring the reader on from page to page as Hudson picks up the threads of the story, there is the tantalising question: What was the true story, the inner story, of that shooting drama in Joanna's flat?

The question is as tantalising to Stephen Hudson as it is to the reader. His illness had cut him off from the world. He does not know, any more than the reader, what happened after Steele attempted to murder him; nor does he know the subtleties of Otto's relationships with Joanna; nor can he understand Joanna's strange behaviour.

Some tremendous truth, the key to the whole story, is hidden from him, though he is scarcely aware of this, as he discovers one fact after another. Till finally the truth—and the whole truth—about that last tragic meeting is revealed: a truth for which Stephen Hudson was completely unprepared.

IN "To Step Aside" (Heinemann & Co., 7s. 6d.), Noel Coward makes his first appearance as a writer of fiction and it really is nothing short of devastating to find him just as facile in this as he has proved himself to be as a writer of plays and lyrics—in which his prolificacy is matched only by his versatility.

Everything he writes leaves me with an uncomfortable feeling that I have just seen a literary rabbit deftly whisked out of a literary hat.

Coward is so sickeningly *clever*! Still, one must hand it to him—his stories are good reading.

In this book, which contains seven short stories, he is seen in varying mood and he never fails to interest.

URSULA BLOOM has previously given us seven novels, in addition to two books of autobiography and three of travel.

Her new novel, "These Roots Go Deep" (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.), is a worthy successor to those which went before.

It is the story of three generations and of the roots of a family going deep into the soil on which that family lived and loved and suffered and joyed.

Helen came to Whitelawne as a bride, and loved it because it was George's home, and here he had been born and reared, with the sweet smell of the narcissi drifting in through the window.

Carolyn was born at Whitelawne as her father had been, but in her these traits were intensified.

Helen had loved Fabian in a mad moment, Carolyn repeated the adventure when she fell in love with Jude, the Cornish fisherman in the little bay.

But neither of these two loved in the way that Gee did. Carolyn's only son was the fruit of much that had gone before. He wanted to do the great deed which his mother always predicted for him, and tried to climb the *Kurgelwand*, if only to prove to her that he could.

He failed. He lost faith then, a faith he only found again in the last pages of the book, when suddenly he made a courageous gesture to the world. "You see," said his mother, "his roots were strong."

READERS who remember March Cost's "A Man Named Luke" will know how skilfully this author clothes an aloof perception in commonplace habiliment.

This characteristic is present also in the same author's new novel "The Dark Star" (Collins & Co., 8s. 6d.).

The Dark Star is a double star, and this is the story of an actor and an actress of the present day who were bound by a closer tie than the stage on which they shone.

The first half of the book discloses the man as he saw himself, with all his imperfections upon him. The second half reveals the illumined image, the man as the woman who loved him saw him.

The story starts in the present and ends in the present, but during Fanny Wreath's illness, when she lies unconscious, she traces from antiquity the racial as well as the spiritual history of Eden Loring, the greatest living actor of her day.

Embodied in her passionate pilgrimage is the history of the theatre itself, from time immemorial.

In this vision she foresees not only her own death, a few years hence, but his, forty years after, when fame has dwindled to a name upon the floor of Westminster Abbey, and the words of his mother, herself long dead, alone give light to this extinguished scene. "We are all double stars in the last resort . . . this is the celestial dispensation. We go wheeling through time and space, for ever convoyed by God. Love is the Dark Star."

NO contemporary writer can command the power of suggestion more certainly than Frank Swinnerton.

It is well that this should be so, for he is much concerned with those human emotions which are most forcefully presented by implication.

The scene of his new novel, "The Two Wives" (Hutchinson & Co., 8s. 6d.), is laid chiefly in London. The book is a dramatic story in which, as the title indicates, the characters of two women are powerfully contrasted, and in which the strengths and weaknesses of a man of exceptional calibre are incisively presented.

Those many readers who enjoyed Mr. Swinnerton's "Harvest Comedy" will find in his new book similar plot and sympathy; but whereas that novel was a chronicle ranging over fifty years of time, the visible action of "The Two Wives" belongs to the present day.

It is distinguished by many passages of deep feeling and will rank as one of the best stories Mr. Swinnerton has ever given us.

HAZLITT said: "Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroical aspect."

I am reminded of this by "The Elephant is White," by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), for the background to this fascinating story is a small Russian cabaret in Paris with a diverting clientele of the new poor.

At the back of the premises is a club-room—the headquarters of the White Elephant Club.

Its walls boast a framed regulation:

WORKERS STAY OUT!

The way in which the irresponsible White Elephants manage to reconcile their cardinal rule, "Thou shalt do No Work," with their luxurious manner of living is the story of this wholly delectable novel.

Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon have already attracted a large body of readers on both sides of the Atlantic with their two Stroganoff books, "A Bullet in the Ballet" and "Casino for Sale."

Here they show that they do not require a Russian ballet nor a carpet of corpses to exploit their individual high spirits.

Undoubtedly "The Elephant is White" will add much to their already enviable reputation as care banishers.

FOR a really breathless narrative, commend me to Barry Perowne's new book "The Girl on Zero" (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.).

The excitement actually began for Dr. Roy Torridon at Port Said, when Mary Brookby embarked on the *Ranpore* with her uncle, the Hon. Lionel Brookby, and three luscious ladies of his smart night club at Nice.

But it was not until they reached Marseilles that the real "fun" began.

On the way to pawn his medical instruments—for he was dead broke—Torridon was first knocked on the head by a burly Senegalese, then was made a most astounding offer by the mysterious M. Gouverne, a fellow-passenger from Port Said.

The proposition involved pearls and the gaming-rooms at Monte Carlo—and as Monte Carlo is next-door to Nice (and, so, to Mary) the doctor accepted.

What lay behind M. Gouverne's offer, the grim perils in which it involved Torridon, the part Mary played, are told in an enthralling story which is easily the best Barry Perowne has yet given us.

END

Mayfair Melody (*Continued from page* 39)

my capital Hubert had gone off with three thousand odd pound cheque, and Paula had got herself five hundred.

I stood there by the telephone and I was very near to tears. I realised that it would be impossible for me to do such a thing to people who were *my* friends; that I would rather have died than done *anything* like that either to Hubert or to Paula. I felt quite awful. Absolutely slain with sorrow and anger.

I went into the sitting-room and mixed myself a double Martini. I realised I'd got to think.

AT seven o'clock I had an idea. I dressed rather carefully and strolled along to the Silver Bar. I bought a cocktail and began to pass the time of day with Harold the barman. After a bit I said:

"Tell me, Harold . . . you remember saying something a week or so ago about the detective who was making inquiries about gaming parties in Mayfair. Do you know who he is?"

Harold looked round rather secretively, then he said:

"Yes, I do, sir. He's Detective-Sergeant Martin, and he's sitting over there in the corner, reading the newspaper."

That was a bit of luck. I finished my drink and strolled over to the corner table. The detective bird looked up at me and I said:

"Look here . . . here's rather a funny situation. My name's Wilfred Fettingwell and last night I was at a little gambling party and I saw a fellow win a whole lot of money by cheating. He had a gadget up his sleeve and dealt himself cards from it when he wanted to. What ought I to do?"

I sat down and signalled for drinks.

The detective asked me if I knew the man's name and I told him I did. I told him the man was Hubert Tolquhart. He made a note of it. Then he asked me if there had been any one else at the party whom I regarded as being suspicious.

I said well . . . possibly. I told him how much Greening had lost, and I said that there had also been a woman there who might have been an accomplice of Tolquhart's. I said that I didn't know her name and that I hadn't seen her about Mayfair very much, but that possibly I could find out for him.

The detective fellow was awfully nice. He said that he was obliged for the information about Tolquhart and that if I could find out the name of the woman he'd be glad to have it. He said that there were all sorts of complaints going about regarding crooked gambling in the neighbourhood.

I said I'd do my best to find out for him and, if I was successful, I would telephone him at Vine Street which was, apparently, his headquarters. He gave me a card and the telephone number and I went off.

By this time I was feeling a bit better. I was getting over my shocking disappointment about Hubert and Paula. I went back to the flat and had a drink and at nine o'clock I telephoned Paula at The White Owl.

"Look here, Paula," I said. "I've been thinking about things and I've come to the conclusion that Hubert's an absolute crook. I had a bit of a struggle with myself, but I've done what I consider to be my duty. I've been to the police."

"Oh, have you?" she said. "And what did you tell them, Wilfred?"

"Well . . ." I answered. "I've told them about the party and about Greening losing all that money and how Hubert cheated with that gadget of his. They asked me who else was there and I said that there

was a woman there who, I thought, was a friend of Hubert's."

Paula said, in a rather strained voice:

"You didn't mention *my* name, Wilfred, did you?"

"No," I said, "I haven't done that . . . not yet. I've been thinking about our telephone conversation of this afternoon, Paula, and I knew that you couldn't be serious about not letting me have that three hundred. So I thought I'd telephone you once more before speaking to the detective officer. I shall probably be ringing him to-night."

"I see," she said. There was a little pause, and then she went on: "You know, Wilfred, I've been thinking things over since I spoke to you earlier to-day and I came to the conclusion that I ought to let you have some of the money that Greening gave me. It would be the fair thing to do. So if you like to come round here I'll give it to you."

I said: "Well Paula, I'm fearfully glad you've come to that conclusion because I think you're only doing what's really morally right. I'll come along and collect it."

I got into a cab and dashed round to The White Owl and saw Paula. She gave me the money in an envelope. I told her that, of course, under *no* circumstances would I mention her name to the police now that she had done the right thing by me.

We drank a couple of Martinis and then I went off. I felt that I wanted to be alone, that things had been a bit too much for me during the last twenty-four hours. I wanted to forget about Hubert and what a complete and utter outsider he'd been.

I went back to my flat to see if there was any post. Two letters were waiting for me. One was a bill and the other was from the bank. The letter from the bank said that a cheque drawn by me on my account which had been closed, as I knew, a fortnight before, had been presented for payment, that the cheque was for two hundred pounds and that although the handwriting was similar to mine the signature was incorrect, the cheque having been signed "W. G. Fettingwell," instead of with my usual signature "Wilfred G. Fettingwell."

I must say I grinned to myself. I felt rather pleased—having regard to Hubert's conduct—that I'd signed the cheque in that odd way. I felt glad I'd protected myself.

I wrote a note to the bank and said that I knew nothing about the cheque. That I was not the sort of person who would write out a cheque on an account that was closed, and that the fact was proved by the incorrect signature. I said that I had missed my old cheque-book a few days before and hadn't worried about the fact because I knew the account was closed, but that now I had reason to believe that the cheque had been stolen by one, Hubert Tolquhart, who, I thought, was wanted by the police.

I sealed down the envelope, stamped the letter, had another Martini and went out. I was feeling better. After all, one must be of good cheer, one must be gay, even in the face of adversity and even if one's friends do let one down.

I posted the letter at a pillar box and strolled along to Gustavo's to dine. I made a good dinner and drank a bottle of excellent champagne. I felt rather bucked when I paid my bill with one of Paula's new five-pound notes.

I remembered reading somewhere or other—in the days when I used to read—that one must be greater than circumstances. I had a definite feeling that I had been greater than circumstances.

I had just lit a cigarette and was wandering out of Gustavo's when someone spoke to me. It was the police fellow—Detective-Sergeant Martin.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, quite affably. "But I'd be very glad if you'd come along to Vine Street. The D.D.I. would like to ask you a few questions!"

I asked why. I asked why the deuce the D.D.I.—whatever that might mean—should want to question me.

He explained that D.D.I. meant Divisional Detective-Inspector. Then he produced some quite shattering news. (*Continued on page 74*)

Here it is . . .

We say nothing, Milady, about this fragrance,

For no words yet coined can describe its heavenly appeal.

But your friends will know, when you wear it.

That here is the secret of youth and romance and beauty

Lovingly distilled into one brilliant new perfume.

SAVILLE'S

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He said that Greening was a crook, that he had been "working" Mayfair very successfully for the last three weeks, that the police had been after him for some time.

He also explained that he had been very interested in my conversation of earlier in the evening because Hubert *had* apparently tried to change the cheque that Greening had given him for his losses early that evening, that the cheque, the signature and the whole box of tricks was absolutely phony. They'd arrested Hubert at six o'clock on two other charges.

I said I was very pleased to hear it, but what had it to do with me. I was a little bit upstage with this policeman fellow. He was beginning to bore me.

He said that the notes I had just given in payment of my bill were counterfeit.

I was absolutely staggered. Then I recovered myself. I told him the truth. I asked him how was I to know that. That the notes had been given to me in payment of a debt by a woman friend, and that I was not to know that they were counterfeit.

He said that he was quite prepared to believe that, but that they had picked up the lady in question at The White Owl, three quarters of an hour ago, and she had stated that the notes had been given to her by Greening, and that she had handed some of them to me.

I said that was quite in order, but I still failed to see what *I* had done. Of course I was prepared to make good the bad notes I had given Gustavo's, and that I thought his attitude in asking me to go to Vine Street was definitely rude and that I objected to it.

He said that he was sorry about that, but that the D.D.I. wished to talk to me about another little matter. That there was in fact a definite charge to be made against me.

I told him I thought he was being *rather* amusing and that I would very much like to know what the charge was.

Then he said that he was charging me with uttering a cheque signed in a false signature, on an account which I knew to be closed, and being accessory to Hubert in cashing it.

I said, rubbish . . . utter rubbish! That I had earlier received a letter from the bank about the cheque; that I had written and told them that I knew nothing about it; that whoever had written it had not even used my correct signature and that I was certain that Hubert Tolquhart had done it.

He said quite pleasantly:

"I'm afraid you'll have to explain that to the D.D.I., sir. You see, your friend, Miss Paula Meraulton, has definitely stated that she saw *you* write out the cheque, and is prepared to swear to that fact. Would you like to take a cab, sir, or will you walk?"

D'YOU wonder that I feel bitter. My solicitor says that he thinks I'll be rather lucky—all things considered. That I shall probably get off with six months in the second division. Of course the police have trumped up some other rubbishy charges against me.

I suppose I've only myself to blame. I trusted Paula and I trusted Hubert. I thought they were my friends and I thought they were loyal and decent. Well, they've let me down.

I suppose the Press will call me another "Mayfair man." Whereas in fact, as you will plainly understand, I am just a rather sentimental sort of ass who's been badly let down by his best friend and a girl he thought the world of.

END

Britain Goes to War (*Continued from page* 17)

earnest, but we understand that the work will be pretty grisly.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

The hospital staff forgather at the breakfast table. The Sunday papers are on the sideboard. In order to liven up the meal I begin to read Mr. Lyndoe aloud, but with the first words it is clear that he is no longer looking at the stars through a rose-coloured telescope. At eleven o'clock we cluster round the wireless and we are told that the Prime Minister will make his statement at 11.15 a.m. From the announcer's voice you know that Mr. Chamberlain is going to tell us that we are at war. Eleven-fifteen finds Sister Jones, Sister Benson, Sister Robertson, Miss Brand and myself in Sister Benson's room. While Mr. Chamberlain is speaking I can almost believe that we are in the room with him, and that he is talking to his wife rather than addressing a nation. Robertson holds her knitting in gear, but the needles are quite still; Benson takes her reading glasses off her nose and taps them very gently on her knee; Miss Brand continues darning her dress and the needle moves along evenly; Jones looks out into the distance—maybe backwards to the last war when she lost a brother, or out to sea where she has another brother in the Merchant Service whose whereabouts is unknown to his family just now. And so we are at war. The uncertainty of the last ten days is over. We know where we stand and it is as damned an uncomfortable place as you could wish for. A minute later the house phone rings and the hall girl says that Kemp, our chauffeur, has called to tell me good-bye, and is downstairs in the hall. He is on his way to join the Irish Guards. I say a few words to him, we shake hands, and I wish him the best of luck. In five minutes I am back in Sister Benson's room, and just as I am about to sit down the most unholy row tears through the air. It starts like a banshee wail and increases in volume to a screaming crescendo, pauses, and begins to wail again. We look at each other incredulously.

"That can't be an air-raid warning!"

"He can't have started already."

"Yes, by jove, it is."

"Really, the man's manners are deplorable. He might least have allowed a decent interval before he began a raid."

We all dive into our rooms to grab our gas masks. The others collect their work and knitting, I pick up a book, and in no time at all every one is collected in the basement passage. All the A.R.P. helpers in their white overalls are lined up one end; the hospital staff is at the other end of the passage. The house surgeon arrives with his portable wireless, which continues to play a lilting Viennese waltz. Various officials pass along the passage checking up members of the staff, and in five minutes a collection of small boys, who have somehow got into the building, are standing with their backs to the wall saying nothing and looking rather smug. After a time more sirens blow, and now the note is one long blast, and I realise that the first hideous row must have been the famous "warbling" note. Charles and I both get home for luncheon. I ask my parlourmaid if the servants followed my instructions and am assured that they did. Charles tells me that an old lady walked up to another woman in the street and said politely, "Can you tell me why the factories are working on Sunday? The factory sirens seem to be making *such* a noise." In the streets every one is carrying their gas masks, and two-thirds of the men are wearing a smart line in steel helmets, many of them marked "police." I go on duty again after lunch. This time we collect in the residency to listen to the King's speech. We move a certain amount of stock; the out-patients' department is being torn to pieces by gangs of workmen; pipes are being run along various walls for gas decontamination, and the entire place looks as if a bomb had already fallen on it—there is so much junk strewn about. I go home to dinner, and the car is ordered for nine o'clock to take me back to the hospital.

In sisters' quarters we go to bed about midnight. At ten minutes to three a.m. a great many things wake me up. Outside the "warbling" siren is doing its damnedest. Inside, the fire bell is echoing down the long passage, and Sister Benson is saying loudly, "Come on, get up and be quick about it." By the time I open my eyes I am standing in the middle of the floor wondering what the hell has happened. I grab a dressing-gown and a torch, put on my bedroom slippers, start to go downstairs then remember my gas mask. Sister Jones is already out; so is Sister Benson, who seems wide awake. Sister Robertson is having a fearful struggle with her pyjamas, which she has put on hind side before, and is trying to straighten. Hardly have we started down the steps than she remembers her knitting, and then we all get going. This time the hospital staff park itself in the maids' sitting-room at the end of the basement passage, leaving the passage to the A.R.P. crowd. Hardly have we got settled than somebody comes in saying, "There is an expectant mother outside." They seem to take it for granted that Sister Benson, who in the ordinary course of events is sister in charge of the out-patients' department, will deal with this awkward situation. She disappears and returns presently with a young woman accompanied by three other women. Four of us hand them over our chairs. The three "friends" look as if they might be sea-sick at any moment. The expectant mother appears to be very placid. Benson says to her, "When do you expect the baby, Mrs.," and Mrs. replies cheerfully, "Any minute now." It must be nearly quarter-to-four before the "all-clear" sirens get under way. The expectant mother and her friends go home and we go back to bed. Hardly have we settled down to sleep than there is a pattering of feet and an agitated A.R.P. helper taps on our doors saying, "Another raid warning has come through." We struggle up wearily, saying, "Surely she has made a mistake. There are no sirens and there is no fire bell." All the same we start downstairs and by the time we get to the front hall it seems perfectly clear that there is a false alarm. When we get back to bed it is half-past four.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

During the morning I go down to the dispensary as Miss Brand says she would like some bleach ointment made up. While I am standing in front of a little window mixing the tropical bleach powder into soft white paraffin, a flippant voice says, "Hello, beautiful, what are you doing?" and I look up to see two young workmen standing at the passage window opposite to mine. "I am mixing bleach ointment to put on you two when you get burnt with mustard gas," I inform them cheerfully. They look a little crestfallen. "Is that a good thing?" one asks in a doubtful voice. "I couldn't tell you," I say, "all I know is that it has to be taken off in three minutes after it is put on or it will burn you more severely than the mustard gas." Silence, and I look up to find the window empty. After lunch we pack dressings, lint, bandages, cotton wool and large boxes and slings of various kinds in other boxes ready for use.

The blackout is so successful that Charles and I escape death by a whisker when he tries to walk me back to the hospital after I have dined at home. All cinemas and theatres are closed now, with the result that the pubs are doing a roaring trade. Sisters' quarters look out on a side street, where young men and women are singing "Tipperary" and all the old war songs. Their voices sound extraordinarily loud coming out of the dark. When we go out to post letters

we go in twos because this is a rough part of London. It is so dark that we cannot see any one until we have bumped into them.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

I am off duty in the morning and walk home in the sunshine. An old man runs across the road and catches me by the arm. "Please, nurse, can you come to the other side of the street—a young woman has fainted." I go with him and find a harassed young temporary policeman standing by a fat, white-faced young woman who informs us boastfully that she is about to have a fit and, furthermore, that she refuses to go to hospital or allow any one to send for an ambulance. I take her pulse and arrange her in such a position that she can have her fit comfortably, after which I take the young policeman aside out of earshot and tell him to send for an ambulance as soon as possible. When I arrive home I get out of uniform for the first time since last Friday and go out shopping. On duty again after lunch with no work to cheer us. Ill children keep on arriving in the out-patients' hall with their mothers, and we have to send them on to a distant clinic. We get to bed about 11.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

I wake up early, look at my watch, and see that the time is ten minutes to six. Think to myself, "It is too late for them to raid us now," and then remember that this is just the hour they began to raid Poland last Friday. Drop off into a sound sleep to be awakened an hour later by our friend the "warbling" siren. Tumble out of bed, thrust feet into American "shocks," which I bought in New York at Christmas, never realising that they were just made for air raids. Slip on a dressing gown, grab gas mask box, and off we go again. The maids' basement sitting-room is rather chilly this morning. Nurse Mary and I decide to wear coats instead of dressing gowns in future raids. We sit chattering for about half an hour and as nothing seems to be going on, we fade quietly away to our rooms to get into uniform. When we come down again, Nurse Joan and Nurse Mary are dealing with a fainting woman in the out-patients' hall. She has two friends with her. One holds a nine-months'-old child in her arms. Presently two temporary policemen who decanted the woman there in the first place come back to see how she is. I run into them at the out-patients' gate. One is decidedly flirtatious and I suppress a giggle and wish that Charles could see me being ogled by an auxiliary constable, or whatever this lad is. The women remain where they are and the police disappear again.

At nine o'clock the "all-clear" signals sound and we are at last able to get breakfast. Later on in the morning I am off duty. Two friends of ours arrive up from the country and we go to lunch at "Prunier's." On duty again at three o'clock. The front hall telephone has to be "manned" to-night by the nursing staff, as the porters, who have been doing this job, collapsed during the course of the day from lack of sleep. Sister Benson and I take the first shift from 8 p.m. till two-thirty in the morning, and Sister Robertson and Nurse Mary the second shift from two-thirty till 8 a.m. There must be two of us for each shift—one to answer the telephone and the other to run round the building with the fire bell. Every time the telephone rings the person on duty picks up the receiver and says, "Children's Hospital." If the operator is giving an air-raid warning she says, "Air raid warning red." The person on duty repeats, "Air raid warning red received," and the second person starts at a hand canter ringing the fire bell—first in the main building to wake matron, the resident A.R.P. doctor, and the secretary; then along to sisters' quarters and out to the nurses' home, and after that, along to the out-patients' hall to warn the A.R.P. staff on duty. We sit reading. I study a gas pamphlet and the time passes very quickly. When we eventually get to bed we realise that we have been up for twenty-one hours, and I, for one, sleep like a top. (*Continued on page 76*)

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Study the grey leaflet marked "War Emergency Information and Instructions," which appeared on Monday. It seems full of information—starts by warning us to pay no attention to rumours; tells us we should wear identity labels; describes the various air-raid warnings; lighting restrictions; fire precautions and method of dealing with incendiary bombs; instructions to drivers of vehicles and cyclists; closing of cinemas, theatres and places of entertainment; closing of schools; evacuation information; food supplies; payment of pensions and separation allowances; National Health Insurance; and telephones and telegrams are also dealt with. A little friendly note is thrown in at the end in large type: "Do not take too much notice of noise in an air raid. Much of it will be the noise of our own guns dealing with the raiders. Keep a good heart; we are going to win through." Off duty from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and home for dinner from 7 to 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

By now the sandbag gang have almost finished work. There are tunnels of sandbags in front of the dispensary door, the out-patients' entrance, and the front door. Sandbags are banked outside various windows and carpets of sandbags have appeared on different roofs. Passage windows are painted black and backed with brown paper; black curtains are hung over the windows in every room and ward. Newspaper and black paint blocks out the top and sides of the windows where "pencils" of light leak through. All windows have Cellophane gummed to the glass, which is backed by a wire netting. Black shades have been put up on every light, and if we move from one part of the building to another, we have to take a torch with us. Outside the nights are more hopelessly black than anything you could ever imagine. This business of "standing by," with next to no work to do, is really very trying. Sister Robertson and Sister Jones are waiting for a buff-coloured envelope marked "O.H.M.S.," which will call them back to the territorial nursing force. I seem to be the only person in the whole building who sleeps well.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Charles and I catch a ten-twenty-five morning train to Etchingham. A car meets us and takes us on to Burwash, where we spend the day with my mother and father, our evacuated Dachshunds, Dolly the cat, and our housemaid, who is looking after our "refugees" while she is taking a Red Cross course of lectures. It is the most gloriously warm, sunny day, and "Keylands," the charming little house that Mrs. Kipling has lent my family, is the nicest place to spend a war in that you could hope to see. The garden and country round are so peaceful that they are a perfect antidote to wartime London. The hay is still waiting to be taken in from two fields near the house. Charles lazes about in the garden, dozing and sunning himself; mother and I take the dogs for a walk. The housemaid wishes to come back to London with us in order that she may get some clothes which she did not have a chance to pack when she came away. Charles and I seize the excuse to bring both dogs home for a few days. We assure mother piously that we wouldn't be so selfish as to expect her to house the animals while the housemaid was not there to look after them. None of the trains are lighted so that by the time we draw into Charing Cross it is quite dark. The platform is littered with troops. The men look like bulky shadows in the dark. They are all singing at the tops of their voices.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Derek comes up to London for the day from the town where his battalion is quartered. He is wearing his new uniform and I rather like the look of his decorations, although I have forgotten what the various little coloured ribbons represent. He and Charles and I take the dogs for a walk in Regent's Park.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Sister Jones has been called up and leaves directly after breakfast to catch an early train down to the big army hospital. The out-patients' hall now resembles the Hampton Court maze all done in canvas. There are canvas walls and canvas passages; various walls have been knocked down, and pipes and sprays, sheets of corrugated iron, and troughs of tarpaulin have been rigged up for gas decontamination. Boots and yellow oilskins are arranged for the staff dealing with decontamination. Rows of grey jerseys, grey slacks and canvas shoes of various sorts are draped over benches for the patients to wear after they have been stripped and decontaminated. Notices are put up directing people to male casualty departments and female casualty departments. Doors and passages are blocked to prevent gas escaping into other parts of the building.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

The A.R.P. canteen having commandeered the basement, the hospital staff has now moved up to the medical ward floor and we have our meals in a small ward, which is very homely and much more light and airy than anything we have been accustomed to. The routine of the day proceeds like clockwork. We breakfast together. After breakfast the two remaining sisters, myself, and the two nurses go up to our rooms to make our beds and dust our rooms. I am off duty from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and on duty from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. when I go home to dinner. I have been trying to get back again by eight or eight-fifteen in order to avoid the dangers of the blackout. We listen to the news at nine, go up to sisters' quarters at about ten, and get to bed at half-past eleven.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

It is decided that we cannot keep on our dispenser, as there is not enough work for her to do. So Miss Brand, like a great many other people, will have to go round looking for another job to carry her through the duration of the war. The skeleton staff begins to resemble the little nigger boys. We started at ten and are now down to six. In the evening Charles and I dine at the re-opening of the Café de Paris. Two-thirds of the men are in uniform and most of the women wear day clothes. There is a very jolly war atmosphere and "a good time is had by all."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

More cuts are taking place. Our two staff nurses have been told they must look for other work. When Sister Robertson is called up to rejoin the territorials there will be matron, Sister Benson and myself left. I hear from someone living in Paris that the hospitals there are already full of wounded and they can hear guns all day long. When off duty I look up my old Red Cross certificates and feel sorely tempted to apply again for active service abroad. With years of theatre, casualty, and surgical work back of me, I find it peculiarly difficult to possess my soul in patience and stand by doing nothing when so much work is going on in other places.

END

Hollywood Moves Out (*Continued from page 19*)

the right place for the sign would be just at the fork in the road that leads to the ranch homes of Clark Gable and his wife, of Robert Young and his partner in a riding stable business, Allan Jones. "Happy Valley" is definitely the fitting name for this vast sweeping stretch of land where people who spend their working hours giving us pleasure have now found a great deal of pleasure for themselves, in their hours of leisure.

But, goodness gracious me, how Hollywood has changed. Even in ten years there has been a right-about-face that is positively staggering. If any journalist had dared to write, ten years ago, that stars of the magnitude of those named above had made homes for themselves on ranches and farms, in the heart of the country, that journalist would have been given the horse laugh, good and strong.

For it was the aim and object of every star to be as sophisticated and luxurious, off the screen, as big bank rolls would permit. Gingham frocks and riding breeches and corned-beef hash for dinner?—never in a million years! Orchids, sables, oysters, caviare; soft lights and expensive meals at the town's smartest restaurants. That was the big idea. Make a lot of money, spend a lot more. Keep up appearances, no matter what the cost. The word "Hollywood," then, never meant "Home." Its chief meaning, in those days was display—in good or bad taste, depending on the individuals chiefly concerned.

But not now. The poor tourist, barging along Hollywood's main streets praying for a glimpse of his favourite star scooting into a shop or a restaurant, is right out of luck. Stars are scooting among their own orange trees, or grooming their own horses, or feeding their own chickens. Go to a small steak café or a hamburger stand anywhere along the main boulevards that pierce San Fernando Valley on its way north; and at the counters of these informal eateries you will find men and women dressed in simple country clothes, munching a grilled steak or a hamburger, and talking the language of farms and farmers.

Look quickly at their faces; and you will recognise, with a jolt, Mr. Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, arguing with Charlie Ruggles or swapping notes with Francis Lederer and Gary Cooper. It's a great game, and the stars play it with all their might. To me, it was a lot of fun to watch them dash for their cars when work came to an end. Dinner in town? No thanks; got to get back to the ranch, right away. Lots to be done there before the light goes. Drop in any time you're passing; our houseman puts up a swell dish of Boston baked beans and bacon. Always glad to see you. Excuse me, please; must be dashing. How far away is the ranch? Oh, around twenty-five to thirty miles. Can make it easily in half an hour; grand roads in the valley.

That is the way it goes, most evenings, when the stars agree to call it a day, as far as work is concerned. I heard somebody quoting a remark made long, long ago by somebody else whose name I have forgotten (if I ever knew it); the quotation was made at the time we drew up that formidable list of ranch owners' names. This is it: "You can send a country boy to the city, but you can't take the country out of the boy."

How true that is, in the case of people like Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper. Brought up and bred "on the land," all of them; interested in the things that belong to the open air more than in the artificialities that make up the life that has given them so much fame. And now going right back to it; back to live as they like best, away from bright lights and noise and clatter. Back to the good, clean air of the country, and the thrill of growing their own vegetables and fruit and owning their own stables.

My first introduction to a dyed-in-the-wool ranch home was at the delightful, though somewhat fantastically erratic, estate owned by Edward Everett Horton. Eddie calls his

far-flung lands "Belly-Acres"; he states, with solemnity, that he bought the land and built a succession of houses on it, tearing them down in turn and hurling up a new one, solely out of what the American public refers to as "belly laughs." So Eddie felt no other name was possible.

He throws wide open the front door of whichever house he is living in at the moment every Sunday morning, for breakfast. This meal, delicious and deliriously funny, takes place at noon; everything that is served is home made or home grown, except the champagne, which flows freely for those who prefer it to coffee. The largest strawberries in the world must be those grown by Mr. Horton.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have made their valley home in the ranch house that belonged to Barbara before their marriage. It is in Northridge, and consists of 150 acres, most of which are devoted to the breeding and selling of horses. Barbara and Mrs. Zeppo Marx are partners in the stables that belong to the Marwyck Ranch, and have done very well indeed in the two years or so that they have been leading their "horsy" life. Bob Taylor, who would far rather ride a horse than act a love scene for the camera, has seven thoroughbred horses of his own; he has brought them over from his own ranch, which is to be sold now that he is married to Miss Stanwyck.

They have four dogs, three cats, and a parrot that belongs to Barbara's adopted son, Dion. The house is a modified French farmhouse, with all its walls wood panelled inside. It is simple and unpretentious, with the plainest kind of furniture and glazed chintz curtains everywhere. The place is run by a staff of two, and in the stables there is a trainer and half a dozen stable lads. Bob won first prize at the Annual Riviera Club Horse Show recently with his Arabian thoroughbred, Rokhalad, and another blue ribbon with Tops MacDonald, best five-gaited exhibit.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard live in a ranch house that once belonged to Raoul Walsh. It is known to-day as The House of the Two Gables. It is partly white brick and partly white wood. It has green tiles on the roof and big windows wherever it is possible to put a window. Three shallow red brick steps lead from the drive to the front door, merging themselves into a sort of terrace, which is decorated with gay Spanish flower-pots, in vivid greens, scarlets and yellows. In those pots grow trailing geraniums, masking the white walls with their green and pink loveliness.

Like Eddie Horton, Clark attends regular weekly meetings of the city fathers who run the district; with them, assisted by the redoubtable Mr. Horton, he discusses taxes and irrigation and has been responsible for many improvements locally.

Carole Lombard, so glamorous and fragile on the screen, is a very active and energetic member of Hollywood's Valley colony. She wears riding breeches and a rough shirt, open at the throat; she has mastered the mysteries of milking a cow and knows all there is to know about dealing with a hay rick in the correct manner. A lot of her time is given to orange groves, lemon groves, avocado trees and to the vegetable garden in which she is growing all the lettuces, carrots, radishes, onions, spinach and cabbages that will find their way to the dinner table in The House of the Two Gables during the year. Clark and Carole are both push-overs for vegetables, and I don't think they will ever weary of saying, with smiles of pride, "Do try some of this spinach; we grew it ourselves!"

San Fernando Valley harbours other things aside from the ranch homes of the stars. For instance, there are three very large studios in existence in the valley at the moment, with a fourth—Walt Disney's new fifty-one acre emporium—fast reaching completion. And that will be the most modern thing in studios Hollywood has ever seen.

At the entrance to the valley, where Cahuenga Pass merges into Ventura Boulevard and starts to career north towards Santa Barbara, sits Universal City, one of the oldest and most (*Continued on page 78*)

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famous of Hollywood's studios. A little off the main road, to the right, is the immense plant where the films of Warner Brothers and First National are turned out, sprawling in the sunshine. Round those studios many of the stars who work there found homes, as long ago as 1928, when the valley was not nearly as much developed as it is now. Dick Powell, Warren William, Kay Francis, Patric Knowles (from England), and W. C. Fields of the cigar and the throaty voice all found the valley a peaceful spot in which to live. Al Jolson bought a ranch near Encino and promptly proceeded to find himself elected mayor of the little town. He holds that position still, and is very proud of it. Comedians, when they become mayors of even the smallest villages, take their jobs seriously.

Not far from the valley town called Sargus lies the vast ranch purchased by William S. Hart, celebrated two-gun hero of some of the finest Western films ever made. Mr. Hart bought his ranch nearly twenty years ago, and has lived there ever since. Harry Carey, another veteran of silent films, established his "Indian Trading Post" a little farther along the main boulevard beyond Sargus; I bought souvenirs at this picturesque shop only last March.

Tom Mix still owns his ranch at the western end of the valley; it is *the* show place of the district. At first, when the stars came to the valley, they stuck to the residential district near Warner Brothers Studios; that part of the valley is called Toluca Lake, and it was there Bing Crosby and his wife had their first home in Hollywood.

As for Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, their friends all say of them that you can't get the McCreas to Hollywood! They refuse to leave their lovely ranch—the ranch of which Joel had dreamed since his boyhood, where he could raise cattle and crops and live in the open air, riding over his own land on the back of a "cow-pony." He found his ranch —only a thousand acres of it, but that was enough for Joel McCrea. And for his wife, too. Forty-five miles from Hollywood might be over-much for her, he feared; but it was not. Like Joel, she had always longed, in secret, to live on a ranch—and here was her own particular dream come true.

With their two small sons they spend busy sunny days, running their own ranch and making it pay for itself, moreover, in cattle, pigs, horses and grain. For over a year now the McCrea ranch has been self-operating and self-supporting, with no outside capital required. Joel and his wife eat their own produce all the year through, and if they both left films tomorrow they would be able to live comfortably for the rest of their lives

Hollywood Moves Out

on the ranch they are so proud to call their home.

Robert Young and Allen Jones are great friends, and they share a passion for horses. So what did they do but start a stable of their own. They are doing very well with it, and as soon as the studio says they have finished for the day they dash to their stable in Bel Air to get busy among their horses. Yet when they go to the races they never, never find a winner—that's the way it goes, Bob Young asserts.

Don Ameche has bought a ranch at Reseda in the San Fernando Valley; he is building a typical old-style ranch house, with a big playground for his young sons and a large garden full of fruit and flowers, and plenty of horses. All Hollywood seems to be crazy over horses just now. It may be tame monkeys this time next year.

If things go on like this, Hollywood will soon be only another part of Los Angeles, while the valley will become the world's movie capital. As things are at present, it looks as though Hollywood, having moved out, intends to stay out. And who could blame the stars for their desire to get right back to the land?

END

The Tiger's Whisker (*Continued from page* 33)

through the white sun-drowned streets of Batavia. He was staying at the Hotel des Indes and therefore had considerable freedom of action. Sylvia's policy of live and let live left him freer still. His meeting with her in the famous *patisserie* of Ingebrandt was quite an accident. He saw the sumptous lacquer boxes of candy in the window and decided to take one to Ermina for his final interview. She had an undisciplined love of sweets which would finally ruin her exquisite figure. But that was her own affair, he decided, if she valued the treasure so little.

Sylvia recognised the swing of his shoulders and the debonair tilt of his hat. She left the crowded cake counter and touched his arm. "My angel Walt, seeing you never eat sweets yourself, I hope that preposterous present is not for me."

He jumped, unpoised for the moment by a guilty embarrassment. "Why shouldn't it be, my angel Sylvia?"

"Because, though I like candy as well as the next girl, I eat it in monastic moderation —as becomes a lady with a critical male to please."

Her blue eyes were screwed up with mirth and her oddly placed dimples showed at the corners of her lower lip. Walter had a mad impulse to kiss her right there in the shop. He was so happy and so carefree and she looked so flower-fresh. He did not obey the impulse. He took her elbow and impelled her to one of the few free coffee tables and sat down. He could not endure to lose her, and there was no knowing what a disappointed Ermina might do. Perhaps half the truth now would spare him the consequences of a possible whole. He put the big square parcel on a chair beside them. "Of course it isn't for you. It's for a lady with whom I've had rather a strange misunderstanding——"

Sylvia looked at him quizzically, still amused. "Oh, I see. . . ."

But he was so sure she did not see that he went on to tell her of Mynheer Schuymer's idea of the eighth wonder of the world without mentioning the lady's name. Sylvia supplied it.

"That must be Ermina van Leeuwen. I've heard of her fantastic beauty. So that's a consolation prize for not quite landing you—a sort of edible substitute for yourself——"

"That's it exactly," he agreed, a little taken aback. He laughed and Sylvia laughed, too. He ordered morning coffee from the hovering waitress. Sylvia changed the subject abruptly. She told him she had been ordering the catering for her projected garden party in his honour. Walter did not notice the shadow that had come into her eyes.

Sylvia was thinking rapidly while she talked, and her thoughts were not on the unimportance of the party. Ermina had an almost legendary reputation in Java for breaking the hearts of susceptible men. She couldn't be blamed for all of them because in many cases she was in the relation of a brightly coloured toy to a naïvely clamouring child. But she did have an evil reputation for trespassing on other women's preserves, and for being cruel and unscrupulous in her methods and demands. If she wanted Walter, Sylvia thought miserably, she would get him in the end. She certainly wouldn't stop trying after he had married. Sylvia knew her own mind very well for a girl of twenty-two. She knew that if she lost Walter she would not be able to love again for a very long time, if ever. She would certainly never be able to love with the same intensity, the same spontaneous young fire.

"Walter," she said seriously, "I think you're right about going back to London. You're Northerner to the marrow. You're ambitious, too, and making your own success your own way will give you more fun than taking over the ready-made prosperity of the plantation. So let's go. I know father won't mind. He's talked often of selling out if I go and returning to Amsterdam. He's made enough to live in peace the rest of his days. . . ."

Walter set down his coffee cup and took her slim hands across the table. "You really mean it, dear? You wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all. I love England. It's my other home. If I longed for the East a little, we could take a long vacation sometime——"

"And you'd go soon?"

"Why not? Next boat if you can get sailings. Father would come, too, if I made a point of it. For the wedding I mean. He'd love to come and meet you all." She added wistfully—"just to be sure his ewe lamb was going to be left in safe hands."

Walter drew a deep breath. Safety for their happiness. He did not deserve it after being such a fool. But then it was within his reach. "Oh! swell, darling! I'll go to the steamship offices right now. I think there's a sailing in a week."

Sylvia picked up her gloves and rose. "And I'll finish the business about the party. It'll be a farewell party now." She was reminded of Ermina as Walter picked up the big square parcel. It might be a good idea to let him see how she was regarded by the socialites of Batavia, even if she were technically respectable and the law accorded her the status of the white. A woman must have more than beauty to travel with an ambitious honourable man. "Invite Miss van Leeuwen to the party, Walter. She's a friend of yours. She would like the little courtesy. Why not?"

Why not? Walter knew why not. But he said, "Certainly I will if you wish it."

"And I'll send a formal invitation so that she gets it to-morrow. Now sweet, I'll see you later. I must run."

Walter went to the shipping office and booked two cabins for himself and Sylvia and made a conditional reservation for her father. Almost the last one left. Now all he had to do was to keep Ermina quiet until the ship sailed.

He hailed a taxi and drove out to Weltevreden, his mind at work on the things he had to say. He knew that the truth of his swiftly passed infatuation would be too mortifying to a woman with such a high opinion of her charm. Nor could he blame her. The situation was his fault.

He arrived just as she was sitting down to lunch. An odd time to call, but her look of pleased delight told him that he was, as usual, welcome. He steeled his heart. "I've a confession to make," he said awkwardly, twisting his panama hat in his hands.

Ermina interrupted him. "About your fiancée?" she enquired. "But, Vallter, you cannot hide such things in Batavia. I have known it all along."

Walter sat on the nearest chair. "You knew——"

"But yes. You did not worree. Why should I worree? It is but nozzing at all. You will tell her about me now and she will geeve you up."

Walter detested his rôle of hypocrite. "I wish it were so simple. But it is not possible. In my country a betrothal is as binding as a marriage. To break it would dishonour the lady. The only freedom would be death."

She looked at him with wide limpid eyes. "But Vallter, I have never heard that custom of the Englanders."

Walter looked at the colourful lunch table, yellow cloth, pink flowers, twinkling silver. Anywhere but into those watchful eyes. "It's a question of my religion. We have many. People being free to worship as they like. . . ."

Ermina was of the East and he had hit on something that was intelligible to her. It was an insuperable barrier. "I see. But you love me Vallter?"

"Sure I do."

"Eeet is well—so. Leave me now. Come to see me to-morrow. In the meantime I think."

She kissed him absently, already deep in thought. Walter felt dizzy with relief. She had shown herself so passionately possessive it was incredible such a flimsy lie could have so substantial an effect. The element of

religion had disposed of all argument. He kept his appointment with her to discuss the results of her overnight thought, still light-hearted with this unexpected security.

A strange intense woman awaited his coming, eyes narrow and slumbrous, ominous as a stalking tiger. He had never been so conscious of the wide gulf set between them by her oriental blood. She had a little roll of batik in her sandal-scented hands. She opened it and showed him a stiff straw-coloured strand lying on the silk. Walter did not guess what it was. "What is it Ermina?"

"A tiger's whisker." Her voice and manner were as matter of fact as if she asked him if he liked her new earrings. "Eet will keel her. Quickly or slowly, whichever you prefair. No one will know how she died. Eet is sure —eet is safe. . . ."

Cold sweat broke on Walter in the warmth of the white feminine room. "God in Heaven, you can't be serious?"

"But certainly, light of my eyes. Now pay attention. Eet looks innocent, but eet is deadly. You will cot in pieces vairy small and meex with food. Once swallowed—all is finished. No antidote is any use. The leetle sharp pieces nevair dissolve. They stick in the lining of the stomach—perforate the intestines—yes, eet ees a certain death. Much ees quick—leetle ees slow—any ees fatal. . . ."

Walter stared at her turning the deadly bristle in her slim, perfumed fingers. He could not believe his ears. Although desire for her was dead, he was still sensitive to her lustrous unearthly beauty. This calm exposure of her corrupt soul literally appalled him. He wanted to denounce her and run from the house, but heaven knew what she would do if he did. She was capable of anything.

"No," he said with dry lips, "no, Ermina. Destroy the damn thing at once. I couldn't do it."

She raised the black fans of her lashes showing a fever of jealousy in her diamond bright eyes. "You are afraid—yes? I geev my 'eart to a white-blooded coward?"

"My religion forbids murder. What about yours?"

"Mine forbid nozzing. Eet is lov."

Walter wiped the sweat from his brow. He must think before he spoke and think well. He was in a trap. He was up against a mentality he could not understand and did not know how to reason with. An attempt to do so might be spark to powder. Not that he wasn't man enough to face the music. But it would be so hideously ironic. He was washed for ever clean of any desire for exotic adventure. He loved Sylvia as if she were the very breath of his life.

"Listen, Ermina, I have a better idea. If anything happened to my fiancée, I would not marry you. I would feel the guilt of it all my life. I will take her home as planned and will explain to her on the way. She has many friends in England. Other men also love her. She will be able to form other ties. When I have handed her safely to my family I will say good-bye to her and return to you."

The tightly-compressed lips curved in a smile. "Eet is a prromise—yes?"

"It's a promise," he lied fervently. "Cross my heart. And for God's sake burn that evil thing."

She wrapped the tiger's whisker again in the batik without a protest. Did not even beg him to stay longer when he rose to go. "You com to see me every day ontil the sheep sail?"

"But naturally, *chérie*. Could I stay away from you?" He was free—safe. They were departing in a week. It was a very small price to pay for his inexplicable folly. He added: "I'm sure you won't want to come, but Miss van Swinderen asked me to invite you to her farewell party."

Ermina frowned and pondered for a moment. "Why did she do that?"

"Because she had heard you were a friend of mine."

Ermina pondered again, regarding the toes of her small red sandals. She lifted her head with a defiant little gesture. "You may thank her. Tell her I weel com."

Walter shuddered. He had been forced to lie—a deadly insult to his proud free spirit. And now some new (*Continued on page* 80)

PEGGY SAGE'S

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ordeal of feminine chicanery awaited him. He loathed this beautiful odalisque as much as he had previously imagined he loved her. "Very well, Ermina—but remember you must leave everything to me. If you should try to help in any way you would merely ruin our plans."

"I onderstand, *chérie*. I say not a word."

HE saw her daily as promised. Acted a powerful farewell scene on the eve of the party and considered the price of deception generously overpaid. Ermina's brooding calmness was more nerve-racking than tantrums would have been. He was tense and apprehensive. He would be unable to breathe freely till he felt the engines quicken the ship and saw the last of the lovely green land. He prayed that nothing to change Sylvia's mind was going to happen at her party.

But Ermina's bearing proved exemplary. Disdainful of the aloofness of the other guests, she moved through the brilliant gardens with the bearing of a Javanese princess. Her courage struck Sylvia with an unbearable pathos. It seemed to her now that the invitation was a breach of good sportsmanship. It was natural for Ermina to covet Walter. Any woman might. Warm in her glowing happiness, Sylvia hastened to make up for her lack of generosity. It was not in the tradition of Dutch hospitality to allow a guest to be snubbed and neglected. She insisted on Walter going to Ermina's rescue himself. He brought her back to Sylvia at the buffet under the shade of a mango tree. "How nice of you to come," said Sylvia. "I have heard so much about you —I have always wanted to know you——"

"And I 'ave weeshed to meet you." Ermina was capable of equal grace. "And to see these wonnderful gardens of which people talk so moch."

"Walter will show them to you. Walter, please will you? And be sure to show Miss van Leeuwen the lotus ponds."

She turned away to chat with newly-arriving guests. Walter directed Ermina to the flowering thicket beyond which lay the water gardens, Mynheer van Swinderen's special pride and joy. It was the longest day he had ever lived through. Ermina did not share his nervous tension. She hummed a little French ballad as she strolled beside him on her arched white shoes. Walter knew the words. She was in the habit of singing them. "When love's last word is said——"

"The gardens are worth seeing, don't you think?" he broke in with utter banality.

She glanced at him mischievously from under the brim of her white lace hat—her face a lyric in ivory, emerald, coral, ebony. "You were right, Vallter. She is a vairy charrming young girl. To keel her ees not necessairy—ees a crime——"

"I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Oh, I not always say what I theenk. I will mees you. You com back soon?"

"As soon as Miss van Swinderen can dispense with me." That, he thought childishly, at least is true. But no more lies after this affair—not ever—not ever.

Ermina departed an hour later, her superb poise still unruffled by the whispers about her and the hostile staring. She wore her matchless beauty like an armour. Walter saw her into a carriage at the gate of the gardens, incredulous that they had arrived without disaster at this moment of farewell. "*Au revoir.*" She pursed her lips in the shape of a kiss. "I not com to see you sail. I dream of you till we meet again." The coachman flicked the horse and the wheels churned the gravel. The episode was over.

NEXT day Walter stood at the rail with Sylvia as the liner began to move out, savouring the feeling of being the happiest man in the world. He was luckier than he deserved to be and he appreciated his good luck. "Come," he said to Sylvia, linking his fingers through hers, "let's drink a toast to happiness."

She smilingly refused. She was a bad sailor. She was always seasick on a voyage the first two or three days out. She took it philosophically, lying quietly in a chair on deck, living on fresh fruit and seltzer water till the queasiness passed.

The Tiger's Whisker

The harbour was glassily calm, but already the throbbing of the engines and the dance of sunlight on the water were having their effect. She turned from the sight of it, looking a little white under her big straw hat. Walter found her a deck chair, fixed the leg rest and helped her into it. He went down to bring the books and eau de Cologne he had sent to her from her cabin.

Her bed was laden with farewell presents. Sylvia was leaving many affectionate friends behind in the Dutch colony in Java. There was a woven wicker basket lying in its discarded blue wrappings and silver ribbon stamped with the name of Ingebrandt, Batavia. The basket was a particularly beautiful example of Javanese taste in colour harmony and manual skill. Walter picked it up to look at it closely and saw that the card lying under it was cleverly forged with his own name.

His heart stopped for a painful moment and then plunged on again. He opened the basket and examined the chocolates. The bottoms had been cut off and neatly pressed on again—but not one was missing. He walked impulsively to the open port and then checked himself in the act of throwing the basket out. Instead he opened it and emptied the contents into the sea. Rang the bell for a bellboy and gave him the basket. "Take this along to the shop and tell them to fill it with the finest chocolates they have. Wait while they do it. Bring it right back and put it here on this blue wrapping on the bed." He took a bill from his wallet. "Keep the change. Savvy?"

The boy savvied very well. Walter stood at the open port when the boy had gone and watched the emerald coastline dwindling into a green smudge on the blue horizon. Something in him was trembling as if he had a fever. It stopped when a line from *Invictus* rose to his mind. "I thank whatever gods there be—" He was himself again. He picked up the books and the perfume and went up on deck.

END

Women in War (*Continued from page 5*)

she observed, and took to hers in search of Lady Reading. And presently Lady Reading, who had ascended on her legs to the upper regions because the British working man had worked his regular hours, and gone home, came along the corridor with a sheaf of papers in her hand; and we went into her office.

I looked at her with interest. She has been the secretary, chief of staff and finally wife of the first Lord Reading, that very wise and able man who was Lord Chief Justice of England and Viceroy of India. She drafted his speeches. He was Viceroy when she met him as a member of his staff. His appointment as Foreign Secretary interrupted their honeymoon in Paris six years later. She had been Stella Charnaud. One saw the Frenchwoman in her dark, intelligent eyes, her vivacity and charm, the energetic practicality of everything she said, the quick-changing expression of a strong, handsome face, full of character and feeling. She had built this organisation in fourteen months, integrated in so that it would roll with the smooth power of a big dynamo at the throw of a switch. It was a great achievement; but talking to her, I could detect the matchless talents, the unique experience, the nervous energy, the immense endurance, which combined to explain it.

Our talk was punctuated by entrances and exits of *aides* with papers, messages, questions. She transferred a concentrated attention for a moment. A brief word, a nod, and she was back with me. The breaks were smooth and clean. I could understand a story I had been told about her—that an American business magnate, meeting her at lunch, wanted her to come back with him, offering twenty-five thousand dollars a year, for a start, to come into his business.

The whole argument of democracy versus totalitarianism was entangled in this woman, and what she had done, co-ordinating the work of over seventy women's organisations, and working through about two thousand local authorities—without any power, or desire, to *tell* anybody to do anything. The authoritarians have always said that democracy is outmoded in a dynamic new world. It cannot get jobs done that have to be done. There must be compulsion because the voluntary spirit won't measure up to the bigger jobs and the larger sacrifices. You must give orders; the day of asking is over: and that goes for peace in a new world as well as war in an old one.

But the W.V.S. so far has indicated that the voluntary principle is still robust and full of fight. They don't give orders in the W.V.S.: they ask. "It takes no longer to ask for something than it does to rap out an order," Lady Reading remarked to me, "and the results are better when you want more than the bare minimum—as we do."

Each woman enrolled in the W.V.S. undertakes to do a specific job, and to fit herself for that job. They can choose from thirty-eight different categories. They are pledged to work for the local authority—the W.V.S. works through the local authorities of the kingdom. The whole army is, in fact, the servant of the local authorities. Lady Reading is not a commander-in-chief. She is a stimulator-in-chief.

I thought of the glances I had taken in Germany last spring of the *frau* and *fräulein* under totalitarian rule. There, women are liable to conscription equally with men. In one German city last spring the Nazi local command tried it out without regard for class or abilities. All women, married and unmarried, between the ages of eighteen and forty, who were working, were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for State labour. In the married category, two children under ten exempted, but not one child over five.

These women were ordered to the munitions factories, starting work at 7.45 a.m. They were taught machine tending and like jobs, the idea being to see if they could replace men who would be called up, and to run extra machines in wartime. There were professional men's wives, and daughters of prosperous shopkeepers, even army officers' womenfolk. The experiment was abruptly dropped after a month. It was probably found that this mass treatment of women did not work.

By July, more than a million young women had been mobilised to share the burdens of the overworked German *hausfrau* in the cities and on the land. The German girl is bound to serve six months as a "mother's helper" in some home, just as the German youth has to serve six months in the labour corps as a preliminary to his two years' military service. The girls work twelve hours a day, have one day off a week, and earn from eight shillings to forty shillings a month, plus board.

German girls begin their "duty work" at fourteen. The over-eighteens go into the Women's Auxiliary Service, which helps out the nursing and kindergarten school services. She can only elude service if she has four brothers or sisters under fourteen.

The Nazis don't spoil the girls, and there seems not much attempt at selection. Country girls are brought into the munition factories and city tenements, if local labour shortage is industrial; and city-bred girls have to go out to the Spartan country camps for land work, when it is agriculture that needs labour, and kill chickens and stick pigs—she may faint, but she must master this weakness, the camp authority tells her on her arrival —wash in cold water, do housework, sew and cook, on top of the day's work on the farm. "Our Fatherland needs a robust new

generation of German women," a girls' educational magazine, the N.S. *Mädchen Erziehung*, announced quite recently, strongly declaiming against the growing practice of parents placing daughters with relatives or friends to escape hard labour, or virtual slavery in some rough household where she would be driven and reported for slacking or recalcitrance if she failed to get through her tasks.

Britain manages things differently. Here is one small sidelight:

Suppose things had gone as the Government anticipated, and expected, and Hitler's bombers had been over London in the first week of the war which Britain declared on Germany. Imagine yourself somewhere in that vast city, into which cram a sixth of the island population. A bomb fragment, blast, falling debris, shrapnel, glass splinters —something hits you. You fall, in your house room, or in the street.

Somebody—you don't know who, or how —arrives and carries you off to a post. You are tended there, and moved presently to an emergency hospital. By the time you can take an intelligent interest in things again you might start a mental probe of the intricacies of this mechanism which had reached out after you, seized you, and tended you. Tracing threads down labyrinthine paths to their origins, where would you find yourself?

You would find yourself at Manor Gardens, Holloway, in North London. There the General Post Office has a money order department, and this department has a women's staff. On Saturday, September 2, these women voluntarily stood by to help the W.V.S. in any emergency. The London schoolchildren were being evacuated, the hospitals were being emptied. War had not been declared.

During the afternoon of that day, and on Sunday, these women worked voluntarily and without pay, and compiled an index consisting of 2,838 alphabetical cards, and 2,838 cards in borough order to form a cross-index. They wrote and posted 621 letters enclosing addressed enclosure envelopes. This piece of work constituted the beginning of the index of nursing auxiliaries. Three thousand nurses were thus indexed and recorded, and it was ascertained that in this sudden emergency they could be called on immediately.

The work was unspectacular, done without pay or hope of recognition or reward, and done without an order. From the individual civilian's viewpoint it might have been more important than the spectacular bomber raid launched forty-two hours later on the German naval units at Kiel.

Women are working now, chiefly, in three main fields. They are A.R.P., hospital and evacuation. Shaken out some more, they are casualty staff, ambulance drivers, cooks, clerks, shorthand typists, telephonists, wardens, cyclists and messengers, trained nurses, auxiliary nursing staff, radiographers, pharmacists, dispensers, masseuses, hospital supply workers, domestic workers, laundry women, social workers, creche workers, canteen workers, housekeepers and camping experts.

Evacuation is the most natural woman's wartime activity. This is fortunate, because otherwise the evacuation which a year ago seemed a fantastic, and almost impossible feat, would have remained in that realm when the time came for the big move out, instead of being what it was—a gigantic exodus which was completed in four days, and which went without a hitch chiefly because 120,000 trained voluntary women workers were on the jobs with another million and a half women helpers and they all had their shoulders to the wheels and kept them smoothly turning.

Nursing comes third on the W.V.S. list—not in order of importance, but in numbers of trained women enrolled. A large number of the nursing auxiliaries have been recruited from the personnel of the big stores' offices and business houses. Around a thousand had been recruited from the London shops by July, most of the girls training in their own time. They (*Continued on page* 82)

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serve in hospitals and first-aid posts established in every vulnerable district to deal with air raid casualties on the spot.

When I began exploring what women are good for in war, why they pick this or that job, and how they make out at it, I came across an ambulance driver who changed my view. She looked cut to nursing pattern. About five feet four, and eight stone. Beautifully put together, slender, not lean, and strong. Well-shaped hands, squarish—and no blood varnish on the nails. Corn hair and blue eyes—a good looker. A smiling, easy-mannered, attractive and amusing young woman. Excellent health—you could read that in the large, clear eye, creamy skin, teeth worth a good price as an advertised tribute to somebody's tooth paste. I would have picked her from thousands for the frontispiece of a pamphlet on the attractions of nursing.

But when I asked her why she was driving an emergency ambulance as big as a moving van, she said it was a job she could do better than nursing anyway. I pressed that point, curiously, and she said that one of her friends was a nursing home matron, and wanted her to come on to her staff; but she had declined. They had an argument. The nursing specialist told her she would soon get used to it, but she retorted that maybe she would, but she never would be a good nurse, and she would always be working against the brakes, and that wouldn't be good for herself, or her patients, or her fellow-workers.

"I expect in an emergency I could patch people up," she remarked. "I've been through a first-aid course. Blood? I don't mind blood. It doesn't upset me. But I just don't like sickness—I run away from people who are not well. I'm one of those people who avoid seeing their friends when they're ill. I don't mind death, but I do like life, and I can't get used to the day-after-day atmosphere of suffering. I never could."

She said she had given it a lot of thought. She was married, had a baby—he was down in the country with her mother—and she supposed that, if it came to air raids, driving an ambulance would be more dangerous than doing a nurse's job. But there it was. And her husband approved.

She had equipped herself for her job. She had passed the V.A. anti-gas course, and a first-aid course, had a taxi driver's thorough knowledge of her district, could change wheels and insert fuses, and could drive, gas-masked, and without lights, in the dark. She was, further, expected to be calm, confident and reliable in an emergency. The W.V.S. make this a conditional qualification for enrolment.

"I have yet to be tested, though," said this driver, laughing.

She added that she did not know whether women really were fitted to be ambulance drivers under actual war conditions—that is, with bombs and shrapnel dropping around, and services dislocated, maybe debris blocking a road, carnage, uproar, and confusion. It depended on the individual.

The transport side of the W.V.S. is highly developed. Lady Iris Capel handles that: an energetic woman who in peace time runs a couple of garages, and is a qualified engineer. She saw that, apart from cars wanted for the new services created, air raids would smash roads and cut communications, and more cars and drivers were needed to keep things going. Women could do most of the driving necessary. The work began of enrolling and grading them.

They started training the ambulance drivers first because most women are used to driving a small car. They might be willing and enthusiastic; but one needs more than enthusiasm when it comes to handling a large van, driving in the dark without lights and in convoy, and driving in a gas mask and a gas suit.

They borrowed parks and open spaces, arranged drivers in convoys, got in as instructors men who had driven ambulances in France in the last war; and turned the novices loose. There were many bumps, and I am told that if any one imagines that a woman cannot swear as hard as a man, he should attend a new women drivers' convoy in training on a particularly dark night.

There are women drivers trained for fire brigade message work, for rushing blood for transfusions, for moving cripples, expectant mothers, children in plaster casts, and new-born babies, for the Port of London's emergency service—all specialised transport jobs needing instruction and skill.

The age group at London headquarters is thirty-five to forty-five. Lady Reading is forty-five. But this age group is probably due to the fact that Lady Reading has commandeered most of her friends to work with her. A woman's friends are apt to run in an age group.

The specialists who presumably know their women start the air raid warden age group at twenty-five, but first-aid posts at twenty and the auxiliary fire service at twenty, and up to fifty. They will take girls into the St. Andrew's Ambulance Corps at sixteen, but the St. John Ambulance Brigade starts at seventeen. Possibly girls mature more quickly in Scotland. In each case they can use women up to sixty-five, which surprises me. Again, it may be that nursing work keeps women young and active beyond the average. The British Red Cross also will take women up to sixty-five, but steps up the entering age to eighteen. The W.V.S. enrolled one woman of eighty: she could work long hours rolling bandages.

The Auxiliary Territorial Service, the army workers, are in the eighteen to fifty age group, although one would have thought that cook and like jobs in this service could take in women up to sixty-five—always supposing that the nursing services do not have the monopoly of exceptionally preserved women. The R.A.F. arbitrarily cut down their age limit for women to forty-three, although these women war workers do jobs neither lighter nor heavier than those performed by the auxiliaries in the land fighting force.

When the Civil Air Guard was going, they would take women up to fifty—and that was flying. They will also take women into the Auxiliary Fire Service in the age group between twenty and fifty. A.R.P. ambulance drivers, attendants, report centres, and miscellaneous duties, are all right from eighteen up.

I had always envisaged social welfare workers as females in the twilight zone between middle age, and the "elderly" stage. A welfare worker in the middle-twenties, with a groomed face and hair, trim as an American air liner stewardess (which is saying a great deal) was a new female phenomenon in my not inconsiderable experience. The war had given her a new sort of job—and a fifteen-hour day.

She had studied her subject at the School of Economics, which has a degree in it, gone on to a big industrial plant, left it to marry, returned to a wider field when the country needed her special abilities. She was trained in tactful handling of human beings of the less cultured categories in places where low wages and bad living conditions make men and women less polite, tolerant and refined in habits of personal hygiene, than is customary in those circles where there is more money, space and leisure.

You cannot shift about three million members of the population from big cities, most of them women and children from the poor and slum districts, and plant them down in less crowded and less vulnerable areas, without creating some very curious problems. Human beings with a high standard of behaviour and hygiene have been landed in cottages where a much lower standard prevails; and vice versa—often very much vice versa. Let us not dwell on the rough stories: probably you have heard a number from friends or relatives, or have had a problem yourself. A member of my own circle of acquaintances first made me aware of the problem by arriving in a house where I was a week-end guest. Her servants had left; she could not stay alone in her house, a country place. "My guests come from the East End," she remarked. "I did not know that such people existed. Three are verminous. Two are not even 'house trained.'"

A problem beyond that woman, a country gentleman's wife, astonished and bewildered to encounter a human type entirely beyond both her experience and her imagination, is not beyond the trained specialist. This is only one of a long chain of human problems the women social welfare workers have been handling in the early part of this war.

END

The Dictator of Versailles

(*Continued from page 25*)

you going to do it?" I watched him react.

The old eyes twinkled for a moment, and then the "Tiger" said: "I am going to arrest Caillaux next Saturday." I knew there was no love lost between the two statesmen, but I thought that the old man was just making a cruel joke. Nevertheless, on the very next Saturday, Joseph Caillaux was arrested on a charge of high treason, just as he was leaving his Paris flat.

After that meeting, I saw the old "Tiger" more and more frequently. He was a difficult man to get to know, but once he knew you, in the sense that he thought he could trust you, there was no limit to the things he would tell you. I began to draw a mind picture of his life, pictures which he himself painted, but each picture always had a sort of cruel and angry twist to it, just as if the painter had a perpetual grudge against the world. As a matter of fact, I think Clemenceau rightly or wrongly did have such a grudge. One day he told me the story of his stormy youth. He was twenty years of age when the Emperor Louis Napoleon ruled over France. Clemenceau, in those days, was a fiery radical. He did not approve of kings and emperors, and he said so; he tried to get the populace of Paris to revolt. He was not at all successful, and, in fact, he was arrested. He was sent to prison, and for two months and three days he was in a cell in a Paris prison, which to-day no longer exists. It was on the site where the Gare de Lyon now stands. Clemenceau made that prison very vivid to me. It was an evil, smelly sort of thing. All the prisoners—there were about sixty of them, if I remember correctly—had to take a daily bath, but the water was never changed. Clemenceau described it as *café au lait* colour. For days, Clemenceau refused to enter the bath. He was threatened with punishment, and eventually entered into a compromise with the jailer. Perhaps it was the only time he ever compromised over anything. The future prime minister of France said he would go into the bath, so long as he was not forced to have the water above his knees. To this the jailer agreed.

Possibly readers of this article recall stories printed in the French Press after the opinion in France turned against Clemenceau, saying that he had sold himself to Great Britain. These stories were put about after the Franco-British negotiations concerning the Mosul oilfields. To those who knew the old man, this story was preposterous. Georges Clemenceau lived and died a very poor man. I can reveal that a few weeks before he died, he was forced to sell a couple of sporting rifles which he had purchased to take with him on his trip to India. He was that hard up.

Towards the very end of his life, there happened something which made me, for a short time, a centre figure in his life. I knew that money was short in the Clemenceau household, but I did not know quite how short it was. Then a group of British,

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TOOTH PASTE

American and Continental publishers subscribed a sum of £15,000. I was given this cheque to pay to Clemenceau and to negotiate the world rights of his memoirs. Clemenceau lived and died in a small ground floor apartment at 8 Rue Franklin, Passy. The landlord of this house was and is Mr. Henry Selden Bacon, an American lawyer, who lives in Paris. I had many meetings with Clemenceau during the period of these negotiations. Then an appointment was fixed for me to hand over the cheque in exchange for the contract. One afternoon I took the cheque to the house. Clemenceau turned it over and looked at it, without appearing to have the slightest interest in it. Then he looked up at me with the old mischievous twinkle in his eye, and said : "How many francs is this?" The rate of exchange at this time was 124 francs to the pound, but arithmetic is not my strong point, and neither was it Clemenceau's. We both took pencils and paper and got a different total. Then we went together into the little kitchen where Albert was with his wife, who was Clemenceau's cook. Clemenceau sent Albert out to buy *L'Information*, a Paris financial paper. When Albert came back, Clemenceau and the valet and I all worked out the rate of exchange in francs to £15,000. The figure was astronomical. Clemenceau, when we all had agreed on a total, looked at the figure and said: "Now I shall be able to afford chicken." I shall never forget the pathos of it. There spoke the old Frenchman, because for hundreds and hundreds of years, chicken has always been the Frenchman's hall mark of prosperity. Henri IV wanted to see a chicken in the pot of every French household on a Saturday night. To-day, as yesterday, and for hundreds of years, a chicken on the table on Sunday corresponds to the British roast beef.

Mr. Wickham Steed told in his memoirs, a story of fisticuffs between Mr. Lloyd George and Georges Clemenceau, when the two combatants were separated by the late President Wilson. M. Clemenceau, when the book appeared, denied the story. Mr. Lloyd George has never denied or affirmed it, but in his writings he has never mentioned it. I asked the "Tiger" one day whether the story was really true or not. We spoke English, a language which the "Tiger" spoke slowly, but very well. He chuckled reminiscently. Then, to my surprise, he got up from his seat behind the horseshoe-shaped table, and acted for me the scene which must have been most amazing. It was during the negotiations over the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Georges Clemenceau were at loggerheads. According to Clemenceau, Lloyd George doubled his fists, and Clemenceau acted this part very vividly indeed, and walked towards the Frenchman and put the two fists under M. Clemenceau's chin. Then President Wilson took each of the statesmen by the coat and collar and said : "Well, well, well, never in my life have I seen two such unreasonable men."

During the life-time of Georges Clemenceau, I never told the story of the grey gloves. Nor did I tell the story of his poverty, but while on this subject, I should mention that he never received the cheque for £15,000, because just at the moment when he was going to sign the contract, Mr. Henry Selden Bacon walked in, and Georges Clemenceau got up and put his arm round Mr. Bacon's neck and introduced him to me thus : "This is my mother, my friend, my lawyer, and my landlord." Mr. Bacon, in the capacity of friend, and possibly also of lawyer, suggested that the signature should not be affixed that afternoon. It was never affixed. The delays tired the publishers and the offer was withdrawn, and Monsieur Georges Clemenceau, the man who, by sheer forceful personality, kept France in the War, died almost in poverty.

I noticed that the "Tiger" never used blotting paper, but always sand. There was a bowl for sand on his writing desk. This sand was brought from the beach at La Vendée, where he had a small country cottage. The quill pens he used to buy by the gross and sharpen them. (*Continued on page* 84)

A MESSAGE
from
HELENA RUBINSTEIN

To-day, more than ever before, you owe it to yourself, your family and friends to look your loveliest. Part of women's national service is to keep young, essentially feminine. I have spent a lifetime perfecting beauty preparations which keep women young, alluring, with a simple beauty routine that takes only five minutes a day. To the women who are carrying on the finest traditions of British service I recommend this home treatment. It requires only

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himself with a little penknife which he had always on his desk. His mode of life was a strange one. He went to bed every night at 8 p.m., never a moment before and very seldom a moment later. Before he went to bed, Albert placed on the mantelpiece in the bedroom a Thermos flask of soup. In the bedroom there was a tin of biscuits and a tin of chocolate. At 11 p.m., Clemenceau would rise and drink the soup, and eat biscuits and chocolate, and then he would work until 2 a.m. Then he went to bed again until 6 a.m.; when he went into the garden and attended to it for half an hour. He then went back into his flat and dressed himself, shaving with a cheap American safety razor. At eight sharp every morning, his gymnastic instructor arrived and put the old man through his exercises. At 8-45 a.m., Georges Clemenceau was ready to begin work, either at the ministry or at home.

At twelve sharp every day, he lunched alone, and the menu was always the same: soup, grilled meat of some kind, a vegetable, a sweet, and a cup of very strong black coffee. Clemenceau never ate bread and never drank wine. The late American Ambassador to Paris, Myron T. Herrick, was a very close friend of Clemenceau, and Herrick used to import in the diplomatic bag a special supply of insulin which Clemenceau's valet, Albert, used to inject at his old master's request.

Georges Clemenceau died, a bitter and disappointed man. He had married young, when he was school-teaching in Sandford, Connecticut. The marriage was not successful. When Clemenceau set his heart on becoming President of the French Republic, it was rumoured in the Parisian salons that the old man was to marry a certain Madame X; in fact, two ladies' names were coupled with Clemenceau's as possible hostesses for the Elysée. One of the two ladies named was indeed on terms of affectionate friendship with the "Tiger," but I can affirm that never at any time was there any question of marriage. The friendship between Madame X and Georges Clemenceau had lasted for many, many years. When he was out of office, Clemenceau would drive every day to the lady's house and arrive there punctually at 5 o'clock. Then the two would sit down to a game of backgammon. Clemenceau would not allow anything to interfere with this daily pleasure.

No, Clemenceau intended to enter the Elysée, the official home of the presidents of France, as an old bachelor, but he had definitely made up his mind that he was going to be president, and when he was defeated, he was shattered in his pride. There still hangs on a wall of the dining-room at 8 Rue Franklin an impressionistic picture

The Dictator of Versailles

of the Congress of Versailles which was expected to elect Georges Clemenceau President of the French Republic. Instead, it elected Mr. Paul Deschanels, who became insane during his term of office. Clemenceau conceived an intense hatred for Paul Deschanels; he was constantly making biting epigrams about him. The picture of the congress has been labelled: "The Congress of Ingratitude."

Money meant nothing to Clemenceau. His mode of life was as simple as could be. In his early days, he was a fiery young man, always willing to tilt at any windmill that might be handy. Once he showed me a pair of duelling pistols, which looked as if they were in very good condition even then, but it was with these pistols that he fought a duel with Paul Déroulède in 1893.

Even as a journalist in his very advanced age, he was always battling. He ran a paper during the War called *L'Homme Enchainé*. One day I was complaining to him about the French censorship. He took up a copy of the paper dated Friday, December 8, 1915. The first two columns on the front page were headed: "The Whole Truth." The first two columns were entirely blank, by order of the censor.

END

Britain's Stronghold in the Far East (*Continued from page* 11)

fluid flow—meant working all day in the hot sun to cope with the growing demand for the commodity in Europe and America. The Malay would scorn such work; for he is a cheerful, lazy individual, who lives on a little plot of land on what fruit he picks from the trees.

So Indians started to flow into the country and build their temples in Singapore, while Chinese flocked in from the Far East to supply the labour needed in tin mining and tin dredging. A little bit of China and India grew up side by side, while Arab merchants with an eye to the future drifted over and bought up what land they could lay their hands on. And Europeans fought hard for the largest concessions for rubber planting their capital could buy.

Money flowed into the island, and paved streets took the place of jungle tracks. Modern hotels started to sprout along the waterfront, where the primitive old wharfside was gradually transformed into a mighty dock with the swinging arms of cranes throbbing with activity all day long. Singapore was now really on the road to prosperity. From east and west came the inevitable parasites of wealth. The city was a bachelor's city—only a few European women went there, for it was considered unhealthy, while the Chinese and Indian immigrants could not afford to take their wives with them. And so the parasites imported their amusement; the inevitable dancing clubs where bodies, yellow, black, brown and white could be seen whirling to the rhythm of Oriental music, while glasses clinked all round them.

More than ever did it become the "sailors' Mecca" on the China run. In Singapore, a sailor (no matter what was his nationality) could lose his identity, and move anonymously through the motley crowd that thronged the port. He could smoke opium, or hashish, or drink any drink that was to be had in any part of the world. He could disport himself anyhow he wished, and so abandoned were the amusements there in the immediate post-War years that Singapore came to be known as the "Cesspool of the East."

THEN came the War and a jump in Singapore's prosperity from the gross value of trade in 1914 of £63,600,000 to £148,200,000 in 1917. The garrison on the island was reduced to practically nil, because the troops were needed elsewhere, when suddenly in the midst of the War, the Sikhs—the most numerous of the garrison—revolted and murdered what white women and children they could lay their hands on. Singapore was beginning to suffer for its polyglot population. But it was a useful lesson, for it served to be the foundation of a Volunteer Corps, which was recruited from all the Europeans working in the city. Gradually Singapore began to take on something of the military aspect which surrounds the place to-day, for every young man going out there for his living was asked to join this corps, and so form a reserve unit, which would be useful in a case of emergency.

The War in 1914 changed the whole aspect of Singapore. European nations were exhausting their man power and resources, while a new and virile nation was watching cautiously, anxious to gain something from this "white man's conflict." Japan was growing jealous of Europe's power in the East, in which Britain was the biggest shareholder.

Meanwhile Britain's naval intelligence men were quietly surveying Singapore with an eye to the future. Here was an excellent natural situation for a naval base, they thought. An island guarding the main route to the East, and lying midway between China and India. And a lone British sentinel on the sea road to Australia.

Finally, they fixed upon a small swampy spot on the north of the island in the Straits of Johore. A few years after the War (1924) plans for the base were submitted to the British Government and passed by the House of Commons. Seletar, where the twenty million sterling naval base lies to-day is protected by a narrow stretch of water, barely three-quarters of a mile wide. Here the water is deep and is a safe anchorage, even if the island of Singapore were attacked, for it is several miles from the sea.

That naval base has taken fifteen years to build, and can now accommodate the biggest battleship in the British Navy. Alongside the naval base is a huge aerodrome, one of the largest in the whole of the East. Ten squadrons of fast bombers can be based here, and over a thousand men accommodated.

The world slump hit the island badly in 1931. At that time the building of the naval base was practically the only work going on in Singapore. Tons of granite were being moved from the other side of the Straits of Johore by the sweat of Chinese to build the huge dry dock. Great gangs of them every day passed through the heavy gates, where armed sentries prevented the curious from entering.

Meanwhile the military importance of the island started to grow. In normal times the garrison of Singapore was a battalion of infantry (about 2,000 men), three batteries of artillery and the local volunteer corps.

Round Singapore are dotted numerous little islands with wide yellow bathing beaches, fringed with palms. They were used as pleasure grounds for young British men and women during the week-end. Parties would go over there in canoes, bearing gramophones, plenty of liquor and food, and disport themselves on moonlit nights. They were all miniature "Honolulus" and much patronised by the youth of Singapore. But suddenly their strategic importance began to loom large in the military mind.

Long-range artillery placed on these islands would prevent the approach of an enemy fleet, while anti-aircraft guns there would be useful against raiding aircraft. And since the prettiest of these islands were situated in vital spots of that forty miles stretch of water, known as the Straits of Malacca, they were suddenly taken over.

AND so gradually the military and strategic importance of Singapore began to overshadow everything else. Four more battalions of infantry were drafted in; additional batteries of artillery were added, and beautiful little islands, where lovers met beneath palm trees and plighted their troth, suddenly began to bristle with guns. Rents in the city of Singapore went up because of the many demands for accommodation from soldiers, sailors and airmen.

It is now almost a military and naval city, and yet there are barely ten thousand civilian Europeans among a population of five hundred thousand. The greater proportion of the population is still Chinese; they number nearly four hundred thousand, while the Malays number 60,000 and the Indians 32,000. The Chinese are almost indigenous to the place; they were there for hundreds of years before the British came. They came first as marauding pirates; and later as keen business men anxious to develop the tin industry. They are among the richest and poorest in the city. There are Chinese millionaires with beautiful houses and staffs of servants, and Chinese rickshaw pullers earning about ninepence a day.

Though Singapore has grown in turn from a small Malay fishing village to the worlds' centre for tin and rubber, and one of the world's greatest ports, the city has lost little of its gaiety. Where it was once the sailors'

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Mecca for a night ashore, it is now the "pukka sahib's Mecca." There are more monocles and smart uniforms now than tough-looking planters and roving sailors. The old Malay street, where sailors could watch yellow, black or brown bodies twisting in sensual dances for about a shilling has been suppressed by the police. The seamy side of the port has given way to elegant-looking hotels, huge cinemas and smart bungalows.

The city itself, lying on the south-eastern coast of the island, facing the South China sea, offers an excellent view to the incoming tourist. It rises, a great white pile of modern buildings against the flat, deep, blue sea. All types of craft from ports all over the world, from the crazy-looking, brown-sailed Chinese junks to splendid modern liners are at anchor or moving about there. Hundreds of Chinese *sampans* (small canoes) are pushing their way through these up to the narrow Singapore river, where they lie alongside the banks like barnacles.

Singapore is hot, with scarcely any variation of temperature the whole year round; therefore the wealthy citizens live out of the city on Tanglin Hill, where the bungalows will get any breeze there is to be had. Ten minutes in a car from the centre of the city brings you out to Tanglin, and it has become so English here that it might be just another London suburb like Wimbledon or Golders Green. Only very few residents will have a palm tree in their garden here, while the veranda is practically non-existent.

The Chinese life of the city is utterly apart from the Europeans. Only five minutes from the palm-bordered beach, where Hindus sit beneath the trees murmuring prayers, you turn down a narrow street, and all the sights and sounds of a teeming Chinese city greet the eye and ear. Streets are almost impassable with washing hanging from window to window, and food vendors crying their wares in sing-song voices parade from door to door.

Down here the coolie smokes his opium, but he has to buy it from a Government-controlled shop. The opium monopoly is important to Singapore; for while it supplies important revenue to the Government by the manufacture and sale of the commodity, it also supplies the opportunity of keeping an official eye on the consumption. The price is raised every year with the ultimate object of making it too expensive for the coolie to purchase. But that price has not yet been reached. The opium addict must be nursed gradually away from his drug; too sudden an abstention would kill him.

So down in Singapore's Chinatown you will find the coolies lying on their bare planks and smoking opium, while in the streets outside there is all the atmosphere of old China. Slant-eyed girls with apple-blossom complexions and breasts tightly bound slither along with bandaged feet. Old men with wisp-like beards, and hands tucked into their sleeves shuffle in and out of dark doorways on mysterious business. There is a tinkle and screech in the street; sounds that could only come from China; the food vendors' flutes and clappers; the plaintive and discordant notes of Chinese music, floating out of windows; the muffled shuffling of thousands of feet along the footpath and roadway.

Sitting on the pavement you will see rickshaw coolies eating their meals by candle-light. They alternate between gobbling tiny bits of meat on sticks and dealing out cards for a game of fan-tan.

At twelve o'clock they will all jump to their feet, and seizing their flimsy rickshaws by the shafts they will go galloping up the street and make for the waterfront. As the hotel orchestras are playing the last dance they will crowd round the verandas like a gust of mosquitoes.

For many of the dancers will be glad of a short breather along the front in one of the oldest methods of transport along the China coast. With the coolie padding in front, the quiet, easy rhythm of the rickshaw is one of the most restful in the world—at least for the passenger.

END

FOUR NEW SONS and a TALE of a BIG TROUBLE with a HAPPY ENDING

by Molly Montague

Let us talk about this wonderful England of ours. My! How changed it is. That peaceful spot where my mother has lived for years has suddenly become invaded with a horde of mothers and children. Hundreds of them are billeted in the district—four of them with mother.

I do believe mother will be quite sad when they go back home. She treats the boys as if they were her own, and calls them her "four new sons." I have to admit they compare very favourably with my two brothers. When they vacate their rooms in the morning everything is left so neat and tidy you'd never think a living soul had been there!

I meet an old friend

Some time ago I called upon a friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for years. "My dear," I gasped when I saw her, "what has happened to you?" When she walked, or tried to walk, I nearly cried to watch her. She could hardly move. I knew that she had a tendency to rheumatic complaints even as a child; I remember that she had paid visits to various Spas to take the waters. It appears that, in spite of this, her rheumatism had been getting worse and worse. Her husband was not wealthy, but he willingly paid out for various expensive treatments, unfortunately to no purpose. "Look here," I said, "not long ago I knew another case very similar to yours which was successfully treated by a simple method which has many remarkable successes to its credit. Why not try it yourself? You need not even spend anything at all to test it. The makers will send you, FREE, some of the little capsules which you have to take." All the best true stories have a happy ending, and I am glad to say this one has. My friend sent for the sample and commenced the treatment, with the result that the hitherto incurable complaint soon disappeared. I shall always recommend it for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Swollen Joints or a similar rheumatic ill. It is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and for more than 20 years has been gaining the praises of eminent medical men.

Good News for Many Readers

If you suffer from any of these ills, I advise you to try "Curicones" at once. Make use of my shopping coupon below. Fill it in and send it to me as directed. I will then arrange that there will be sent, free of all charge, a trial supply of "Curicones." This generous gift will be accompanied by a splendid booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles.

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To Molly Montague, Dept. B.E.1,
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the next month his life would lie between these three points: room, bar, cinema. He would never see the town's Moslem quarter; he had no recollection of the town's part in the shaping of contemporary history. It was just one more new place, one more opening night.

WHEN Felicity Seagrave and her brother Ronald had finished their dinner in the town's best hotel, and sat for about an hour in the café adjoining, reading English newspapers several days old, it was still only half-past nine, and Ronald recklessly suggested that they should go out and discover Serajevo's night life.

His sister laughed. "What on earth do you expect to find in a place like this? We might find something at Zagreb to-morrow, but not here!"

"I wouldn't be so sure," he told her. "I distinctly saw the good old international word *Bar* written up in blue lights as we came along, and where there's a bar there are people and things happening. We can but go and see."

They paid for their coffees, put on their coats, and went out.

Ronald had been so fascinated by the neon sign in the narrow street with the mosque at the other end that he had noticed the way with particular care, determined to investigate the bar after dinner, and he conducted his sister to it without taking any wrong turnings.

As they pushed open the swing doors at the top of the last flight of stairs a great burst of dance music greeted them. Waiters instantly seized on them and took their coats from them, and they were ushered into a small room in which tables and chairs were grouped round a very small dance floor; the band was on a low dais at one end; at the opposite end the tables were arranged in rows, raised on low steps. At some of the tables sat girls in elegant evening dresses. None of them were drinking anything. They just sat there—waiting. There was no one else in the place, with the exception of the waiters, who also just waited.

They ordered glasses of champagne and seltzer from the wine card, decided that it was merely an inferior white wine disguised as champagne with the aid of a lump of sugar and the soda water, lit cigarettes, and joined in the waiting game. In the cabaret programme lying on the table they recognised the photographs of the girls who sat around, but the special attraction appeared to be "The Three K's." They studied the photographs of these three also.

"He looks a bit like Brian Conway," Felicity observed. "The one with the moustache, I mean."

"Do you think so?

"I often wonder where poor old Brian did get to, you know," Felicity went on. "It's queer how he faded out—cut right away from the family, never even writing to Dorothy. You'd have thought he'd have kept in touch with her, wouldn't you? She did a lot to persuade their parents to let him go on the stage."

"You and he were a bit struck on each other at that time, weren't you? I was only a schoolboy then and didn't take it in properly. Weren't you sort of unofficially engaged or something?"

She laughed. "It wasn't as serious as that. Something might have come of it if he hadn't gone off to Paris when he did. I often wonder if he ever thinks of me."

"I shouldn't think so," her brother said, "After all," he added, "why should he? It's all ten years or so ago now, isn't it?"

"It must be quite that," she admitted.

The place began to fill up; by eleven o'clock it was full.

At midnight the lights were lowered, the drummer beat on his drum, there was a clash of cymbals, and a slim girl in a black brassière and slips hurtled on to the floor and proceeded to give a demonstration of acrobatics. She tied her small body into every kind of knot; it was clear that she had considerable talent, but she received only a thin applause. The audience was impatient for more spectacular stuff. Felicity felt sorry for this girl; she had noticed her sitting at one of the tables and observed that she looked superior to the other girls; her hair was its own natural light brown; she had very little make-up, and was simply dressed. The worldly Ronald, however, declared that all that naturalness was calculated; she sought to attract interest by being different. Her name was given in the programme as "Thomy."

All the other girls had to do a number before "The Three K's" came on. Most of them received rapturous applause, though they did little more than prance about in elaborate dresses, swaying their bodies, doing high kicks, and reaching out their arms enticingly in the direction of those tables where men sat unaccompanied by females.

The Three K's turn then followed.

Katerine came on first, looking like a little porcelain shepherdess with ringleted hair and crinolined dress.

She waltzed gracefully round the floor a few times, and was then followed by Karl, elegant in tails. They waltzed together until Conway entered with a series of pirouettes and seized the girl and waltzed her rapidly away. This began the play of the two men claiming the same girl, swinging her and tossing her to and fro between them until the peak of the performance when Conway swung her round dizzily whilst he himself hurtled round and round at top speed.

As soon as Conway had entered Felicity had clutched her brother's arm and exclaimed, "But it *is* Brian Conway!"

When the act was over she sent him a note by a waiter, "Dear Brian, I am here with Ronnie. Won't you come and have a drink with us? Felicity."

The waiter brought back the message that Mr. Conway would be along in a few moments.

Removing the make-up from his face in a little room at the back Conway scowled at his reflection. To bump into a bit of the old country in Serajevo of all places, he thought, savagely, and Felicity Seagrave of all people! Well, he supposed he could keep his end up—pretend he was just taking in Serajevo on his way to Vienna where he had an engagement at a high-class hotel.

When he came to the Seagraves' table he was bland and smiling.

"How marvellous to see you again, Felicity!" he said. "You don't look a day older! I swear you're still sweet and twenty!"

Her reaction to Conway now that he stood close to her, without make-up, was that he had aged terribly; her mind groped for the word which described what she felt about him and with a slight shock she realised that his appearance defined itself for her as dissipated.

He thought, she's even more beautiful as a woman than she was as a girl, and something stirred in him, queerly.

She introduced her brother. "You wouldn't remember him—he was still at school when we knew each other—in the old days. What have you been doing all this time?" she rushed on. "Why have you faded out on all of us?"

He smiled and shrugged. It had been too difficult to keep in touch in his wandering life, he said, playing as he was all over Europe. And there had been a rift in the lute with his family. He had thought it best to cut adrift altogether. He was aware of the good cut of her clothes, and when she was going he noticed that her coat was real mink.

Then he heard Felicity inviting him to lunch with them at their hotel to-morrow. He excused himself, saying that he always slept till two or three, which was more or less true. "Then come and have tea with us," she cried, "or dinner before the show; we're not leaving till the night train."

He thought rapidly; he wanted to see her again, but he didn't want her to see him in his shabby clothes. He said hurriedly that to-morrow they had to rehearse again—it was difficult to get the act just right on so small a floor, and there were things that hadn't been quite right to-night and which must be looked into; but could she come to the bar before dinner for cocktails? He deliberately did not extend the invitation to Ronald; he wanted to see her alone. He felt, too, that Ronald hadn't much taken to him—which was true.

"I don't believe he's doing too well," Felicity observed to her brother on the way back to the hotel. "Did you notice how shabby his dress-suit was? And the fact that he's doing this sort of work at all."

"He looks as though he's been over a good bit of grass since the days of your boy-and-girl romance," Ronald said, dryly.

She lay awake a good deal of the night thinking about Conway. He must have been through a lot to have aged so, she could not help thinking. She recalled vividly and painfully the lines round his eyes, and the shabbiness of his suit. His manner had been evasive, too; he clearly hadn't wanted to discuss what he had been doing, or his plans for the future. It seemed absurd that he should have quarrelled with his family, broken with all his friends, cut himself off completely from the old life, for this—a mediocre act in a bar cabaret in a small town in Yugoslavia! Brian Conway who had always talked in such spectacular terms of Art and the Theatre, and of whom they had all expected such great things. He'd brought none of them off, apparently, and she was convinced that that was the real reason why he had stayed away from every one all these years. Her heart ached for him. She longed for to-morrow; alone they might manage a real talk. It was a pity they had to have the talk at that bar; it was such an unintimate atmosphere. If only she knew where he was staying in Serajevo she would call round on the off-chance of catching him there, then perhaps they could talk in the privacy of his room, or go out together and find a quiet little café.

She had no difficulty in finding out where Conway was staying. She went to the bar about midday and asked for the manager; he recognised her from the night before, remembered seeing Conway sitting with her; she told him that she had promised to meet Conway at the bar that evening but found herself unable to do so and wanted to try and see him this morning instead. He gave her the address and directed her, and within the next fifteen minutes she was knocking on Conway's door.

It was nearly one o'clock and Conway was up and dressed. The price of the rooms included *Frühstück*, and he was having his coffee, dipping a roll into it, when Felicity's knock came. He called *"Herein"* immediately, thinking it would be either Karl or Katerine, or his landlady. Then the door opened and to his amazement and horror he saw Felicity.

He put his coffee down and jumped up. "Good lord," he said, "how on earth did you get here?"

"I asked at the bar. I thought it would be easier to talk here than there this evening."

She was immediately aware of the cold discomfort of the room.

He indicated the one chair and she sat down. "Sorry the room's so untidy," he said, "but if you will call on a chap when he's barely up——"

"I don't mind about the room. I came to see *you*."

He looked at her where she sat holding her mink coat close to her for warmth. "Well," he said, defiantly, "here I am—in all my squalor!"

"I lay awake most of last night thinking about you," she told him. "I kept wondering whether—every thing was all right with you. I mean—whether you were doing the sort of work you wanted to do."

"People have to earn their bread as best they may nowadays," he told her. "If there was ever a time (*Continued on page* 88)

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when picking and choosing was possible it's gone by."

"You had the chance to go into your father's business. You chose this."

"I didn't choose. It chose me!" He spoke violently. "You don't suppose I enjoy trailing about Europe from one bar to another, do you? I wanted the stage—you know that. But I hadn't the guts to get there. I hadn't enough staying power. This sort of work was easier to get—and it suited my limited talents better!"

"You could still get out. It was you who broke with the family—not they who broke with you. They're still there."

"Look here," he blustered. "If you came here to preach to me——"

"Don't be an idiot. I guessed last night things weren't too well with you. I'd like to help you—to get back." She rushed on, "I could help a lot. When I get home I could easily pave the way for you with the family. I could say I'd met you here—doing theatrical work, but that you were very fed up with it and talking of coming back to England. They'd be overjoyed—you wouldn't have to ask them for anything; all the offers would come from them."

"You think it would be as easy as all that!" His tone was derisive.

"I'm certain it would. Since Dorothy married they've been very much alone. They'd have got in touch with you ages ago, I'm convinced of that, if they'd the least idea where to find you."

He got up from the unmade bed and moved restlessly about the room. "I'm not so sure of that. Anyway it's all out of the question. I've got this act going and two other people are in it with me. We've got bookings all over the place, for months ahead. I couldn't let them down."

She urged, "It doesn't take three to do the act, does it? The other two could manage on their own."

"It wouldn't be the same act. A bar or restaurant manager doesn't book Three K's only to get two! If one of us drops out it smashes up the act!"

"I see. But the act won't go on for ever."

She sprang up and came over to him, impulsively laying her hands on his shoulders. "Brian, my dear—all this—isn't you."

He looked down at her. "I can't see why it should matter to you."

She made to move away, feeling that he resented her intrusion into his life, that he had dismissed her, but instantly he caught at her hands.

"Felicity—no, don't go away! I mean I can't see why you should care what happens to me, whatever you once felt. I'm a failure, don't you see, no good." He smiled, ruefully.

Her eyes filled with tears. "But it's all so wrong! And it needn't go on—truly it needn't, Brian!"

Then she began to coax and persuade and urge. He had to stage not another act, but a come-back! He couldn't go on the rest of his life trailing about Europe like this. He'd been doing it at least five years too long as it was.

She smoothed away all the difficulties, material and spiritual. He began to feel that if he had her faith in him like this he could make everything she urged happen. He felt himself enveloped in her solicitude, in her tender care, and it was a new experience. It made her very late for luncheon with Ronald, but in the end she succeeded in persuading him that when the present bookings were worked off he would make no more; he promised to speak to his partners this evening about it, so that they could be making plans for the future, for when "The Three K's" were no more.

They met again after lunch almost like lovers.

She insisted that she should pay for a sleigh for them to drive out and look at the Moslem quarter. Ronald would never forgive her if she left Serajevo without doing so. He was writing articles about the Balkans, she said; they had been travelling together for a month. They had come to Serajevo from Dubrovnik and were going home by Zagreb and Vienna. Her voice flowed over Conway soothingly; he hardly heard what she said; he held her hands under the sheepskin rug the sleigh driver had tucked round them both, and on the way back to her hotel, when it was dark, he put an arm round her. They were both immensely happy.

At parting he kissed her in the shadow of a dark doorway, and it was settled that in a few months' time, as soon as the present bookings were finished with, he would come home. In the meantime she would get to work with the family on his behalf.

He walked back to his lodgings feeling happier than he had felt for years.

As he neared the dingy old house in which "The Three K's" had rooms he had a pang of misgiving as to how his partners would take the news of the impending break.

He needn't have worried, as it turned out, for before he could break anything to Karl, Karl broke some news to him. Katerine had been sick after the show last night, and again this morning, and this afternoon he had called in a doctor. The doctor had confirmed to them something which had been worrying them as a possibility for some weeks, only they hadn't liked to speak of it until they were certain, as it was so serious a matter. But now they had to face the fact. He broke off, biting his lips, nervously. The fact was, he rushed on, Katerine was going to have a baby. They would have to cancel their bookings, and when they finished up here he and Katerine would have to go back to Budapest.

To his amazement Conway took the news almost joyfully.

He ran out and telephoned Felicity.

"It means I'm free in a month," he said, when he had told her Karl's news. "We'll have to work out our time here in Serajevo, of course, but after that "The Three K's" will go out of business. For once fate is on my side!"

"You won't change your mind about it all once I've gone?" she urged, anxiously.

"Not on your sweet life!" he assured her.

LIFE went on again outwardly much the same as before when the Felicity episode ended, but now there was a gleam of light at the end of the tunnel.

Home—to self-respect, decent clothes, comfortable living—and Felicity. He began to count the days till the end of the month.

After about a week he had a letter from his parents expressing their great joy at the news Felicity Seagrave had brought home with her, and looking forward to his return and the beginning of a new career for him.

The day he got this letter he went into the bar whistling.

As he went along to his dressing-room he saw Thomy lounging outside the door of the girls' dressing-room. She was wrapped in a gaudy Albanian wrapper that had seen better days, and her pale face, devoid of make-up, was utterly miserable. She observed as he passed that she was glad someone had something to be happy about, anyhow.

He paused and smiled at her. "What's up with you?" he demanded, cheerfully.

"Only that I've got the sack," she told him, then, plucking nervously at the gold threads of her dressing-gown, began to cry.

"Here, I say," Conway said confusedly, then, seeing the manager emerging from the swing doors pulled her into his dressing-room and closed the door.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

She told him; her act wasn't popular, and the manager said that her type of sex appeal didn't go down in this place whatever it might have done in her home town, Prague.

She had come to Serajevo from Prague, she said, because she hadn't had much success there. What she needed was to get going in a good dancing number, Conway told her, with a male partner; that was the sort of stuff that went down. She smiled wanly; that was all right, she said, but opportunities like that weren't easily come by.

Conway told her to cheer up. He stood her a drink, and suggested she should come round to his room to-morrow afternoon and have coffee with him and then they might go and see the film together. She brightened and thanked him. He wanted to help her if he could; he felt so happy and carefree himself. She was caught in the same cage as himself; but he was getting out.

So Thomy came round to Conway's room next day and they had coffee together, and went out to the cinema, and held hands—because why not? She was gentle and sweet and unhappy, and in need of affection. It would have been boorish on his part not to have held her hand, he felt—firmly thrusting the memory of the sleigh ride with Felicity to the back of his mind.

Thomy and Conway became very friendly during the next few days, and as inevitably as her hand had found its way into his at the pictures as inevitably she found her way right into his arms during those afternoons when they stayed at home whilst waiting for the cinema programme to change. It was some time since Conway had held a woman in his arms, and he was a man who needed women. He found the Czecho-Slovakian girl enchanting, with her thin, lithe, athletic body, and she imposed a kind of childish trust in him regarding her future which he found strangely appealing. It was the first time he had ever had another human being to think about beside himself.

He was due to go to England at the end of the month, but he never mentioned this to her. And when she finally suggested that they might work up a dance number together he found it hard to refuse.

He never did tell her that he had planned to go to England. There was no need, as it happened, though he didn't know. She had had it from Katerine the same day that he had told Karl. Thomy was sacked and badly needed a dancing partner; Conway represented an obvious opportunity. So Thomy did her tears and pathos act which had so often stood her in good stead before, and Conway "bought" it. Katerine never realised to what extent she had revenged herself on Conway.

But Conway wrote to his parents that he had found he would not be able to return to England as soon as he had expected. Would they please let Felicity know? He had to work through a number of bookings after all. He could not bring himself to write to Felicity. He felt incapable of making her understand. She was outside his world, so how could she understand? She had urged that he shouldn't change his mind; well, now he would never change his mind again, he knew that. He had gone beyond the age when changes were possible; he knew now that he would always take the line of least resistance; achieving freedom demanded a certain effort.

At the end of the month Katerine and Karl went back to Budapest, and "Conway and Cora" stowed their baggage in the rack of a third-class compartment that was like a cattle truck and reeked of garlic, and set off on a ten-hour journey to some place with an unpronounceable name. Conway slumped into his corner and closed his eyes. His companion nodded opposite him. It had been four o'clock before they had got to bed that morning and they had had to be on the train at eight. They would arrive at their destination at six in the evening, and they "opened" at the bar at eleven o'clock that night. Between the time of their arrival and opening they had to find rooms, find the bar, rehearse. Well, it wouldn't be the first time. Nor the last.

END

1.11.39

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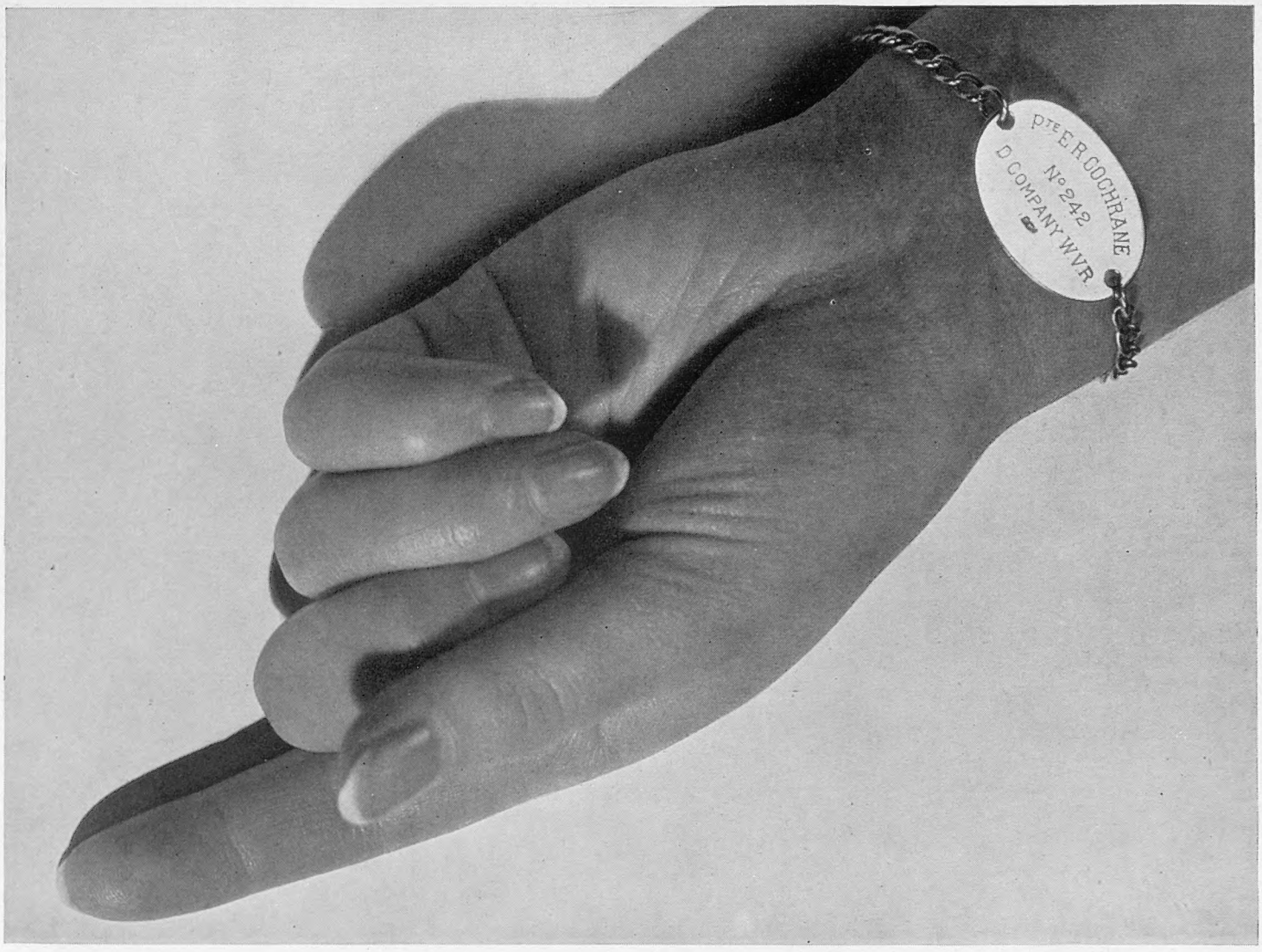

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